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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Pistols gob on USA
Siouxsie/Boz Scaggs
Groovies/ Rods tour

Oh no, not another punk on the cover!

Yeah, just another angry working-class kid in black leather, destined for God-knows-where. Which reminds us, where the hell are you, John Lennon?

PAGES 22/23

'ISN'T IT TIME'

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CHS 2173.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending January 9, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
8	2	THE JEAN GENIE	David Bowie (RCA)
2	3	SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION	T Rex (T. Rex)
14	4	HI HI HI	Wings (Parlophone)
12	5	BALL PARK INCIDENT	Wizzard (Harvest)
3	6	GUDBUY T'JANE	Slade (Polydor)
16	7	YOU'RE SO VAIN	Carly Simon (Elektra)
9	8	SHOTGUN WEDDING	Roy C (UK)
5	9	CRAZY HORSES	Osmonds (MGM)
7	10	BEN	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending January 10, 1968

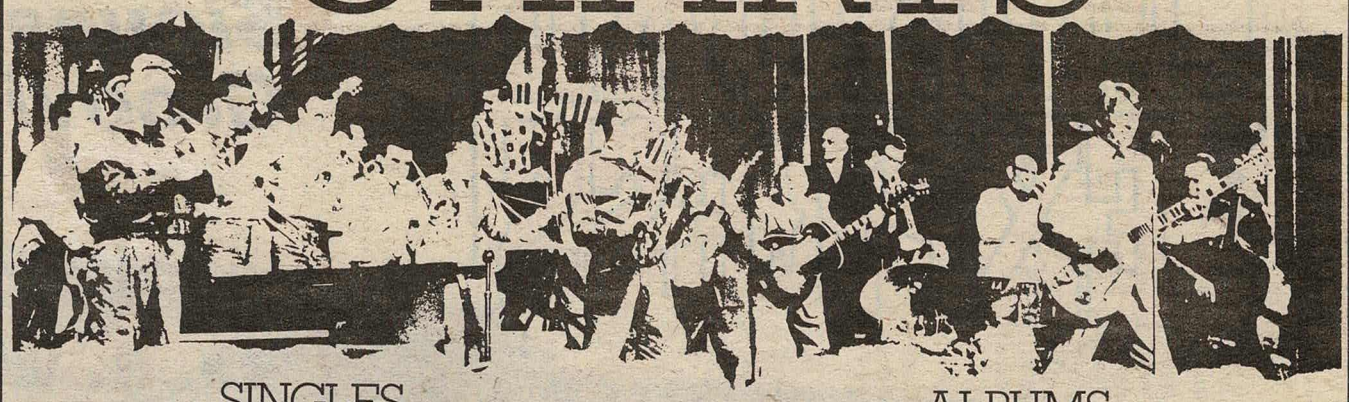
Last Week	This Week		
1	1	HELLO GOODBYE	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	2	DAYDREAM BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA-Victor)
6	3	WALK AWAY RENEE	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
2	4	MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR	Beatles (Parlophone)
12	5	BALLARD OF BONNIE AND CLYDE	Georgie Fame (CBS)
4	6	I'M COMING HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
7	7	THANK U VERY MUCH	Scaffold (Parlophone)
9	8	WORLD	Bee Gees (Polydor)
11	9	KITES	Simon Dupree and the Big Sound (Parlophone)
3	10	IF THE WHOLE WORLD STOPPED LOVIN'	Val Doonican (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 11, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DANCE ON	Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	RETURN TO SENDER	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	3	THE NEXT TIME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	4	BACHELOR BOY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	5	GUITAR MAN	Duane Eddy (RCA)
7	6	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	7	SUN ARISE	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
9	8	TELSTAR	Tornados (Decca)
9	9	IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE	Joe Brown (Decca)
13	10	GO AWAY LITTLE GIRL	Mark Wynter (Pye)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending January 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	MULL OF KINTYRE	Wings (EMI)	7	1
2	(6)	LOVE'S UNKIND	Donna Summer (GTO)	5	2
3	(2)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	8	2
4	(3)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	10	2
5	(4)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	6	4
6	(16)	LET'S HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN	David Soul (Private Stock)	3	6
7	(10)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	8	7
8	(24)	UP TOWN TOP RANKING	Althia & Donna (Lightning)	2	8
9	(6)	I WILL	Ruby Winters (Creole)	9	4
10	(12)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	6	10
11	(17)	BELFAST	Boney M (Atlantic)	9	11
12	(19)	WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN	Yannis Markopoulos (BBC)	3	12
13	(13)	MY WAY	Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	13
14	(23)	ONLY WOMEN BLEED	Julie Covington (Virgin)	5	14
15	(26)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY	Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)	4	15
16	(—)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey (RCA)	1	16
17	(25)	LOVE OF MY LIFE	Dooleys (GTO)	6	11
18	(9)	DADDY COOL	Darts (Magnet)	8	6
19	(8)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	10	4
20	(—)	RUN BACK	Carl Douglas (Pye)	1	20
21	(11)	DANCIN' PARTY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	9	6
22	(15)	PUT YOUR LOVE IN ME	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	6	7
23	(20)	MARY OF THE FOURTH FORM	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	7	14
24	(27)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen (EMI)	11	2
25	(18)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	13	1
26	(22)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVES	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	9	10
27	(28)	I LOVE YOU	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	22
28	(—)	FLORAL PROGRAMME	Terry Wogan (Phonogram)	1	28
29	(29)	LITTLE GIRL	The Banned (Harvest)	3	26
30	(14)	AS TIME GOES BY	Dooley Wilson (United Artists)	4	14

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR LOVE — Emotions (CBS); DESIREE — Neil Diamond (CBS); WHO'S GONNA LOVE ME — Imperials (Power Exchange); HOLLYWOOD — Boz Scaggs (Epic).

ALBUMS

Week ending January 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	9	1
2	(2)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	10	1
3	(7)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	46	3
4	(6)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	9	2
5	(9)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS	Tammy Wynette (CBS)	3	5
6	(5)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	9	3
7	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	1	17
8	(8)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	8	4
9	(13)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	10	5
10	(17)	GREATEST HITS, etc	Paul Simon (CBS)	5	6
11	(3)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	9	3
12	(10)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	8	4
13	(4)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	10	2
13	(30)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	12	11
15	(15)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	18	1
16	(21)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	80	1
17	(11)	GET STONED	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	8	10
18	(14)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond (CBS)	4	14
19	(12)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	9	6
20	(27)	RED STAR	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	6	17
21	(—)	LIVE AND LET LIVE	10cc (Mercury)	2	21
22	(26)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	52	1
23	(—)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	20	9
24	(—)	DEREK & CLIVE: COME AGAIN	Peter Cook & Dudley Moore (Virgin)	3	13
25	(16)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	16
26	(25)	JOHNNY NASH COLLECTION	Johnny Nash (Epic)	2	25
27	(—)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes	21	1
28	(—)	BY REQUEST	Salvation Army (Warwick)	1	28
29	(—)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	1	29
30	(29)	THE MUPPET SHOW	The Muppets (Pye)	18	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ROXY MUSIC GREATEST HITS (Polydor); WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC — Crystal Gayle (U.A.); THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS (Parlophone); ALL'N'ALL — Earth Wind & Fire (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending January 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	BABY COME BACK	Player
2	(1)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
3	(4)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart
4	(8)	SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman
5	(10)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen
6	(7)	SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY	Paul Simon
7	(6)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN	L.T.D.
8	(9)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton
9	(11)	COME SAIL AWAY	Styx
10	(14)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel
11	(5)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone
12	(13)	YOU CAN'T TURN ME OFF (IN THE MIDDLE OF TURNING ME ON)	High Inergy
13	(19)	DESIREE	Neil Diamond
14	(3)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt
15	(20)	TURN TO STONE	Electric Light Orchestra
16	(29)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic
17	(18)	THE POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
18	(22)	RUNAROUND SUE	Leif Garrett
19	(21)	THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT	Bay City Rollers
20	(28)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
21	(23)	HEY DEANIE	Shaun Cassidy
22	(24)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
23	(25)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
24	(26)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD	Santa Esmeralda/Leroy Gomez
25	(27)	SERPENTINE FIRE	Earth, Wind & Fire
26	(—)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
27	(12)	SENTIMENTAL LADY	Bob Welch
28	(—)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey
29	(15)	IT'S SO EASY	Linda Ronstadt
30	(—)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending January 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt
3	(3)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
4	(4)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
5	(5)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
6	(7)	BORN LATE	Shaun Cassidy
7	(8)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
8	(6)	ALIVE II	Kiss
9	(17)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various Artists
10	(11)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond
11	(12)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boz Scaggs
12	(10)	AJA	Steely Dan
13	(14)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
14	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
15	(21)	DRAW THE LINE	Aerosmith
16	(23)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
17	(18)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
18	(19)	GREATEST HITS, ETC	Paul Simon
19	(15)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
20	(20)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
21	(9)	LIVE!	The Commodores
22	(24)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
23	(13)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley
24	(25)	ONCE UPON A TIME	Donna Summer
25	(—)	THE STORY OF STAR WARS	
26	(26)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
27	(28)	TURNIN' ON	High Inergy
28	(—)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER	Joni Mitchell
29	(30)	I WANT TO LIVE	John Denver
30	(—)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

RUSH

14 big gigs around UK

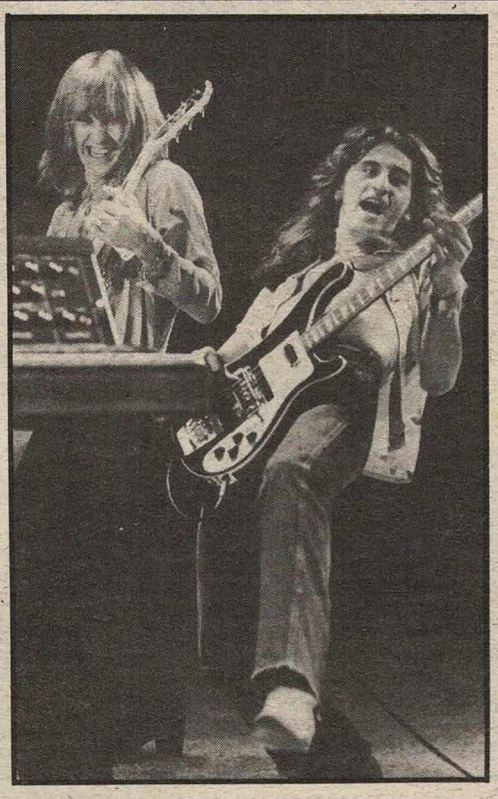
FIVE WEEKS AGO, NME gave the first exclusive news of a British tour being set up this winter for Canadian heavy metal trio Rush — and solely on the stremgth of this advance information, box offices at key venues throughout the country have been beseiged with enquiries.

The band played their debut dates here last June when, much to the surprise of many cynics and critics, they completely sold out seven major venues. And it was obvious that they had quietly built up a strong cult following in Britain, without too much pressure from the industry itself.

Now they are coming back for their second tour, which is twice as long as their previous visit and — because of heavy demand on the last occasion — they'll be playing two nights in Newcastle, London and Manchester. Promoters Straight Music, who have still to name the support act, this week confirmed these dates:

Birmingham Odeon (February 12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), Newcastle City Hall (14 and 15), Edinburgh venue to be announced (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), London Hammersmith Odeon (19 and 20), Sheffield City Hall (22), Manchester Ardwich Apollo (23 and 24), Liverpool Empire (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26) and Southampton Gaumont (27).

Tickets are on sale now and are priced £3, £2.50 and £2 — with additional £1.50 seats at Newcastle, Glasgow, Sheffield and Liverpool. As opposed to the last time when their act was somewhat restricted, as compared with their touring show in America, the band will be bringing over their full U.S. production.



To tie in with their visit, Mercury are releasing a 12-inch EP by Rush on January 20. Titled "Closer To The Heart", it features the title track, "Bastille Day", "Anthem" and "The Temples Of Syrinx". Rush are Geddy Lee, Alex Lifeson and Neil Peart.

RODS

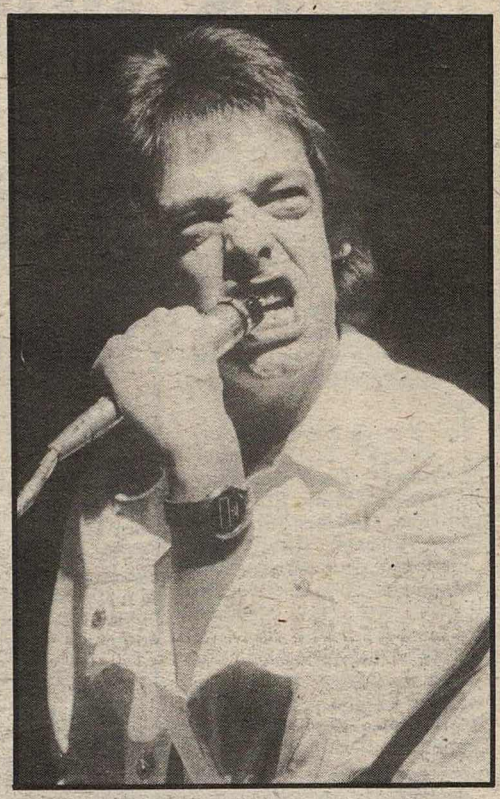
Major tour is now set

THE FIRST 23 DATES in the extensive concert and ballroom schedule by Eddie and the Hot rods have now been confirmed. They include two nights at London Lyceum and a further 11 gigs — which will take the itinerary through into early April — are still being finalised by promoters Straight Music.

They play Salford University (February 24), Leeds University (25), Middlesbrough Town Hall (26), Hartlepool Borough Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (March 1), Dundee Caird Hall (2), Aberdeen Capitol (3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Edinburgh venue to be announced (5), Bradford St. George's Hall (7), Sheffield City Hall (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (10), Liverpool University (11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Oxford Polytechnic (13), Southampton Top Rank (15), London Strand Lyceum (16 and 17), Hastings Pier Pavilion (18), Reading Top Rank (19), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (20), Coventry Locarno (21) and Birmingham Town Hall (22).

Box offices open tomorrow (Friday) with tickets priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at Newcastle, Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow (with extra £1 seats), Bradford, Sheffield, Hanley, Leicester and Birmingham. At Leeds and Hartlepool admission is £1.50, while at London Lyceum tickets are all at the one price of £2.

Other prices: Salford £1.75 (in advance) and £2 (on the doors); Middlesbrough £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25; Liverpool £1.30 (in advance) and £1.50 (doors); Oxford £1.50 (advance) and £1.80 (doors); Southampton £1.60 (advance) and £1.80 (doors); and Hastings, Reading, Hemel Hempstead and Coventry — all £1.70 (advance) and £1.90 (doors). Postal bookings will be accepted.



The Rods, who returned last month from their successful 56-date tour of America, will be featuring material from their newly-released Island single "Quit This Town" and their latest album "Life On The Line".

Sid brings Pistols U.S. tour to life

BY SMASHING his guitar over the head of a stage intruder at San Antonio on Sunday night, Sid Vicious provided the first real note of sheer aggression in what had been a relatively quiet opening to the Sex Pistols' debut tour of America. Until then, and despite over-dramatic and highly sensationalised accounts in the national press, the and appeared to be maintaining a fairly low profile by their standards — with various critics describing them as "tame", "contrived" and "a pale imitation of their true selves".

All the early "rioting" seems to have been caused by last minute police decisions to restrict attendances, so leaving large numbers unable to gain entry. Controversy inside the halls was limited to Johnny Rotten hurling abuse at audiences (so what's new?) and declaring his hate for Britain.

But Sunday's show sparked the tour into life, when Sid's action was provoked by sections of the crowd throwing beer cans, cream pies and fireworks at the band. Even so, at presstime there was no sign of any gigs being cancelled, and both the law and the local authorities seemed to be taking the Pistols in their stride.

Vice Squad representatives have been in close attendance ever since they opened in Atlanta, and it's been suggested that the Pistols deliberately played it down in the early stages to pacify the U.S. watch-dogs.

The U.S. tour ends this Saturday, and the band then return to London for a couple of days before setting out on another European tour — opening in Helsinki on January 18, and subsequently taking in Sweden, Germany, Holland and Belgium.

For more on the Pistols in America, see page 10.

ADVERTS TOP SUNDAY BILL

THE ADVERTS are to headline a British tour in February, supported by Alternative TV, and details of dates and venues are expected to be announced in a week or two. As a prelude to the tour, they headline a special new-wave concert at Leicester De Montfort Hall — promoted by Leicester University — on Sunday, January 22, when support acts are Wayne County's Electric Chairs, The Cortinas, Suburban Studs, Bernie Torme and The Depressions.

Tom's 'gay' song; EMI chief speaks

EMI RECORDS have seen fit to pass an official comment on their decision to release the Tom Robinson Band's controversial track "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay". General manager Peter Buckleigh said this week: "We're treating it like any other release. The song is a vital part of Tom's act."

In fact, the song is "buried" in a four-track live EP called "Rising Free TRB", recorded at the band's pre-Christmas gigs. It's issued on January 27, selling at normal single price, and the other tracks are "Don't Take No For An Answer", "Martin" and "Right On Sister". Robinson himself says he's particularly pleased about the release as his hit "Motorway" was "not representative of the band".

TRB are at present rehearsing for a short European tour, their first time abroad. On their return, they star routining for a new album, to be recorded in March. Because of these commitments, they'll be playing very few U.K. dates until the late spring.

ART ATTACKS SPLITTING UP

ART ATTACKS have decided to split up, following the departure of their vocalist Edwin shortly before Christmas. But they won't be lost to the business, because each member of the group is forming a new band called The Art Attacks, numbered from II to V. They play their final gig with their current line-up at London Wardour St. Vortex next Monday (16) supported by Mean Street, Accelerators and Perverse Velvet.

NEWS WAVES

● The Vortex in Wardour Street, one of London's premier new-wave centres, is expanding its activities by opening more Vortex clubs around the country. The first of these is launched at Dalston, East London, at the end of this month. It will be followed by further venues in key provincial cities.

● Simon Boswell of Advertising is now recovering from knee injuries (including a fracture) received on Christmas Eve when, during the band's set at London Hope & Anchor, he leapt in the air but landed off stage! His legs were set in plaster, but he has continued gigging despite his handicap (and kneecap).

● Wayne County's Electric Chairs are playing a short tour of London venues with gigs at Stoke Newington, Rochester Castle (this Saturday), Stoke Newington Pegasus (Sunday), Islington Hope & Anchor (January 16), Camden Dingwalls (17), Ilford Oscar's (18) and Kensington Nashville (20). County has now added a second guitarist to the band — he is Henri Padovani, a French Corsican who previously played with The Police.

Damned's drummer in pile-up

JOHN MOSS, The Damned's new permanent drummer, was seriously hurt in a car accident over the New Year holiday. He was being driven by Johnny Rubbish in a car which was in a head-on crash in Hampstead — and Moss, who was not wearing a seat belt, was thrown through the windscreen. He sustained a broken nose and had nearly 100 stitches in his face. He was discharged from hospital last weekend, but won't be fit enough to play with the band in their Croydon Greyhound gig this Sunday — Dave Burke, Johnny Moped's drummer, deputises:

But it's expected that Moss will re-join The Damned in time for their late wnter tour.

TALKING HEADS TOUR CURTAILED

TALKING HEADS, whose British tour dates were announced just before Christmas, have had to curtail their visit.

Scheduled shows at Bournemouth Village (February 9), Southampton University (10) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11) have been scrapped, while their London Roundhouse gig is switched from February 12 to January 29 — which means that Leeds Polytechnic, originally planned for the latter date, is also off.

Reason for these changes is that the Heads' new album has entered the U.S. charts, and their record company wants them back in America as quickly as possible.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

Hot Chocolate in 28 concerts

HOT CHOCOLATE set out on a massive British concert tour in early March. It's their first extensive schedule for 18 months, and they are already set for 28 dates, with one or two more still to be finalised. The band are currently finishing off a new album, for release by Rak to coincide with a tour, which will be preceded by a new single.

First dates are Cardiff University (March 2), Lancaster University (3), Leeds University (4), Norwich Theatre Royal (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (6), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (8), Canterbury Odeon (9), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Sheffield City Hall (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Edinburgh Usher Hall (18), Hanley Victoria Hall (19), Oxford New Theatre (20) and Birmingham Odeon (21).

Then after a week's break for Easter the band play Wolverhampton Civic Hall (29), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (30), Liverpool Empire (31), Bristol Colston Hall (April 3), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Peterborough ABC (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (9), Brighton Dome (10), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (11), Paignton Festival Theatre (13), Taunton Odeon (14), and Coventry Theatre (16). Tour promoter is Ian Wright of the MAM Organisation.

Goldsmith opens own box-office

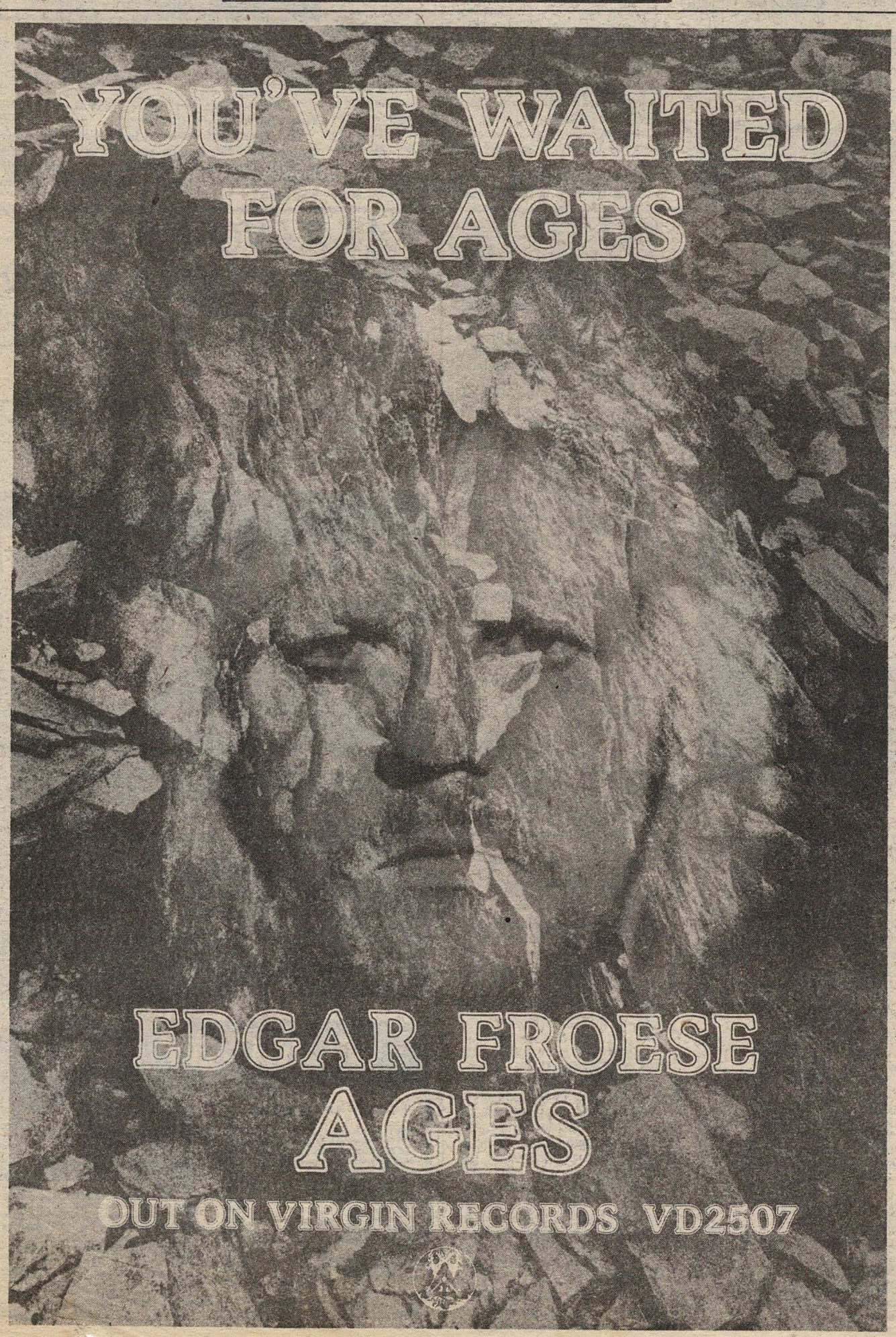
TOP ROCK promoter Harvey Goldsmith is opening his own box-office in London, exclusive to his own shows. It's located at Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 (01-629 3453) and is open daily from 9.30 am to 6 pm (5pm on Saturdays). Whatever the attraction, he will charge a booking fee of 20p per ticket, as opposed to the normal fee of about 25 per cent.

The office will also handle mail orders where necessary, and this will overcome the problem of having to resort to Post Office box-numbers, which has proved so unreliable in the past — with many people complaining about tickets delayed, or not received, for concerts by many big-name acts including Pink Floyd, the Eagles and the Rolling Stones.

Chocolate's ERROLL BROWN

MARTHA FOR LONDON GIG

MARTHA REEVES and the Vandellas have now been confirmed for a major London concert at the new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden on Wednesday, February 15. And two other gigs have been added to their British date sheet reported last week — at Plymouth Mecca (February 14) and Weston-super-Mare Webbington Country Club (16).



RECORD NEWS

Why Buddy Holly is Top Five certainty

BUDDY HOLLY is the subject of an intensive TV campaign by the EMI Organisation next month, when they release his "20 Golden Greats" LP on the MCA label. It will be given a massive promotional treatment, similar to recent compilation albums by Cliff Richard and Diana Ross & The Supremes, and the company expect it to be a huge hit. All of Holly's hit records are featured on the set, including many tracks with the Crickets. A single extracted from the album, "Wishing" "Love's Made A Fool Of You", is issued on January 27.

STEVE ELLIS IN COMEBACK

STEVE ELLIS, the former Love Affair and Widowmaker lead singer, returns to the record scene after almost two years out of circulation. He's been signed to an exclusive worldwide deal by Ariola, who release his single "Rag And Bone" on January 20. Ellis is currently in the studios working on an album titled "The Angry Man", due out in May.

● The **Rich Kids,** the band formed by ex-Sex Pistol Glen Matlock and featuring ex-Slik singer and guitarist Midge Ure, have their debut single out on EMI this weekend — aptly titled "Rich Kids". Their first album, produced by Mick Ronson, is due shortly.

● **Natalie Cole's** single "Be Thankful" is issued this weekend by Capitol. It's taken from her album "Thankful", and there are plans for her to visit Britain in the near future to promote it.

● The next **Rod Stewart** single features two tracks from his current hit album "Footloose And Fancy Free". It's a double A-side release by Riva on January 20, comprising "Hot Legs" and "I Was Only Joking".

● **The Stukas** have been signed by Sonet Records and their first release, due out on February 3, is a three-track maxi-single. Top side is one of their most popular stage numbers "Sport", while the coupling features "I'll Send You A Postcard" and "Dead Lazy".

● "I Am A Dalek"/"Neutron Bomb" is the new single by **Art Attacks,** released next week by Albatross Records. These are their last tracks before their split (see page 3).

● **British Lions,** the band comprising former Mott and Medicine Head members, have their debut single issued by Vertigo on January 20. Penned by John Fiddler, it's titled "One More Chance To Run".

● **Patsy Gallant's** new single, available in 12-inch form, is "Sugar Daddy" for EMI release on January 20.

● A **Lynyrd Skynyrd** single "What's Your Name" — taken from "Street Survivors", their last album before the band's tragic eclipse — is released by MCA on January 20.

● RCA singles out this weekend include "Beauty And The Beast" by **David Bowie** from his "Heroes" album, "To An Unknown Man" by **Vangelis,** "How Can I Leave You Again" by **John Denver** and "Sorry I'm A Lady" by **Baccara.** The Denver track comes from his new album "I Want To Live", out on January 20.

● **John Martyn's** new single, the self-penned "Dancing", is issued by Island tomorrow (Friday).

● The Albion Dance Band have shortened their name to **The Albion Band,** and the change reflects their move away from the more traditional aspects of folk music. Their new approach is featured on their album "Rise Up Like The Sun", which Harvest release in early March. Guest singers on the set include Julie Covington, Richard & Linda Thompson, Kate McGarrigle, Andy Fairweather Low and Martin Carthy.

● Coventry-based band **The Flys,** who previously had an EP issued in the independent Zama record label, have been signed by EMI for whom they make their debut on January 20 with the three-track maxi-single "Love And A Molotov Cocktail".

● **Joe Cocker** has signed a worldwide recording deal with Elektra/Asylum, and starts work on his first album for the company next month.

● **Blue** returned to the studios last weekend with producers Elton John and Clive Franks to record their second album for Rocket, the follow-up to "Another Night Time Flight".

These likely lads are THE ONLY ONES, who've been tipped for stardom this year by various critics, pundits and know-alls. And they've already taken the first step up the ladder by signing a worldwide deal with CBS Records. The band go into the studio later this month to start work on their first album, and a single will be rushed out as soon as possible. The Only Ones are (left to right) ALAN MAIR, JOHN PERRY, PETER PERRETT and MIKE KELLIE.

Pirates extend

THE PIRATES have now added another 21 dates to their initial five January gigs reported last week, and these extra bookings finally bring to an end their massive "Out Of Their Skulls" tour — which started last September and will have taken in no less than 86 venues by the time it finishes!

New dates are Plymouth Polytechnic (January 19), Salisbury Technical College (20), Aylesbury Friars (21), Liverpool University (25), Cardiff University (27), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (28), London Kensington Nashville (29), Durham St. Chad's College (February 3), Preston Polytechnic (4), Sheffield Polytechnic (8), Scarborough Penthouse (10), Bangor University (11), Aberdeen University (14), Dundee University (15), Edinburgh Stewart's Ballroom (16), Glasgow Technical College (17), Stirling University (18), Chatham Town Hall (23), Oxford College of Further Education (24), Bristol University (25) and Scunthorpe Baths Hall (28).

On March 4, the band begin a month-long debut tour of the United States and Canada, tied in with the U.S. release of their album "Out Of Their Skulls". And this will be followed by their first European tour. The Pirates have already completed ten tracks for their second album, tentatively titled "Skull Wars", and a special single is planned for mid-February release.

ON THE ROAD

BRITISH LIONS, who supported Status Quo on many of their autumn dates, have six gigs in their own right this month. They are at **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), **Cardiff** Top Rank (17), **Liverpool** University (18), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (20) and **Coventry** Lanchester Polytehcnic (21).

BETHNAL continue their Tuesday residency at **London** Marquee through February, and have other gigs next month at **Bradford** University (1), **Bolton** Institute of Technology (11), **Doncaster** Outlook (23) and **Buckley** Tivoli (24). Their date at **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's is switched from January 26 to February 2.

CAFE JACQUES play **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (tomorrow, Friday), **Doncaster** Outlook (January 16), **Reading** University (18), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (19), **Southend** Technical College (20), **Bishops Stortford** Technical College (21), **Aberdeen** University (February 3), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (10), **Harrogate** P.G.'s (16), **Kirklevington** Country Club (17), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (18) and **Stirling** University (27).

THE DEPRESSIONS are now confirmed for extra January gigs at **London Kensington** Royal College of Art (20), **Leicester** Polytechnic (25) and **London** Marquee (28).

BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES (we're name-dropping again) have **London** gigs at Islington Hope & Anchor (January 20 and February 10) and Hammersmith Red Cow (February 4 and 18).

MOTORHEAD, currently on a British tour, have added extra dates at **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (January 17) and **Shrewsbury** Tiffany's (22). But they have cancelled their previously-announced gig at **Bishops Stortford** on January 28.

RICHARD DIGANCE headlines concerts at **Uxbridge** Brunel University (this Sunday), **Hull** University (January 20), **Birmingham** University (21), **Bristol** University (28) and **Sheffield** Crucible Theatre (February 9).

SHAM 69 play their hometown gig at **Woking** Central Halls, postponed from last weekend, on January 19. Support acts are Masterswitch, Menace and Speed-O-Meters.

TONIGHT, newly signed by WEA Records, play **Liverpool** Eric's (tomorrow, Friday), **Bracknell** College (this Sunday), **London Kensington** Nashville (January 16, 23 and 31), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (20), **Oxford** St Catherine's College (21), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (February 2), Rochester Castle again (3 and 4), **Swindon** Affair (6) and **Oxford** Westminster College (7).

RADIO STARS have now confirmed the bulk of the dates for their winter tour, although a few more have still to be finalised. They play **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (January 20), **Bedford** College of Education (21), **London Kensington** Nashville (22), **Brighton** New Regent (25), **London Camden** Dingwalls (26), **Manchester** Rafters (27), **Dudley** J.B.'s (28), **Swindon** Affair (30), **Bournemouth** Tiffany's (February 2) and **London** Southbank Polytechnic (3).

KRAKATOA are gigging at **Lampeter** St. David's University (tomorrow, Friday), **Dudley** J.B.'s (Saturday), **Doncaster** College of Education (January 17), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (18), **Pontypridd** College of Education (19), **Carmarthen** Town Hall (20), **Aberystwyth** University (21), **Aberdeen** University (27), **London Ealing** Technical College (February 1), **Bradford** University (8), **Walsall** West Midlands College (10), **Torquay** 400 Club (16) and **Ilkley** College of Education (18).

WINDOW have a string of bookings at **London** Marquee Club, roughly at fortnightly intervals, through until mid-spring. They are January 20, February 3 and 17, March 2 and 16, April 6 and 20 and May 2. They also play **London Camden** Dingwalls tomorrow (Friday).

THE PLEASERS have January dates at **Oxford** Westminster College (tomorrow, Friday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (Saturday), **Kirklevington** Country Club (20), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (21), **Birmingham** Rebecca's (26), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (27) and **Harrogate** P.G.'s Club (28).

THE RICH KIDS continue their debut dates throughout January with gigs at **Manchester** Rafters (tonight, Thursday), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (Friday and Saturday), **Keighley** Nikkers Club (17), **Oldham** Tower Club (18), **Rotherham** Windmill (19), **Newport** Village Club (20), **Dudley** J.B.'s (21), **Southampton** University (22), **Swindon** Affair (23), **Plymouth** Fiesta (24), **London Kensington** Nashville (26), **Brighton** Sussex University (27) and **Canterbury** Kent University (28).

AN EASTER FESTIVAL is being held for the sixth year running at **Poynton** Folk Centre in Cheshire from Good Friday to Easter Sunday (March 24-26) inclusive. Many of Britain's top folk acts are appearing, and advance tickets at £3.50 are available from "Folk Festival", Folk Centre, Park Lane, Poynton, near Stockport, Cheshire. Camping, caravaning and dormitory-style floor space are available, as are meals and refreshments.

PAM AYRES is on tour to promote her new LP "Would Anybody Marry Me?". Dates are **London Lewsiham** Concert Hall (February 11), **Cardiff** New Theatre (12), **Eastbourne** Congress (15), **Chatham** Central Hall (17), **Sandown** Pavilion (18), **Reading** Hexagon (19), **Stoke** Queen's Theatre (22), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (23), **St. Albans** City Hall (24), **London** Adelphi Theatre (26), **Malvern** Festival Theatre (28), **Ipswich** Gaumont (March 2), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (3), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (4), **Bristol** Hippodrome (5), **Oakengates** Town Hall (7), **Peterborough** ABC (10), **Coventry** Theatre (11), **Leeds** Grand (12), **Preston** Charter Theatre (13), **St. Austell** Classic Cinema (16), **Redruth** Regal (17), **Taunton** Odeon (18), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (19) and **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (31).

NO DICE have added more dates to their previously-announced January schedule. They play extra gigs this month at **Swansea** Circles (tonight, Thursday), **Retford** Porterhouse (Friday), **Sheffield** Top Rank (Sunday), **London Kensington** Nashville (19), **Aylesbury** Friars (21), **Leeds** Polytechnic (24) and **Edinburgh** Stewart's Ballroom (26).

MUSCLES return from a two-week European tour to play **Bromsgrove** College (this Saturday), **Torquay** 400 Club (January 19), **Barnstaple** Chequers (20), **Ilkley** College (21), **Barton Stacey** Bumpers (26), **Coningsby** Castle Club (28), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (February 3) and **Plymouth** Polytechnic (4).

MAGAZINE have been signed by Virgin, who release their first single "Shot By Both Sides" on January 20. Vocalist Howard Devoto (above) is joined in the line-up by Barry Adamson (bass), Martin Jackson (drums) and John McGeoch (guitar and sax). They play **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (January 24), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (25), **Manchester** Rafters (26), **Liverpool** Eric's (27), **London Kensington** Nashville (30), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (31) and **Leeds** F Club (February 1).

THE BOTHY BAND have concerts at **Sheffield** Polytechnic (January 28), **Liverpool** Eric's (31), **Leeds** University (February 1), **Lancaster** University (2), **Colchester** Essex University (4) and **Aberystwyth** University (9). More dates are being added.

FRANKIE LAINE tours Britain for six weeks in the early spring, climaxing at **London** Palladium on April 23. Prior to this he plays **Bristol** Hippodrome (March 12), **Camberley** Lakeside Country Club (15 for four days), **Southsea** Kings Theatre (19), **Stoke** Jollees (22, 23 and 25), **Stockport** Davenport (26), **Southport** New Theatre (27), **Usk** Stardust Club (29 for four days), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (April 2), **Nottingham** Heart Of The Midlands (5 for four days), **Sheffield** Fiesta (9), **Eccles** Talk Of The North (12 for four days), **Bridlington** Royal Spa (16), **Ipswich** Gaumont (18), **Derby** Civic Theatre (19), **Eastbourne** Kings Club (20) and **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (21).

Blood, Sweat & Tears gigs

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS return to Briatin early next month for a short series of concert engagements, plus a special in-concert appearance in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday, February 7. Confirmed dates for the band are Manchester Ardwick Apollo (February 3), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (5), Sheffield City Hall (6) and Preston Guildhall (9), with the possibility of one or two more being added. BS&T — who recently left CBS after a lengthy stay — will be featuring material from their new album "Brand New Day", released last month by their new outlet ABC Records (distributed in Britain by Anchor).

Robert Gordon and Link Wray

ROBERT GORDON, the former Tuff Darts members now widely acclaimed as a rockabilly performer, arrives in Britain at the end of this month for a week of dates. And he'll be accompanied throughout by near-legendary guitarist Link Wray, who'll be playing in Gordon's band.

The tour is aimed at promoting his single "Endless Sleep" and album "Robert Gordon With Link Wray" on the Private Stock label. Dates are Glasgow Strathclyde University (January 28), Liverpool Eric's (29), Plymouth Woods Centre (February 1), Swansea Nutz Club (2), Sheffield Polytechnic (3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4) and London Charing Cross Road Astoria (5).

There is also a possibility of Gordon, Wray and the band filming a spot for BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" during their visit, though producer Michael Appleton is still trying to juggle his existing bookings to accommodate them.

LINK WRAY

PARLIAMENT AND BREAD COMING IN

PARLIAMENT, arguably the biggest box-office draw of any black outfit on the American circuit, are now officially confirmed for their delayed British visit in June. They were originally scheduled to come over last summer, but a management change caused a delay.

They'll be bringing their full U.S. show, which is one of the biggest in the rock business and includes a 25-foot flying saucer! Said a spokesman: "They have so much equipment that it'll have to be shipped over, as air freight charges would be prohibitive."

BREAD, who re-formed a year ago after disbanding in 1973, are being lined up for a British tour in the spring. Negotiations are now being finalised for what will be their first visit to this country for over six years. News of the upcoming tour coincides with the announcement that their 20-track compilation album "Sound Of Bread" has achieved Double Platinum status for British sales.

SUPERCHARGING...

SUPERCHARGE, who reformed recently, begin an extensive tour this weekend supported by 29th And Dearborn. It coincides with the release by Virgin tomorrow (Friday) of their new single "I Think I'm Gonna Fall (In Love)". Dates confirmed so far are:

Liverpool University (this Friday), Coventry Warwick University (Saturday), Salford University (January 20), St. Albans City Hall (21), London Camden Music Machine (26), Sheffield Polytechnic (27), Northamptoh County Ground (28), Newcastle Polytechnic (February 3), Leicester Polytechnic (4), London Kensington Nashville (9 and 10), Hitchin College of Education (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (14), Hatfield Polytechnic (17), London Camden Dingwalls (22 and 23), Birmingham Mason Hall (24) and Retford Porterhouse (25).

STEELEYE: 'NO SPLIT'

WIDESPREAD rumours suggesting that Steeleye Span are to split up after their British concert tour, starting early next month, were denied by their spokesman this week. Insisting that the stories are completely without foundation, he added: "It's common knowledge that the various members of the group have individual projects lined up after the tour, but that doesn't mean they're breaking up."

Clapton to U.S.

ERIC CLAPTON and his band set out early next month on a major tour of the United States and Canada. It opens in Vancouver on February 1 and runs through to April 9, when it closes at Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens. It's the most extensive tour Clapton has undertaken for ten years, and is in keeping with his announced policy of spending much of 1978 on the road.

THE STRAWBS from left to right: ANDY RICHARDS, DAVE COUSINS and TONY FERNANDEZ in the top row; DAVE LAMBERT and CHAS CRONK below.

Strawbs trek

THE FIRST nine dates have now been confirmed for the Strawbs' concert tour, their first in this country for two years. They are Liverpool University (February 22), Cardiff University (24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (27), Glasgow Univeristy (March 4), Sheffield Top Rank (5), Reading University (8), Salford University (10), and Braford University (11). More dates, including a major London show, will be announced in a week or two.

The band have now acquired a new drummer, with Tony Fernandez coming in to replace Rod Coombes, and their line-up is augmented by the addition of keyboards player Andy Richards. Their first Arista album "Deadlines" is issued on February 3, preceded this weekend by their single "Joey And Me". They appear in Granada-TV's "Get It Together" (January 31), BBC-1's "Swap Shop" (February 4) and BBC-2's "Sight And Sound In Concert" (18).

NEW ROCK SERIES AT THE LYCEUM

A NEW SERIES of shows is being presented at London Strand Lyceum from next month by London's Capital Radio in association with promoter Harvey Goldsmith. They go under the banner of "Mummy's Concert", and are being recorded by Capital for broadcast in Nicky Horne's Wednesday night series "Your Mother Wouldn't Like It". First show is on February 8 at 8.15pm starring Jim Capaldi, supported by the Tyla Gang and Arbre. Subsequent shows will feature XTC, The Buzzcocks, the Motors and John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett. There will be three bands on every bill and tickets, for the most part, will all be priced £1.75.

Terry Draper & Shaboodle Promotions present

HINCKLEY'S HEROES

+ Special guest Noel Murphy

in a concert at

SOUND CIRCUS

(Royalty Theatre)

SUNDAY JANUARY 29th at 8 pm

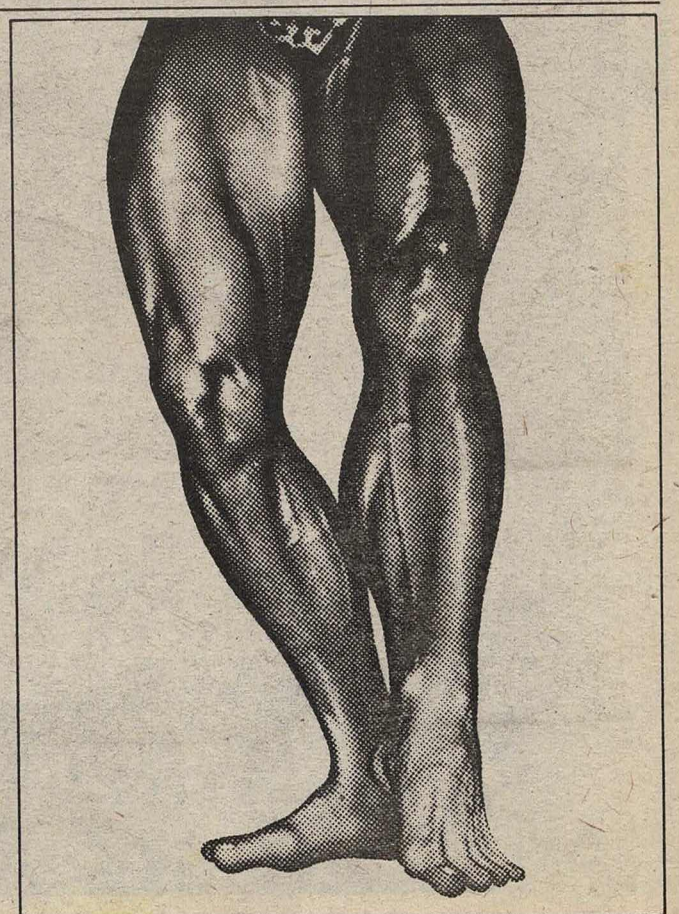
Tickets available from Theatre Box Office & usual agents.
£1.00, £1.50 & £2.00

Richardson quits Osibisa

OSIBISA have lost their guitarist and singer Wendell Richardson, who decided to quit the band after almost three years in favour of a close family life. His departure came on the eve of their British concert tour, which opened last weekend, but they were able to find an immediate replacement in Kariban-Kariman. He was formerly lead guitarist with Ghana's foremost group, the Bombaya Band, and is widely regarded as the leading exponent of African-style guitar playing.

Two more dates have been added to Osibisa's tour schedule — at Coventry Warwick University (January 19) and Scunthorpe Baths Hall (26).

- New Hearts drummer and founder member Matt MacIntyre, who was previously with The Gorrillas, he left the band by mutual agreement. His replacement will be announced shortly.
- The Foster Brothers are currently auditioning drummers to find a replacement for Eddie Williams, who has left to concentrate on improving and running his rehearsal and recording studio in London's Bethnal Green.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The new single from Bowie

From NME's album of the year–"Heroes"

Pics by STEVENSON

This is Siouxsie and the Banshees / They are patient / They will win / In the end.

A WORLD DOMINATION BY 1984 SPECIAL

/ By Paul Morley.

SIOUXSIE IS THE frail-faced, tough-minded, strange-light-in-her-eyes voice/performer of Siouxsie and the Banshees.

When she was a little girl . . . "I was very lonely, actually. The few friends I had were gypsies. When I was eight I tried to commit suicide to get noticed by my parents. I used to do things like fall on the floor upstairs so that they'd think I'd fallen downstairs, and I'd have bottles of pills in my hands. I've always felt on the outside, really."

She, like the rest of the group, admits to being a loner. They don't really like people. A thing they have in common. Their reason for existing is to perform noise with meaning for people to share and benefit from. They could be the last "rock" group. The only "rock" group. They are not a "rock" group. They are twentieth century performers.

Friday night at The Nashville. An incongruous/traditional venue, it would seem, for Siouxsie and the Banshees. Isn't anywhere? It is 'an occasion'. Names/faces are scattered, to be noticed and not to be noticed, perhaps admiring the path of individualism. Wayne County, Billy Idol, Marianne Faithful, Andy Czezowski, Howard Pickup, Jordan and on. It is a sell out. People straggle outside, hoping for admission. Some, absurdly, produce five pound notes in vain attempts at bribing the doorman. What *is* this?

Calm down and reflect on a bewildering reputation. It's now 15 months since the Banshees in a spirited, impulsive shot of audience participation, went on stage at the 100 Club and set their precedent for the unique, shocking, honest. That's a dark, distant past, perhaps the only period that the Banshees have actually felt that they belonged to something. Felt part of anything . . . a movement that pressed self-destruct early on, a movement whose successful ones were, with odd exceptions, the shrewdest, the most adaptable to the business as opposed to the most creative, challenging, changing and committed.

For their first 'performance' at the 100 Club the Banshees were Sid Vicious on drums, Marco (now in The Models) on guitar, Steve Havoc on bass, Siouxsie singing. In March/April of '77 a concentrated Siouxsie and the Banshees appeared, playing their first real gig at the Roxy, Siouxsie singing, Steve on bass, Kenny (who was one of the original 'punks') looking different, dancing around, on drums, P. P. Barnum on guitar. They were poor and unformulated, but intense. From about this period, they appear in Don Letts' flicker-movie, bad-mouthing the owner of the Roxy, having small fun at others' expense. About May they began to move out into the provinces, speculative but never boring.

From there, the growth has been subdued and careful. P. P. Barnum left (he's now formed Heroes), Martin was brought in. The group, as to be expected, have touched controversy, the result of frustration. There's been a farcical fracas with the police, resulting in a £20 fine for Siouxsie, and the infamous spraying incident, "Signed Siouxsie and the Banshees." A few prestige gigs with Buzzcocks in Manchester and London, a *So It Goes* appearance, a John Peel session. No record deal, except the occasional futile one-off, and it's only in the last few months that they gelled in any way as a considered, permanent group. And now?

Their development has happened away from the sub-culture acceleration. On the outside, taking the best from the inside. There is no rush. They are patient.

Quietly spoken, softly articulating methods and motives, patient in contrived conversation at interviewers' misconceptions/hesitations, learning as much as the provoker. "It's funny, now we're starting to do interviews, we've just begun to understand what we're doing, whereas before without doing interviews we never really thought about motives."

Having understood that, publicity — which, because of the mode of expression that the Banshees have superficially adopted, is achieved through exposure in the 'rock press' — is necessary for the Banshees to reach some kind of identifiable mass. Even fame! But more, too. Now that they have been caught — through no fault of their own except their obvious uniqueness and thus their prospective 'hipness', in the media persecuting/giggling myth — they must perpetuate jargon to denounce shamefully demoralising distortions through ignorant miscomprehension *(Huh??? — Ed)*.

About these miscomprehensions, they are understandably sensitive. No bitterness/grudges. Hurt, puzzlement. For a group who leave such a huge question mark after their work, it is hard for them to take being so readily wrapped and dismissed, often as either "oh-a-girl,the-future-is-female. Great. Next" or a "ooh-nazism-nasty-destroy. Next".

They have indeed been mistreated, through, admittedly, as regards 'Nazism', initial lack of forethought. They wore swastikas. There were stiff-armed salutes. Their lushly subversive, brutally sensual words and the rhythmic/anthemic noise they create to form an undoubted Teutonic heaviness didn't help.

"But always with any sort of politics, which is why we haven't got any, you get extremists, and once you get extremists you get people doing great things and terrible things . . . for every following of some sort you get followers who distort things. If people don't understand things, they should say so. There's too much pride. *We* don't understand."

AND YET, DESPITE disruptions/distortions . . . despite the fact that they have no record deal . . . despite, paramountly, ignorance, Siouxsie and the Banshees find themselves in an almost enviable position.

Siouxsie is, according to the *NME* Poll, the fourteenth most popular female singer in the world. They hold the house record at the Vortex. They sold out The Nashville two nights running. They have made no commitment sacrifices, no compromises, and they feel comfortable that what they're saying is necessary.

"Things have to go on. We're trying to show that it does not have to be pop punk next, it doesn't have to be the same old rock'n'roll riffs. We don't like trends. We formed initially because we felt we had something of our own to say, What was happening was lacking in certain aspects — it needed a different point of view, a variant on things, but with the same attack, impact."

Off on a variant . . . not like anyone else. Is it this different way of doing things/saying things/playing things that has attracted this curious following? Is there sympathy with the Banshees? A common recognition of the need for individual regeneration, the realisation that men must suffer to know joy, some genuine concern as to when a nihilism becomes a barbarism? Is there admiration/appreciation of the way that Siouxsie and the Banshees have conclusively shown the amount of expression/variation possible utilising unorthodox and minimal techniques?

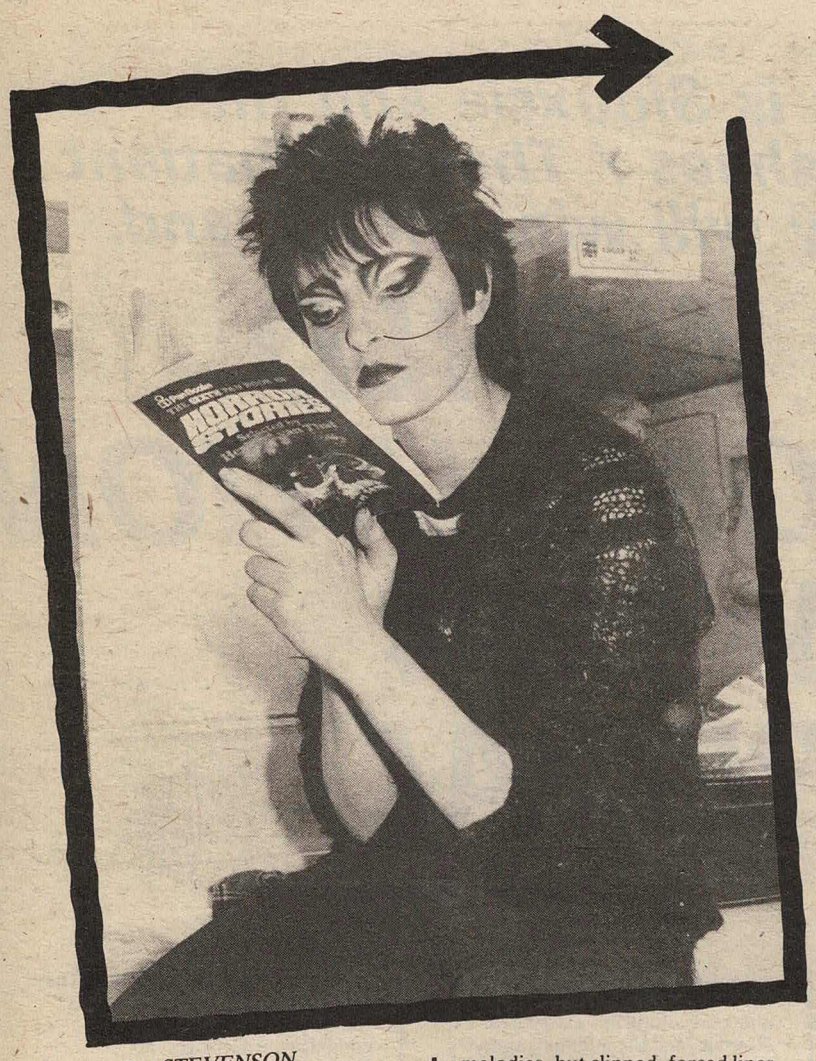
Or is it just hip to like them, for numerous reasons? Is it easy to jump up and down to them? Are they the new trend? "Well, there's the girl thing . . . there's a lot of people who've latched on to us because of the . . . because they've understood things that aren't there . . . like being labelled Nazis, things like that . . . many of the audience don't understand, but that's irrelevant as long as they get the feel that we're doing something different . . . we probably don't understand ourselves completely."

Whatever the reasons, genuine or misplaced, for their popularity, it exists, and their presence and power in performance probably propels enough feel for an audience to intuitively grasp that they're not absorbing run-of-the-mill music/noise. It is almost hypnotic, an unfortunate association. Uninhibited, precise noise with very few reference points. Clean, perversely addictive, with more than an ounce of freedom. Unconventional in form, but no way inaccessible. Structured noise. Do they view themselves as musicians? An emphatic 'no'.

"As non-musicians. Sound innovators." A comprehensible term? "It's an interesting . . . interesting noises . . . certain songs that rely on the drum beat . . . some relying on voice . . . some on guitar . . . experimenting, not just using a voice to say *baby, baby* . . . it's making different sounds with what you've got. We go out of our way not to be musicians . . . we don't rehearse til our fingers bleed.

"We can play rock'n'roll, but we ignore it, shove it in a corner. We don't see ourselves in the same context as rock'n'roll groups. We're out on a limb. It is dangerous, but it excites us, makes it worthwhile."

CONTINUES OVER



Pic: STEVENSON

Visually, the group set no principles. Concentration from the three musicians. Instinctive bodily maneouvring from Siouxsie. Snapped, harsh, asexual, she wears shorts/short skirts for freedom of movement. She is nicknamed 'android' by the group. Her make-up, which eerily transforms her nervous, wistful, pale face into the hard lined clown-tragedian, is the one concession to the audience. Her voice is staggered. No orthodox fluid melodies, but clipped, forced lines, sharply falling and rising, forming careful, idiosyncratic 'hooks'.

She displays no exhaustion, exhilaration, amusement, frustration or any of those other colourful sideshows that performers often find in themselves. In the early days there was little nervousness when she got on stage. Now, she gets very nervous. "Maybe it's because there's a lot more emotion put into what we're doing now . . . when you just get up there like we used to the emotion that comes up . . . you're not realising it . . ." Emotion? "Passion . . . it's

■ *From previous page*

just emotion full stop. There's no other words. It's just one thing."

IF THE EMOTIONS of the group have toughened/flowered over the last few months, maybe in sub-conscious urgency of desire to communicate something blurred but precious and important, then so has the group's overall intensity as performers. Weaknesses are gradually eradicated, the process of self-discovery.

"Now, we seem to have some sense of direction. Though we don't know what it is . . . over the last year we haven't got tangled. We have just kept a different way of doing things. We haven't just gone out and done every gig that we've been offered. The best gigs are those when you go down really badly but you know you've done a good set . . . we don't really need audience *approval* . . . the way we approach it, we're out there and we're putting on a show for ourselves and anyone who wants to put their hands in, well, they can.

"We're not out to give everyone a 'good time', oh you can come on stage, you're the same as us. It's not like that, 'cos we go on stage and it's for us and if anyone wants to take something it's up to them. We're not going to impose anything on anyone, so in some aspects it's not entertainment. It's entertainment for some people but it's not mainstream entertainment.

"We're very aware of coming across as pretentious and that's one thing that we're all scared of, so we've never actually said, *this is art, this is that* . . . We leave it all open, we don't define anything so we can go back on ourselves like anyone else and find things that we didn't see before. We don't really like being tagged as anything, but it is inevitable that people have to tag something to understand it."

Of the Banshees' performance, fifty per cent is music/noise, fifty per cent is words. Complementary, equally important. The words are of a strange language, derived from experience and observation, chilling vignettes of minor atrocities and gruesome indulgences, of frustration, of unrequited love. From the dark side of life, grinning, perverted, subversive; euphoria and depression, vision and pessimism mysteriously co-exist. The truth in ugliness. Striving to manufacture some semblance of order, of purposefulness, set against the absurdity and pointlessness of life. Their realism is vital, snatches of everyday life exaggerated for effect. No-one sings songs like these; there must be room for abrupt confrontation. "People live in a dreamworld".

Excerpts.

Make Up To Break Up
Spots and warts and blemishes
and deep receding crevices
seem to disappear
when foundation's on my face
when foundation's on my face

Girls with eyes like swimming pools
are the ones that I despise
'cos I need lots of colour
to hide my bloodshot eyes
to hide my bloodshot eyes

Now comes the break up from the make up
just like the devils rain
c...c...c...colours run insane.

Foundation starts to tremble
My nose a grotesque abstract
My mouth a gaping gap
My eyes are shooting blood

Bad Shape
We're all spastics
we're all paralysed
cancer in the ears
cataract in the eyes

we're all dismembered
we're all in stitches
wrapped in bandages
stumble with crutches

Suburban Relapse
I was washing up the dishes
minding my own business
when my string snapped
I had a relapse . . . a suburban relapse
(Should I?)
Throw things at the neighbours
expose myself to strangers
kill myself or . . . you
now memory gets hazy
I think I must be crazy
But my strings snapped
I had a relapse . . . a suburban relapse.

SUCH ABRASIVE, uncompromising language, and the way that its presented, is not of the type that is liable to entice record companies to propose lucrative deals. The group realises this is important.

They have got as far as they can in terms of reaching people without records.

"We want to become successful because it would mean that people are confronting what we're putting down on vinyl and paper . . . but if we are, we'd probably be successful for the wrong reasons, and that's something we can't avoid."

Problems facing the controversial/different/indefinable — "Everyday there's a problem about having to compromise . . . everyday there's a reporter wanting to interview just Siouxsie, take pictures of Siouxsie, getting across that it's a backing band for Siouxsie. It's not that at all. It's a four-piece band . . . who supports us, who plays with us, it's so hard when there's not many we like . . . getting certain people in on the guest list, record company people . . . having to deal with record company people because they're so out of touch with things. In the end you have to explain yourself in the most basic, moronic way and that takes something away. Record companies aren't there to help a band progress, that's bullshit. They're there to give the bands a little money and make as much money for themselves. They don't care if a band falls by the wayside as long as they've made enough money out of them. We haven't signed any record deals . . . we want commitment from a record company so that we can do what we want to do.

"We'll win in the end. If we don't let people get the better of us, influence us, like the establishment. As long as we can resist I think we'll win in the end."

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THRILLS

SEX PISTOLS OVER AMERICA

EXCLUSIVE REPORT FROM OUR REPORTERS-ON-THE-SPOT DOWN THE LOCAL NEWSAGENTS

I'M-SO-BORED-WITH-SPACE-FILLERS- ABOUT-THE-SEX-PISTOLS-IN-THE-USA

PEARL HARBOUR may have caught our colonial cousins with their funky drawers down around their ankles, but America seems to have been fully prepared for The Sex Pistols — at least, according to the despatches filtering back from the battleground via the press.

London's *Evening News* was the only British paper dumb enough to pay for the return airfare and expenses of Man-On-The-Spot John Blake, and they attempted to recoup the investment with front page Pistols articles on Friday, Saturday *and* Monday issues of the commuter brain candy rag.

Friday's headline blared *I Hate Britain Says Screaming Johnny* (as in Rotten, not Blake). Blake said the show in Atlanta, Georgia, was "only half of what the Pistols are capable of." The story told how the band intimidated that Atlanta audience by blowing their snotty noses onto the stage, which provoked the incensed crowd to hurl a barrage of popcorn and paper cups. A heavily made up blonde (no, dear, not Paul Cook) screamed, "They're disgusting and I love them!" Another young Yankee nihilist was less enthusiastic, however. "This isn't music. It's nothing."

Blake reported that before the gig the Pistols had told the promoter that they had no intention of rising to the bait of the Vice Squad officers flown into Atlanta to view the gig, and he quoted *New York Times* critic John Rockwell as saying, "They were great, they just can't fail!"

The Pistols, not the Vice Squad — silly!

With no air-ticket hanging over their heads, the rest of Fleet Street were more subdued. Friday's *Daily Mail,* in their headline, said *Bible Belt Backlash Threatens U.S. Tour,* and reported that Vice Squads from Tulsa, Baton Rouge and Memphis were flown in to see the gig after protests from Deep South church organisations.

Lieutenant Ronald Howell of Memphis said, "We have heard a lot about these boys and if they behave themselves we'll give them a right friendly welcome. Memphis is a clean city. We aim to keep it that way. We will not tolerate any real, or simulated, sex on stage. No sir. They can be nude if they like." *(Thrills* advises against full-frontals due to the growing obesity of Steve 'The Beer-Belly That Ate Atlanta' Jones!) "They can spit! They can even vomit!" (If Steve is allowed to appear in the naughty-naked-nude, they probably will!) "No law against that! But there must be no lewd or indecent behaviour . . ."

Friday's *Daily Express* also stressed the church/vice angle, and the *Evening Standard* — sulking because their arch-rivals at the naughty-naked-*News* had John Boy Blake on the other side of the Atlantic and they had no-one — ran the headline *Rotten And Co. Run Of The Mill* and filled their piece with quotes from whining fans who had found the show unexpectedly subdued.

The next day, Saturday's *Daily Mail* ran the headline *The Night That Punk Went Phut,* and printed a day later than everybody else how — surprise, surprise — nobody in Atlanta had suffered a cardiac arrest at the spectacle of live Pistols. The *Daily Mail,* however, scooped the rest with the anecdote concerning Steve Jones trying to pick up a local wench who turned out to be a transvestite.

"Funny place, America," Steve said.

Tamed . . . The Sex Pistols, gloated the *Daily Mirror.*

The Pistols' second gig in Memphis provided the chance for John Blake to drool all over Saturday's *Evening News* front page, under the headline *Sex Pistols Fans In Riot,* about how "rioting crowds fought with police and smashed glass doors after 300 ticket holders couldn't get in. One fan was taken to hospital covered in blood and another was arrested."

Blood! Blood! This is more like it, John. You're really worth that air-ticket now. Wait, there's more!

Sid Vicious, maybe because nobody else could be bothered to do it, "stabbed himself in the arm with a knife. The wound was deep and there was a lot of blood." Blake told how, during the gig, Vicious "took off his leather jacket to reveal a large lint pad plastered to his arm. He ripped off the dressing to reveal the gaping wound."

Much to the delight of Fleet Street, old Sid kept up the self-abuse schtick at the next gig at, uh, Randy's Rodeo in Texas. On Monday's *Evening News* front page (yawn) Blake revealed how Vicious screamed at the audience: "You cowboys are all faggots!" — and retaliated as the audience threw beer cans by beating a heckler in the front row over the head with his unstrapped bass guitar.

Be reasonable, Sid. The cowboys were only throwing beer cans because the cops had taken their guns away from them as they entered the emporium. Blake told how one can had hit Sid right on his voluptuous pout.

Simpered Sid: "That can hit me right in the mouth. It hurt but I don't care!"

Blake reported that the Pistols believe they are being tailed by the FBI. "These big fat guys keep following us around everywhere we go," snarled Rotten.

Ah, John, that's just Steve and Sid!

Monday's *Evening Standard* claimed — erroneously — that Sid had stabbed himself in the arm during the gig, obviously getting their facts muddled and referring to the previous gig in Memphis.

The *Standard* also reported how someone jumped on stage screaming: "I DON'T LIKE IT! I DON'T LIKE IT! I DON'T LIKE IT!"

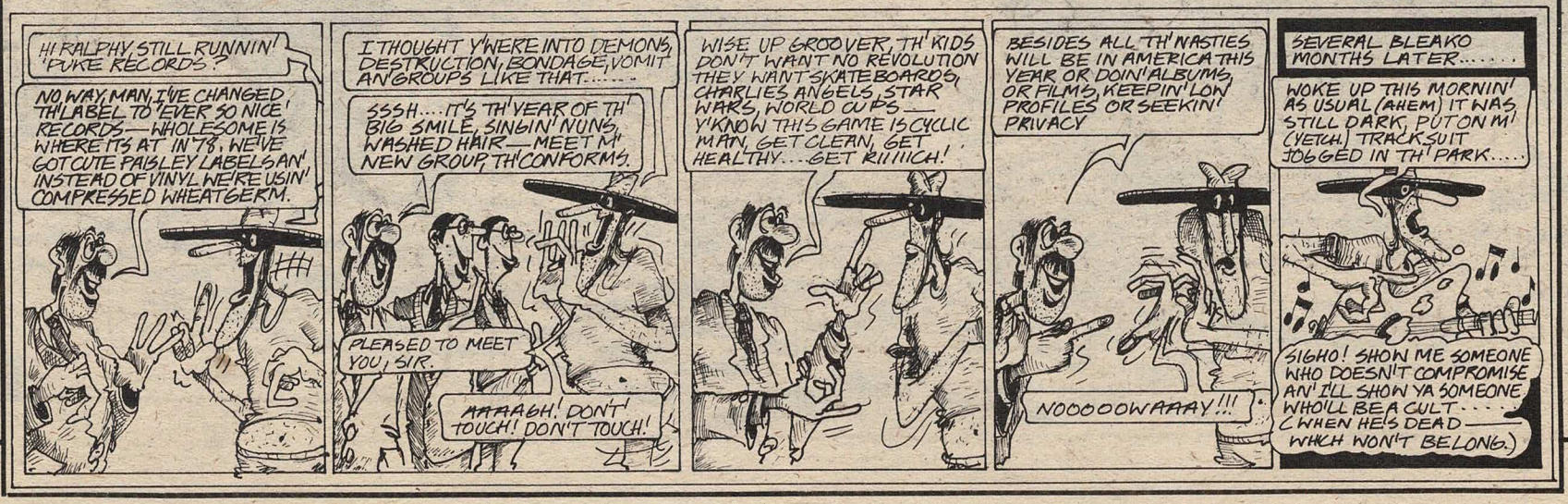
Oh, hush your mouth, Malcolm!

JUDGE McKINNON ASSA-MYSELF
I. TIEUP-MORMONS

THRILLS

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

The Lone Groover — BENYON


HI RALPHY STILL RUNNIN' 'PUKE RECORDS?
NO WAY MAN, I'VE CHANGED TH' LABEL TO 'EVER SO NICE' RECORDS — WHOLESOME IS WHERE IT'S AT IN '78. WE'VE GOT CUTE PAISLEY LABELS AN' INSTEAD OF VINYL WE'RE USIN' COMPRESSED WHEATGERM.
I THOUGHT Y'WERE INTO DEMONS, DESTRUCTION, BONDAGE, VOMIT AN' GROUPS LIKE THAT.....
SSSH....IT'S TH' YEAR OF TH' BIG SMILE, SINGIN' NUNS, WASHED HAIR — MEET M' NEW GROUP, TH' CONFORMS.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SIR.
AAAAGH! DON'T TOUCH! DON'T TOUCH!
WISE UP GROOVER, TH' KIDS DON'T WANT NO REVOLUTION THEY WANT SKATEBOARDS, CHARLIES ANGELS, STAR WARS, WORLD CUPS — Y'KNOW THIS GAME IS CYCLIC MAN, GET CLEAN, GET HEALTHY....GET RIIIICH!
BESIDES ALL TH' NASTIES WILL BE IN AMERICA THIS YEAR OR DOIN' ALBUMS, OR FILMS, KEEPIN' LOW PROFILES OR SEEKIN' PRIVACY
NOOOOOWAAAY!!!
SEVERAL BLEAKO MONTHS LATER.....
WOKE UP THIS MORNIN' AS USUAL (AHEM) IT WAS STILL DARK, PUT ON M' (YETCH.) TRACKSUIT JOGGED IN TH' PARK.....
SIGHO! SHOW ME SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T COMPROMISE AN' I'LL SHOW YA SOMEONE WHO'LL BE A CULT..... C WHEN HE'S DEAD — WHICH WON'T BELONG.)

(XX3)MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 7-SORT OF A SING-ALONG-English punk rock 'Sex Pistols' get a form of audience participation Friday in Memphis, Tenn. during the second stop of their American tour. In left foreground is bass player Sid Vicious while group leader Johnny Rotten crouches in foreground.(AP Laserphoto)(rob/gk70255stf-ck)1978
re-broadcast for sundays.

ANARCHY ON THE (DIS)ORIENT EXPRESS

IF IT'S MONDAY it must be . . . uh, yes, San Antonio, Texas. The excitable tones of ace photographer Joe Stevens ring through loud and clear on the transatlantic hotline.

Stevens informs us he's due at any moment to speed off to Baton Rouge with The Sex Pistols, having picked up the tour at its second stop in Memphis.

Unfortunately, Joe could not make it to the band's opening at the quaintly-named Great South-East Music Hall in Atlanta — pity, that, as tour manager Noel Monk told Joe afterwards that he'd witnessed the first fifteen rows singing along with all the Pistols' lyrics and gesticulating along with Rotten's bug-eyed stage antics. Funny the press missed that . . .

As a matter of interest, Stevens wasn't the only one to miss out on Atlanta. Indeed, no less a fixture than Malcolm McLaren was also absent from his boys' U.S. debut, having been forced to remain in England for business reasons after the band had departed. He arrived in time for Memphis and, with his usual alacrity, openly denied any intimate knowledge of the brief U.S. tour's inner workings, and referred all inquisitors to the Warner Bros. hierarchy.

In fact, McLaren's involvement with the tour organisation *does* seem very small. The tour appears to have been fixed up and motored into action by the Warner Brothers gang, who may well have picked the venues themselves and certainly chose tour manager Noel Monk for his job. Monk, a short, stockily built firebrand with black hair, moustache, omnipresent shades and a quick temper, has been employed by the company before — and thus far at least his selection has proven to be a wise one.

Now that they are on the road, it transpires that the Deep South areas the Pistols have chosen to play are not so unorthodox as they initially seemed. These cities *have* already witnessed punk rockers in gory action, via performances by The Ramones, The Dead Boys and Mink de Ville. As well as that, Memphis was the scene some four years back of a heavily policed double-bill of Iggy and the Stooges and The New York Dolls. (That gig wound up with Dolls singer David Johanssen being jailed overnight over a profane language rap.)

The Pistols escaped being busted in Memphis — although their sojourn in Elvis's home state didn't go without incident, at least if we're to believe the *Evening News* report by John Blake. According to Blake's front page report on Saturday, all manner of mayhem took place, including a full-scale riot outside the Taliesyn Ballroom and a juicy item of Sid Vicious self mutilation — both of which, Stevens claims, were twisted out of all decent proportion. No riot occurred, claims Joe, and as for Vicious, it seems that the bassist *did* cut himself but that there was no dramatic onstage ripping-off of any arm-bandage.

Indeed, Blake's hysterical report could have been the outcome of what Stevens describes as a Pistols policy of ignoring the British press in general. Virtually all the British nationals have U.S.-based correspondents on the tour — *Mirror, Express, Evening News, Standard,* you name it — but they have been greeted by a stoney-faced silence and, on one occasion, Rotten addressing them as "a bunch of lousy parasites".

Rotten, as usual, has taken it upon himself to be spokesman of the group, spouting forth eminently quotable jibes at each audience he's encountered. At Memphis, he yelped: "I'm not here for your amusement. You're here for mine! And stop throwing things at me." At the third gig, at Randy's Ballroom in San Antonio, he whipped out a familiar harangue: "You bleedin' bunch of statues. I've never seen an audience stand like you bleedin' rotters."

In fact, Joe Stevens claims that the audiences he's witnessed have been anything but laidback. Obviously having picked up on stunts witnessed on U.S. TV 'punk' documentaries, crowds threw everything from beer-cans to ice-cubes at the Pistols in both San Antonio and Memphis.

All in all, though, the dates played thus far have been a disarming success.

More ominous shadows hanging over proceedings appear to be (a) the Pistols and Warner Bros' corporate paranoia about constant FBI vigilance (plain-clothes cops have been spotted at all gigs, looking suitably menacing) and (b) the continuing uneasy relations between the Pistols and bassist Sid Vicious, who appeared to be ignoring each other's presence off-stage in Atlanta and Memphis.

The San Antonio gig, however, proved so successful for all concerned that it created a spirit of bonhomie within the band which even exuded as far as the travelling U.S. press corps. After the gig, the band talked freely and amicably with U.S. scribes like the *New York Times'* John Rockwell, *Rolling Stone's* Charles Young and *Punk* editor John Holmstrom.

Final trivia: John Rotten has a new all-American bodyguard, name of Glenn, and apparently Sid Vicious too has somebody posted to tend his needs.

Oh, and the Pistols are using the coach owned by Evel Knievel when he goes on tour. Choose your own ending from (a) so punk rock *does* 'stunt' your growth, (b) if he'd known they were gonna use his bus he'd've changed his name to Knievel Evil, or (c) there is no truth in the rumour that when they get back the Pistols are gonna pogo a motorbike over 20 busloads of Tory councillors.

GEORGE WASHINGMACHINE

THRILLS

INSIDE INFORMATION

This one's really going to please the patriots among us. ***Thrills*** *rockets to the USA, New York in particular — with a stop-over in Australia en route — for a special foreign persons edition. Good stuff, too. Meet* ***The Dwight Twilley Band*** *on page 12, follow* ***Bob Dylan*** *to Melbourne on 13 (yeah, two Dylan Thrills in one ish!), get outraged at* ***Raped*** *on 14 (hey, dese guys is English, even if they do come on like Iggy copyists — get 'em outta here!), squirm beneath the lash of* ***The Last Poets*** *on 15, flex muscles with* ***David Bowie's bodyguard*** *(huh?) on 16, and rub out in style with* ***The Erasers*** *on page 18. Oh, and next week we got some real hot poop on* ***Jumpin' Jimmy Carter.*** *Seein's believin'.*

"Last time I'm going to one of their gigs!"

Sent by Eggy of Stapleford, from The Sun.

DYLAN TURNS FILM MAKER

THE BOB DYLAN FILM *Renaldo & Clara,* previewed in *Thrills* recently by Miles, is neither a one-off exercise nor a superstar's whim. The word is that Dylan is in films to stay. Furthermore, he's been busy setting up his own outfit to make sure he does just that.

Circuit Films is the name of the company, which has quietly set up offices in New York and Los Angeles with its HQ in Minneapolis. The head of the company is Dylan's 36-year-old brother David Zimmerman, who runs the operation with a staff of eight. A Dylan exec says: "Most of them have music industry experience. David published Bob's music. He trusts these people. He told them to learn about the film business."

The inexperience of the hired hands is not the only unusual thing about Circuit Films. *Renaldo & Clara* is a three hour and 52 minute film which cost $1,250,000, a sizeable investment for a first-time independent outing. A film of that length is difficult to distribute through normal channels (witness Bertolucci's *1900*), which is presumably why Dylan turned down offers from two major companies (guaranteeing a clear profit of $1 million) and opted to set up Circuit and handle the product himself.

The movie will be launched in the three cities where Circuit has offices, backed by a further $4,600,000 of Dylan's money for promotion. The second run will follow in Boston, Toronto and San Francisco, followed by Chicago and Madison, Wisconsin.

Because, according to a Dylan spokesman, "Dylan doesn't want to confuse the audience into thinking it's a rock concert film," there will be no soundtrack album of the 47-cut score. The soundtrack is supposed to serve as a counterpoint to the story. End result of this may be that pirated versions of the soundtrack could end up on bootlegs *a la* "Basement Tapes".

Latest news is that Dylan is now planning a second feature, also self-financed, which will begin shooting in August. As one close friend put it, "he'll either be the next Orson Welles, or he'll have egg on his face."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

How many people do you have to listen to before you listen to Café Jacques

"I'm not proud, I'll pick 'em for '78"
Hugh Fielder–Sounds

"Phil Collins of Genesis has sung their praises. Listening to this album I am sure you'll agree. If things go the right way they'll probably be as big as Genesis."
Robin Smith–Record Mirror

"Café Jacques will soon be slipping into the shoes of established bands like Genesis and 10 c.c. An irrevocably classy album."
Martyn Sutton–Radio & Record News

"Scotland seems to have the knack of producing some of the grittiest rock bands around . . . Alex Harvey's band and Nazareth are immediate examples . . . Café Jacques doesn't seem to fit easily into this company, but any outfit capable of producing a debut album of the immediate and pungent power of "Round The Back" will not be kept waiting."
John Orme–Melody Maker

The band is CAFÉ Jacques

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(AND YES, THEY DO WANT TO BE TEEN IDOLS . . .)

ALL OF A SUDDEN, pop is no longer a dirty word. there was a time when calling your music pop was like signing your own death warrant, but now The Only Ones, Nick Lowe, The Ramones, The Clash and countless others can breathe the word without fear of derision; and even feel proud.

This has to be a healthy condition, if only because I don't have to apologise for one of my tastes anymore. But calling the current spate of modern teen music pop is really a misnomer, because so far it has failed to satisfy the one basic condition the term implies: mass acceptance.

So, while pop becomes a chic adjective, the music remains just a minor phenomenon.

Now, enter The Dwight Twilley Band — who would call their music 'superpop' and further confuse the terminology. However, the idiom is distinct: rich and powerful pop rock as opposed to the effete fodder of most chart fare, keeping company with a heady strata of young Americans like Cheap Trick, Tom Petty, The Marbles, The Rubinoos, Chris Stamey and, when he chooses, Big Star's Alex Chilton.

The Dwight Twilley Band are Dwight Twilley and Phil Seymour, from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Twilley writes the songs, plays guitar, keyboards and sings; Seymour plays drums, some bass and sings. They have remarkably similar voices, so the vocals are shared, and in tow with engineer Bob Schaper they produce their own records under the guise of Oister.

So far they've had one U.S. hit single, "I'm On Fire", which ranks as one of the five best records to come out of the States in as many years, and one album, "Sincerely", which was almost as good. If prompted, the furthest Twilley will go to elaborate on 'superpop' is to say their music is mainly Elvis, Beatles and Twilley.

Note the pedigree. He doesn't choose (although it isn't really a choice, more a subconscious process) whatever the other kids on the block are raving about, and there's no obscure name-dropping either. Instead it's the two biggest phenomena in the history of rock — both easily fulfilling that "mass acceptance" condition. Twilley unashamedly sticks his own name alongside.

To be fair, I should point out that he was describing the music when he said that. But talking to him on the transatlantic phone, it becomes obvious that he's aware of the implications. His reasons for being in rock'n'roll (if anyone needs a reason) aren't the usual "to get laid, wasted and have a good time." Instead, he humbly aspires to being no more than the next teenage sensation.

He wants to create a stream of quality records that will cut through the chaff and de-pollute the airwaves. As he puts it, "going to the limit is what rock'n'roll is all about, we're gonna try to do that."

Twilley met his partner Phil Seymour in Tulsa at (get this) a Saturday matinee of *A Hard Day's Night*. "It isn't all that surprising we met up; most of the kids weren't tall enough to reach the box office, so Phil and I sorta stuck out."

The pair spent the next seven years writing songs together, playing in local bands and eventually building a roughshod demo studio in a friend's basement. In '74 they set off for L.A., two young kids and a tape in search of a contract. However, offers weren't exactly coming thick and fast, so they sold a song of theirs called "Love Is A Train" to a singer who, for some reason, Twilley refuses to name, and returned home despondent.

By chance, Shelter Records heard and were duly impressed by "Love Is A Train". They contacted the pair, who had not thought of approaching their hometown-based label with its roster of Dixie funk, and suggested some time in a studio-proper to see what they were capable of. The result was "I'm On Fire", three minutes of pure, pumping rock.

For a first try it was stunning. The guitars threatened to punch you in the face, the drums kicked hard and the song had hooks that wouldn't let go. It had a strange classic sense, as if the pair had set out to capture 20 years of rock and grind it into a sound no more than a day old.

An America then firmly in the grip of The Doobie Brothers had a momentary lapse of taste and took it to No. 16 in the charts, which goes some way towards confirming that The Dwight Twilley Band might just have it in them to live up to their ambitions. However, it's only now, some two years later, that they're in a position to prove it.

Soon after their second single was released Shelter lost their distribution and so couldn't promote or even sell the record. It was a year before the problems were surmounted, and by that time the band had lost their initial impetus, causing their first album to carve only a marginal niche in the hearts of the American public last year, despite critical ravings.

Further problems with shelter since then have led to the band signing with Arista in the U.S., though they are still with Shelter in Britain. A second album, "Twilley Don't Mind", was recently released to near-unanimous acclaim (*pace* Kent), with a new single of the same title

WHAT YOU ARE READING COULD BE A WORK OF ART

ON CHRISTMAS EVE '77, artist Laurie Rae Chamberlain was mugged by eight bohos who were in Sloane Square for a bit of punk bashing. The incident animated exactly the spirit of his monochrome Xerox prints currently on show at the World's End Art Gallery.

Laurie is billed as the World's First Colour Xerox artist.

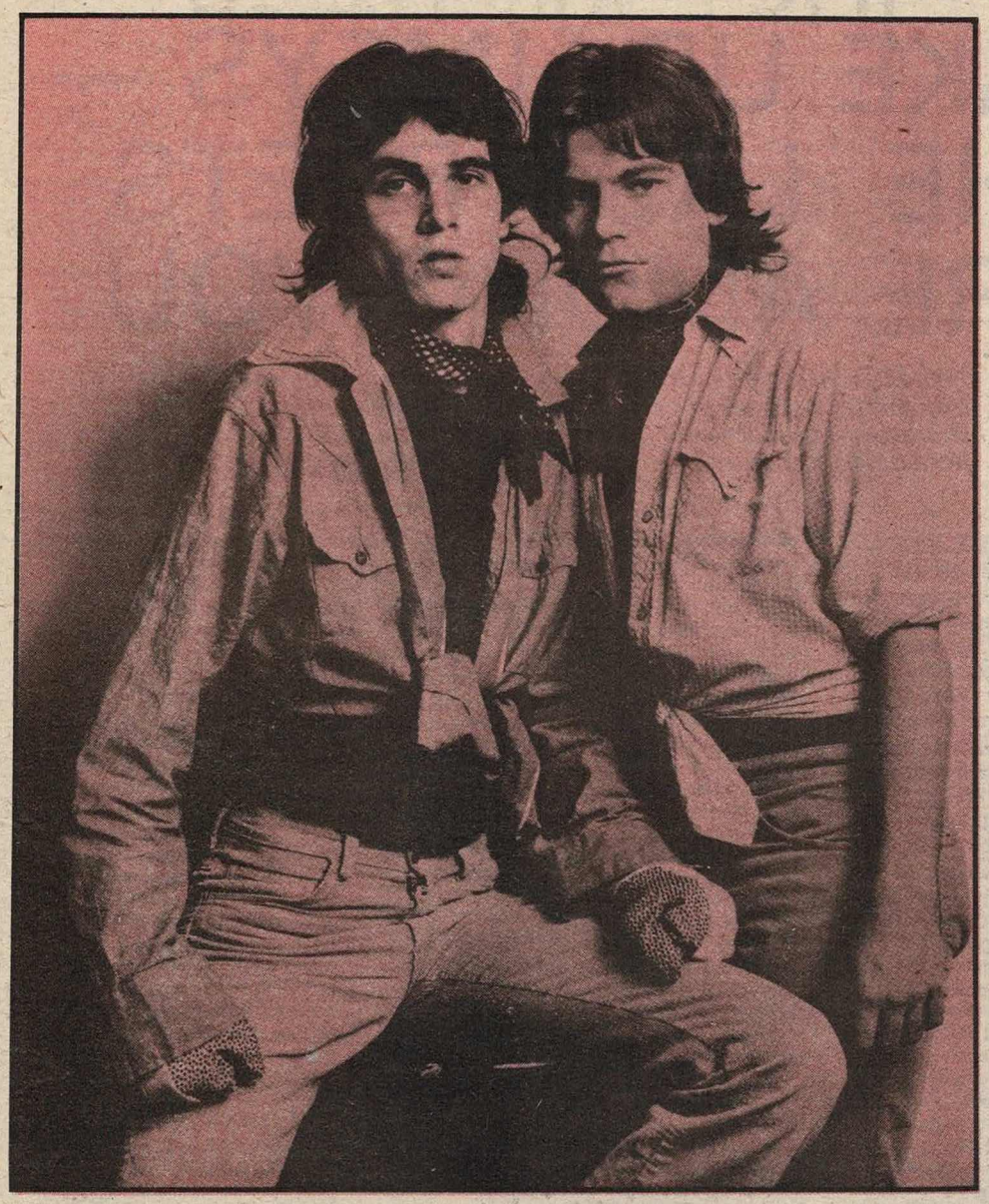
During '77 he collected a series of dynamic images from such source material as the *Sun, Mirror* and — but of course — *NME*. Of the 50 A4 size prints hanging on the gallery walls, the majority of them are punk oriented: Johnny Rotten, Patti Smith, Sham 69, David Bowie, Adam and the Ants, Wire — they rest beside George Davis, Baader-Ensslin, Joy McKinney, the Queen.

"When I put Johnny Rotten into the machine," Chamberlain claims, "two of them broke down. They refused to accept his image."

There are five of the special machines Laurie uses in London. Rather than just print black and white, they offer a choice of colours — though Chamberlain uses only one at a time. The price tag on each is around £9,000.

Chamberlain's idea of Art 1977 appears to be:— Take a page from a paper, run along to the local duplicating shop, print up a few

The Artist, the Gallery and (in the background) the Art.
Pic: JOHN ANDOW



DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND (L-R): Dwight, Twilley and Band. Actually, that's Dwight in the groovy gloves and Phil Seymour feeling his bum.

grabbing momentum at this very moment.

To call it pop (or even superpop) would be to belittle it. The songs, mostly about love and sex, are breathless, insistent and above all rock-hard. They share musical territory with label-mate Tom Petty (the duo sing on Petty's album), but they have more depth and class, and are not as straightforward as the blond bombshell.

"You could call us sophisticated punks, if you're looking for a label to put on us," says Twilley. I assure him that I'm trying hard not to look for a label, but since he's broached the subject, I tell him his aims have much in common with the good old youth resurgence over here.

"Probably the most intelligent thing I can say about the whole thing is that if there's any reason for it, it's that the whole music business has become adult orientated. Nowadays if you play for the kids you're just . . . pussies, like the Bay City Rollers. I think it's just the beginning, the volcanic rumblings of the fact that the kids are gonna want their rock'n'roll music back one of these days."

Mention of The Sex Pistols elicits little response from Twilley; his view of them seems coloured by media mistruths. In fairness, he declines to comment from the distance and relative seclusion of Tulsa, but though he thinks the spirit's right, he adds: "It would be a gas if someone could make it happen with the *music.*"

Asked just why rock has become adult orientated — "musicians playing for their peers" — Twilley asserts that it's because nowadays there's no leader.

"This is the first time in the last 20 years that it's been that way. Once you could probably line up ten people off the street, ask who is number one, and they would all say Elvis. Today they would say ten different things. That's confusion, that's not unity.

"It takes a leader, otherwise they won't let that young wild sound on. That's what's missing you know, that young, wild element that made all those crazy, great records of the past. Now it's more mature and settled — let's not get too crazy, let's make a record that your dad likes.

"We wanna make records that'll get the kids excited."

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

copies, frame them, and have a gallery show . . . Art because an Artist says it is Art.

The gallery was like a graveyard, with each print a headstone for a '77 event that had passed away. I was totally disarmed. My memory bank overheated.

The Clash in Belfast, Son of Sam captured, Elvis in his coffin — the images in black, red and blue seemed more clear and striking as a colour Xerox than I remembered them in newsprint.

And the price tag was right — £10 for a framed print in a limited edition of 10.

So far, although none of the big art critics have acknowledged it, Chamberlain's show is breaking the gallery record.

"It's young people, mainly girls, who're buying the prints," he said. "Elvis in state has sold out. Bowie's next. It's interesting that I spend time explaining to people what a limited edition is. I mean, quite a few have put their money on the table and tried to walk off with the print that's on display.

"And then you get the Bowie fans who lose control of themselves and start slapping his image."

Chamberlain sees himself as part of a movement known as Post-Modern. There's talk of taking this show to Paris. In the future he's planning an ICA show depicting six successful women. And in the the meantime he's busy with a Super-8 film Ants.

Good racket, Art.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

THRILLS

FROSTY LINES DYLAN'S WALLET

THE ANNUAL SUMMER EXODUS to play the lucrative Australian concert circuit is about to start once again and, as ***Thrills*** *revealed before Christmas, topping the big names this year is Bob Dylan. The Zim is now understood to be touring Australia during March for a fee of more than £600,000 for about 11 dates.*

Originally a number of Australian promoters had been desperate to tour Dylan, but when he sought one million Australian dollars (£630,000) the ranks quickly thinned. It appears that the eventual promoter could be Paradine Entertainments — which has David Frost as a major partner. Frost has played a key role in Australian rock promotion through Paradine ever since it made a killing on the Neil Diamond tour in February 1976.

Why Dylan has turned his back on a UK tour in preference for Australia and Japan is not difficult to understand. A UK tour at this stage would rule out outdoor venues, and, with their limited capacity, British concert halls could not possibly hope to compete with the revenue generated by the huge outdoor gigs Dylan can play to in Asia at this time of the year.

Other big names scheduled to fill their piggy banks by playing Australia this summer include The Beach Boys, Electric Light Orchestra, Boz Scaggs, Rod Stewart, The Rolling Stones and Emerson, Lake and Palmer

Just to make things even more exciting, if that's possible, David Bowie will almost certainly be touring Australia at the same time as Dylan.

Iggy Pop was also to have toured the Antipodes in early December, but the tour was cancelled only a fortnight before it was due to begin because of extremely low advance ticket sales. A spokesman for the tour promoter said it was neither in Iggy's nor the promoter's best interests for the tour to proceed when it was obvious it would be a flop. It would be no consolation for Iggy to know that Lou Reed is phenomenally successful whenever he tours Oz.

ROSS STAPLETON

THRILLS

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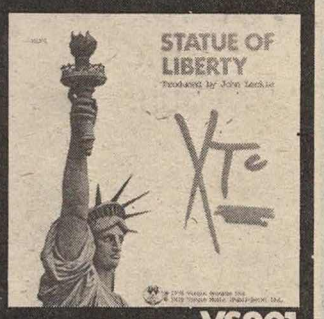

OUT ON VIRGIN

OUTRAGE EXPLOITER OFFENDED IN SHOP

A CHAP called Harry Lime, who is the manager of a group called Raped, has been busily telephoning the music press this week to complain about the treatment meted out to his boys' debut EP, "Pretty Paedophiles", by that well-known trendy disc boutique, Rough Trade.

Seems a friend of the band took the shop a copy of the EP for demonstration purposes. He was somewhat upset when Rough Trader Steve Montgomery promptly threw it on the floor, stamped on it, jumped up and down on it, and finally set the bedraggled record alight and burned it.

Not unnaturally, Mr. Lime assumed Mr. Montgomery had acted in this fashion because he was outraged by the group's choice of name and EP title. Mr. Lime, in his turn, was outraged that a company using the shock value of a slang term for male prostitution (rough trade) should be upset by his boys, who after all are merely cashing in on the recent furore over-paedophilia.

Tsk, tsk. They do seem to shock easily, these rock group managers . . .

Mr. Montgomery, however, claimed that the main reason for his wanton destruction of the EP was that it was "not very good". What he did with the promo copy of any record was his own affair, but as for Raped, he objected to their "general attitude of chauvinism", and found their sensation-seeking "boring".

Gosh, this is all so exciting. Next week: Chrissie Hynd moans about Lord Longford cashing in on the Moors Murderers.

P. D. FILLYER

THRILLS

WAKE UP LIMEYS — THE LAST POETS ARE AMONG YOU

"Wheat's characteristics and nature make it wheat. It differs from barley because of its nature. Wheat perpetuates its own characteristics just as the white race does. White people are born devils by nature."

— Malcolm X

THE FIRST TIME MOST OF US white devils had The Last Poets brought to our attention was when their song "Wake Up Niggers" was used as part of the soundtrack of the movie *Performance*. Those of us who might have delved deeper into the politics of black power would have found the words of another song/poem, "Niggers Are Afraid Of Revolution", quoted at length in the autobiography of Malcolm X.

This is the closest The Last Poets have ever come to a mass audience. Their raw poetry, using street language and street images, was too uncompromising to get the big push from the commercial soul industry. Curtis Mayfield, Edwin Starr and The Isley Brothers may have been okay, but the Poets were just too undiluted ever to be featured on *Soul Train*. Their records filtered out without either promotion or major distribution. Their albums became either treasured collectors' items or vanished into the all-consuming vinyl dumper.

Neither was a suitable fate for a group of artists who had created a unique fusion of jazz, R&B, Afro drumming and chanted poetry that wiped the floor with any previous attempts at a similar thing.

But music was only the surface level of their work. As far as the Poets were concerned, they were dealing in revolution.

In 1969, this wasn't so much of a big deal. Just about everyone and his uncle was striking cute militant poses. Even CBS Records proudly boasted that "the man can't bust our music". There was something, however, that set The Last Poets apart from most other so-called committed artists. If such a ridiculous phrase could be used, they were revolutionaries' revolutionaries.

Instead of pointless "off the pig" rhetoric, The Last Poets went straight to the roots of the problem. They talked not about poverty but about the trashy, pimp culture, the Cadillac consumerism that conned the ghetto black into grabbing rather than fighting. Their targets were apathy that disguised itself as jive, and jive that put a veneer on ignorance.

"You telling everyone that that Big Apple's out of sight/You ain't never had a bite."

In all the lyrics, the point was never forgotten that while one per cent of the human race controlled ninety per cent of the wealth, any other change was just new icing on the same old stale cake.

That was 1969. Over eight years, a great deal has changed. Most of the players in that kiddiekar revolution have rethought their positions. Some turned to gurus, others became line-toeing capitalists, and a few lost themselves in speed, smack or booze. Not The Last Poets, however. All through the '70s, their principles haven't been shaken. All through the conversation, one phrase keeps recurring:

"There's more of the masses than there are of the classes."

The message is simple. If people are being oppressed and exploited, the initial blame rests with them. No matter how it may look on the surface, the fundamental truth is that the mass of the people always outnumber their rulers.

"You've got to help yourself before you can help anyone else. The majority of people on this planet are being dictated to by their governments. Those governments are supposed to be the representatives of the people. If they spend their time furthering their own interests instead of the interests of the people, then the people only have themselves to blame."

The Last Poets are equally certain about their own role in the fight against the system.

"The Last Poets are warners and guides. We use our music to bring warning and guidance."

Bringing warning and guidance on a mass level isn't the easiest of tasks in a world where the media are dominated by the self-interests of capitalism.

"Neil Bogart of Casablanca Records decided he was going to record The Last Poets. He'd heard we

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JALAUDDIN MANUR NURIDDIN of The Last Poets

were a legend. He came to New York to look for us. He found us on the streets because that's where we live and that's where we work. He didn't find us driving any big car or running round town trying to get our picture in the newspapers.

"He recorded us, and *then* he listened to what we had to say."

After that, claim the Poets, promotion and distribution stopped dead. "Casablanca Records spends millions on promoting Kiss but when it comes to The Last Poets, forget it."

Battles with record companies are nothing new to the Poets.

An unwillingness to compromise has always been the downfall of the Poets' chances to become a big hit recording act.

"We've suffered at the hands of hostile and apprehensive record companies. All along the line, we've been told, 'Couldn't you tone it down?' When they tell you to tone it down, they mean *get* down."

Earlier I said that the Poets' political position hadn't changed over the eight years of their career. In fact, this wasn't strictly true. One thing has altered. The Poets have followed the route taken by Malcolm X and Muhammad Ali, and embraced the Islamic faith. Rejoicing in the adopted names of Jalauddin Manur Nuriddin, Suliaman El Hadi and Abu Mustapha, the Poets demonstrate a total and absolute belief in the way of the Koran. Phrases like "The one true God is Allah and Muhammad is his prophet" tend to punctuate the conversation.

Jalauddin is the main spokesman of the group. Sitting cross-legged on a cushion in the living room of a Notting Hill flat, he radiates an air of calm authority. His voice has the same positive rhythm when he talks as it does on record. He's a man whom you can't help listening to.

Most of the time, Jalauddin has the knack of getting right down to simple political fundamentals, but now and again something comes up that jars badly. Usually the sour notes are where the politics combine themselves with the teaching of Islam. Their new religion seems to have pushed them to a much more simplistic view of the world. Instead of attacking just white oppression, they now appear to be attacking all systems.

"There's even Coca-Cola in Moscow."

Gradually it starts to emerge that one of their new solutions is for everyone to return to the land. There's something all too glib about Jalauddin's statement that there's more than enough food to feed the population of the earth, and that it's only systems that cause famine.

While this statement is open to debate, a later one comes as something of a shock. One track on the new Casablanca album, titled "The Pill", puts forward the idea that birth control is a white plot to reduce the populations and therefore the strength of the third world. When I present the counter argument that birth control might be the only means of liberating women condemned to a life of child-bearing or countries doomed to over-population and hunger, the reply comes back like a kick in the head.

"People tend to forget about divine intervention. A hurricane can wipe out half a million people in one stroke."

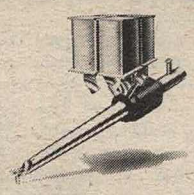
According to the Poets, the Will of God will take care of our problems. A terrible callousness seems to have entered their thinking along with the Moslem faith. Of course Christian morality, when put into practice, is nothing to get smug about, but the idea of natural disaster as the ideal means of population control is hard to swallow.

Right now the Poets are in Europe. They've played Notting Hill's Acklam Hall, a benefit for the local inquiry into police brutality against the black community. Other concerts are currently being set up.

There may be contradictions in what the Poets have to say, but the black Muslim doctrine leaves no room for white complacency. The Last Poets wouldn't be comfortable guests at any punky reggae party. The power of the group is that they make you think — and that's a valuable commodity in these times.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS



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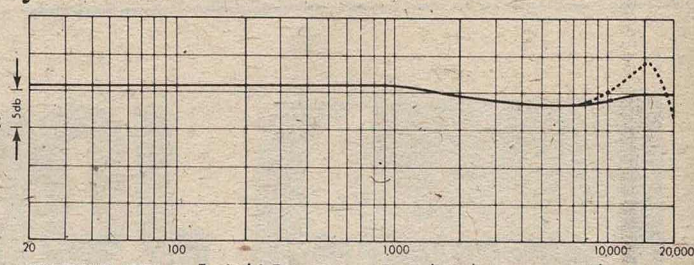
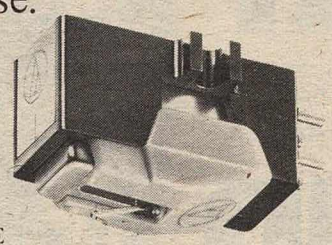
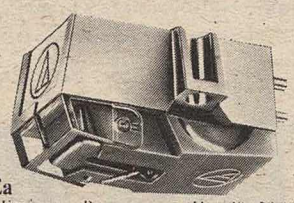


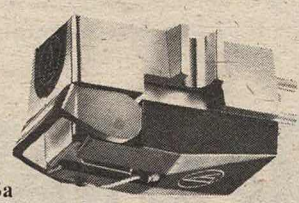
FREQUENCY IN HERTZ — Typical A-T response --- Typical single-magnet cartridge response



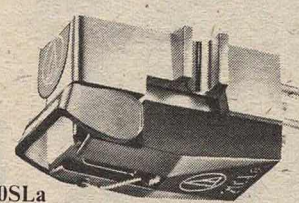
AT11E
Frequency Response (Hz): 15-25,000
Channel Separation (1KHz): 21
Channel Balance (dB): 1.5
Stylus Tip Size (mm): .4 × .7 elliptical
Tracking Force (gms): 1½-2½



AT13Ea
Frequency Response (Hz): 10-30,000
Channel Separation (1KHz): 25
Channel Balance (dB): 1.0
Stylus Tip Size (mm): .2 × .7 nude elliptical
Tracking Force (gms): ¾-1¾



AT15Sa
Frequency Response (Hz): 5-45,000
Channel Separation (1KHz): 25 minimum
Channel Balance (dB): 1.5
Stylus Tip: Shibata
Tracking Force (gms): 1-2



AT20SLa
Frequency Response (Hz): 5-50,000
Channel Separation (1KHz): 25 minimum
Channel Balance (dB): 1.0
Stylus Tip: Shibata
Tracking Force (gms): 1-2

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ALL I WANT FOR XMAS '78 IS A SKIDS LP

IF GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL is, as has been suspected, born out of true frustration, boredom, gut desperation, then Dunfermline should have thrown up countless gatherings of pimply youths bemoaning their environmental consequences. Right?

Well . . . not exactly. Dunfermline's sole significance to the world of rock-a-boogie is the fact that ageing piss-rockers Nazareth are the town's pride and joy — local boys made good. Until now — or rather until about six months ago — there was precious little happening in the Kingdom Fife, or at least nowt worth salivating about. While hordes of comedians played terrifying C&W covers of Jimi Hendrix songs (true, I actually saw a redneck play a C&W version of "Purple Haze") two, then three, then four lone Fifers set their minds to changing things.

Stuart Adamson and Joey Jolson were, and in many respects still are, two pissed off punks. I first bumped into them at a mid-Summer of Hate gig in Edinburgh. Amidst tales of punk-bashing in downtown Dunfermline, they informed your humble scribe that just as soon as they found a drummer they were gonna start a band called The Skids. I greeted the news with scepticism; after all, last Summer we were all going to "get a band together". Well, mine fell through, yours too probably, but now, some six months later, The Skids are together (very), sounding good and improving all the time.

A number of their songs boast an astonishing maturity — as well as a healthy disregard for credibility within the barriers of 'punkdom'. "New Daze" is the cosmic Fifers' nod to psychedelia; in three linking secitions, it is highly reminiscent of Hawkwind/Bebop Deluxe/The Stranglers — it's a concept man, hippies will really dig The Skids.

Springsteen fans too. "Charles" is a song about 9-5 existence set against a Springsteen-esque backdrop of Latin American rhumba melodies; it is also, I would venture, a hit single.

An even finer song is "Scared To Dance", Stuart Adamson composition which was inspired by a Tony Parsons article in *NME* on Smokie in Poland (fun guys, huh?). A hypnotic acid anthem which shows the true depth and talent of Scotland's finest young band.

The critics who regard The Rezillos as the zenith of Scottish rock'n'roll would be well advised to watch the growth of this band. The Skids' only problem at this moment is the fact that they are progressing too damn fast for their own good. There is a proposed single on the way, which, to be honest, is mediocre when it's good and is downright bad when it is mediocre. But on their day The Skids live are a match for anyone.

Dave Dee, head of A&R at WEA, dismissed Dunfermline's only true punx (I know it sounds ridiculous) as being: "Just another 900 mph dole-queue band". A punter at The Skids' Christmas Eve party-cum-gig in Edinburgh sank to his knees between encores and howled: "All ah want fur mah Crissmus is a Skids LP".

Next December 25 there is likely to be one broken A&R man, and, hopefully, more than a few delighted punks.

RONNIE GURR

THRILLS

SKIDS Stuart Adamson (left) and Joey Jolson.

MASCIA-STYLE WEDDING FOR BOWIE'S BIG BUDDY

DAVID BOWIE takes Victoria Station by storm, with the ever-present TONY MASCIA seated on his left (with beard). Inset: Rod steals Bowie's booze.

WHEN TONY MASCIA got married on Hudson Street in New York the other day, the band that he hired for the reception asked if they should play some David Bowie numbers. Tony got rid of them *toute sweet*. He doesn't specially like pop music, you see; but he does have some unusual friends. Bowie was his best man. Iggy was there too.

Tony Mascia is Bowie's bodyguard (wonder if David had to tag along on the honeymoon for *complete protection?*). At 47, he's also an ex-fighter with a budding film career.

"It all started," says Tony, "when I was working for a limousine company and taking all these rock stars around and about. I hated it, and the more I hated it the more work I got. I drove the Allmans, The Who, Edgar Winter, and people like that. I used to wait outside while they was singing. Winter was nice to me, and later when I was driving for Bowie he got in and I thought it was a broad David had picked up with long blonde hair."

Tony began working for Bowie around the end of the Diamond Dogs tour. "David," he says, "had an English chauffeur who was scared to drive in New York, so he used to call for me. Me and David got jobs in a movie he was in called *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, with me as a traitor-chaffeur, which is a thing I wouldn't be in real life. Nick Roeg, the director for the film, don't talk to me no more. I told him I hated it.

"I had to pay to see that picture, you know. I felt stupid standing in line. I sit down. I come om screen, and the guy behind me says, 'What a mean mutha fucker'. I turn around and stare at him, and miss my big shot in the flick."

As a former bodyguard for hoodlums — who were all blown away, putting him out of work for a spell — Mascia doesn't think it's hard work guarding David. "You're dealing with kids, not gangsters, they won't hurt your guy unless he's in a crowd. That's the key. Avoid crowds.

"One time we took Jagger to the ballet, and then to Le Jardin for a few nightcaps. Four hundred people were outside, and they got surrounded. My prime concern is David so I get him in the car. He says, 'What about Mick?' I says, 'That's his problem'. He says, 'Go back and get Mick, please, Tony, please'. I couldn't believe it. I didn't want to go back into that mob."

Bowie's friends get Tony's seal of approval. "Flo and Eddie are nice people. John Lennon, Jagger, and the one who died in London there — Marc Bolan — and Iggy, he's a crazy kid — I love." On this note *Thrills* asked him if Bowie was gay.

"David's 100% man. But he'll tell anybody anything. When you're coming up you tell them anything they want to hear. Meantime, he goes to the bank with the money. What's he care?"

So what's on the cards for Tony Mascia in the New Year? "I got another picture to make," he says matter-of-factly, "with Michael Caine. The cameraman from the other film told Ivan Passer, who's directing *Silver Bears*, to call me on the phone. When he called I hung up. I thought it some smart-ass making a joke.

"Then he sent me to Morocco to meet with Caine, to see if we could get along. I went out with them night after night and these people are so boring. All they want to talk about is movies. I finally told Caine he was full of shit. Everybody at the table got quiet till he laughed. Then I liked him.

"I got the part. I play a gangster — what else? But I don't like to play the tough guy if I can help it. Like that Leslie West kid, he was rotten. He useta throw lit cigarette butts and beer all over my car. I finally took him by the neck and threw him out.

"But David's a good kid to work for. I got offered twice the money to work for Rod Stewart, but I turned it down. Rod tries to steal everything David has. He's a very competitive kid.

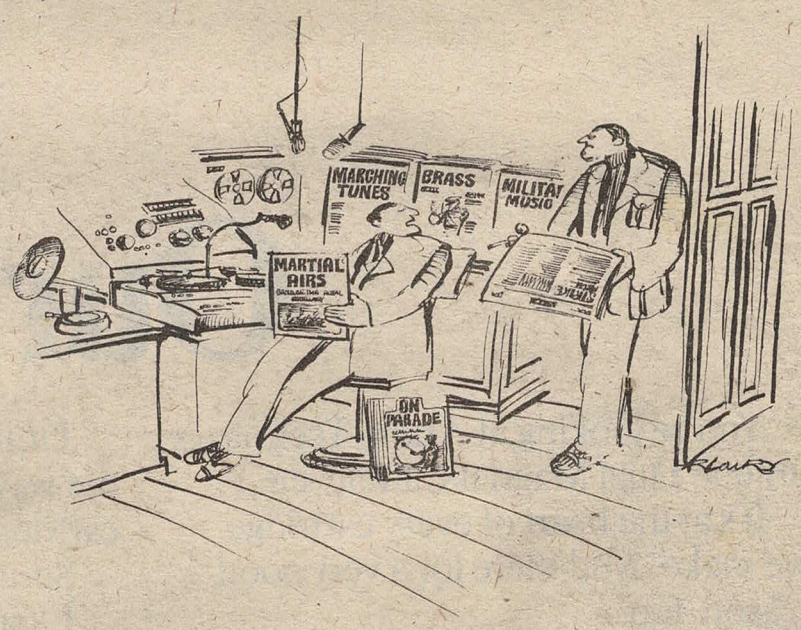
"David's a brilliant guy — the painting, the writing. He's a very generous kid, very shy, but with me he can be himself. I'm like his father."

Tony's own dad was a strongarm in a circus. Like father, like son.

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS

LOWRY



"Still no sign of a military coup?"

JOHN STEWART

"He has again produced an album of non-perishable beauty, mixing in all the most accessible aspects of country rock, with dynamic vocals and lyrics that wear you down. Stewart puts misery into music with such style that it's irresistible."

RAY COLMAN EDITOR MELODY MAKER

FIRE IN THE WIND

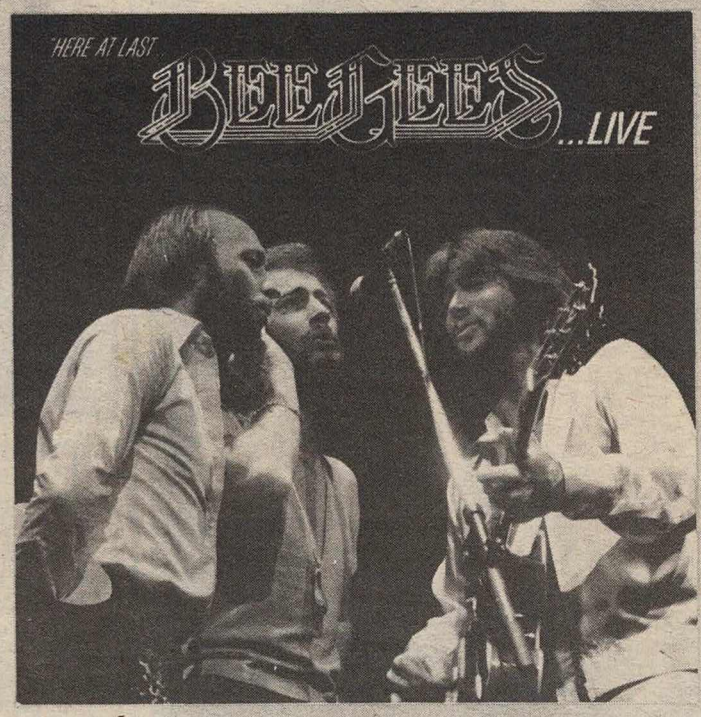
PRODUCED BY JOHN STEWART & MENTOR WILLIAMS

The R.S.O. Family

MARKETED BY POLYDOR LIMITED

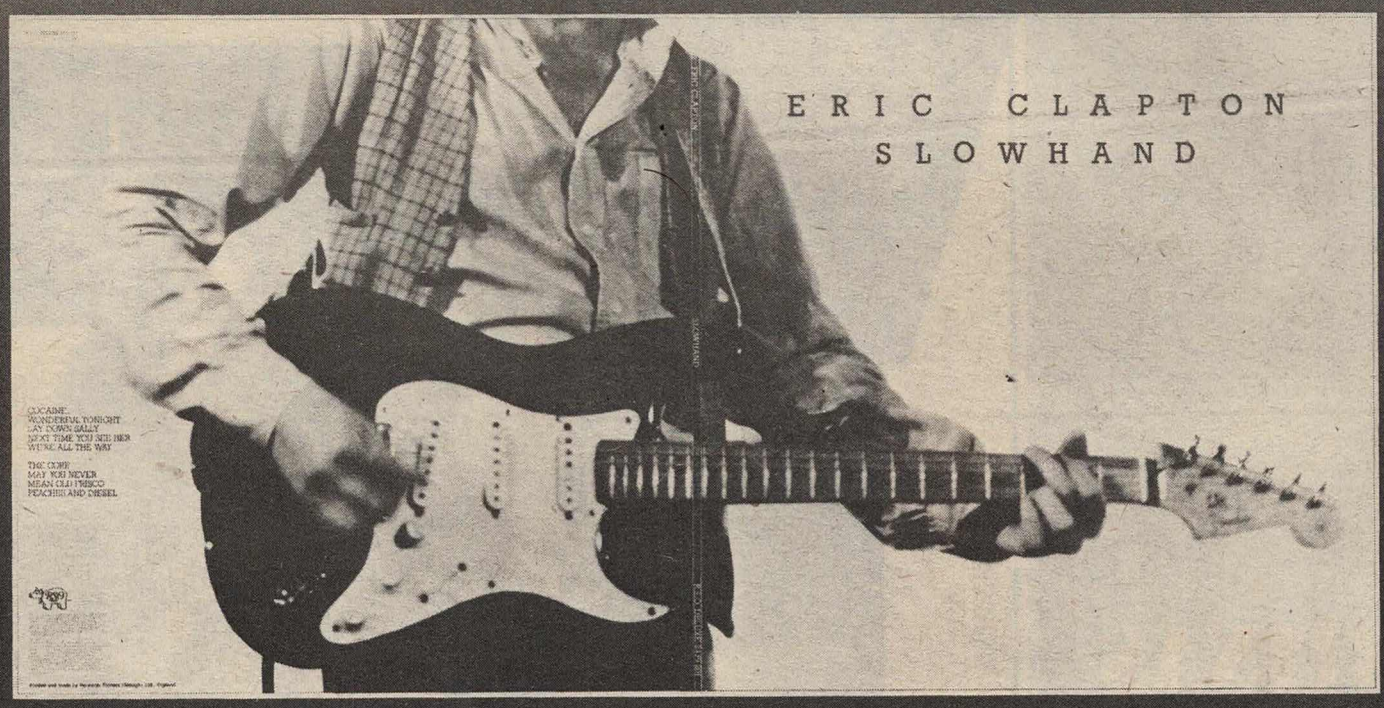
AT LEAST START THE RIGHT WAY

If you thought 'How Deep Is Your Love' was the single of '77 then 'Saturday Night Fever' will be your album of '78. Starring The Bee Gees along with Yvonne Elliman, Tavares, Trammps, KC & The Sunshine Band, Kool & The Gang and Others.



The Bee Gees wrote them, sang them and performed them – Live. It would have cost you a fortune to have gone to see the show in America. The album costs considerably less.

1078



Need we say more.

YOUR NEW YEARS RSOLUTION

RSO

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The RSO Family

IGGY STOOGE and ALLEN GINSBERG (with beard) sit back for a singsong with The Erasers. Pix: JOE STEVENS.

IGGY MEETS POET FOR LOFT RUB-OUT

"THROUGH MY LIFE, and through my friends, like Esther, and a couple of other friends, I have been forced to face the fact that within myself I am not a beauty. I am not, I have not, I have not the possession of your dirty dreams, I have not the possession of your bright rotten colours, I have not the possession of your endless sleep, I have not the possession of your goon tantrums . . . BUT . . . I HAVE the possession . . . of the COURAGE that everyone else lacks. The unique courage that keeps *you* from having all of these things. And because of that courage I hold in my hands your brains, your third eye . . ."

This is where Iggy Pop is coming from these days, according to a recent interview in the somewhat obscure American publication, *Travellers Digest*. Iggy's resurrection at the hands of his best friend, David Bowie, is leading to a restless seeking out of like minds.

Bowie wrote telling him to make sure he contacted Brion Gysin in Paris. Gysin was the inventor of the 'cut-up' method used by William Burroughs and later tried by Dylan. He was also the man who took Brian Jones to the High Atlas mountains of Morocco to record the Joujouka Festival. Gysin, poet, painter, author and traveller — American citizen, born in Britain, 22 years in Tangier and now resident in Paris — is the kind of contact the Ig is looking for. A man without an angle.

William Burroughs' secretary, James Graurholtz, telephoned and arranged for Allen Ginsberg to meet Iggy in New York at a loft party given by The Erasers (see below). Ginsberg had not previously met him, but has been checking out the new wave recently and was intrigued. Pretty soon, while The Erasers played, Iggy and Ginsberg traded improvised vocals. The amps were not working too well, so few people heard the results of this unusual collaboration.

(In the past Ginsberg had sung improvised lyrics with Bob Dylan — a collaboration they enjoyed so much that they went to the studio and recorded an album that way: "First Blues", which remains unreleased.)

After their singsong — witnessed by *Thrills* on-the-spot informant Denise Mercedes, the lady who played guitar with Rat Scabies' Runners —Ginsberg and the Ig settled down to talk of many things, one of which was punk. Pop said he saw himself as a showman. Explained he never went to punk clubs. Said he thought the only thing happening in London was the Cue Club. He may have said that punk was the only pose to have these days and that Ginsberg's poetry was out of date (as reported in *T-Zers* recently), but if so it was only in jest.

Most of the conversation centred around politics and Dylan's new film. After several hours of talk, Ginsberg and Iggy left the party together. Contrary to the *T-Zers* report, Ginsberg did not go to get drunk.

MILES

THRILLS

*THE ERASERS (L-R): Richard Lure, Susan Springfield, Jane Fire and Jody Beach. Below: Jody in rustic setting with a horse. We're **not** gonna tell you the horse is on the left, so don't ask dumb questions. Pix by JOE STEVENS.*

NEW YORK'S FOUND A NEW RAVE, if J. Cap Snaps Stevens is to be believed (which he's usually not . . .). Meet The Erasers — raven-haired Susan Springfield on vocals, second guitar and lyrix; Jane Fire on drums; Jody Beach on bass; and Richie Lure on guitar.

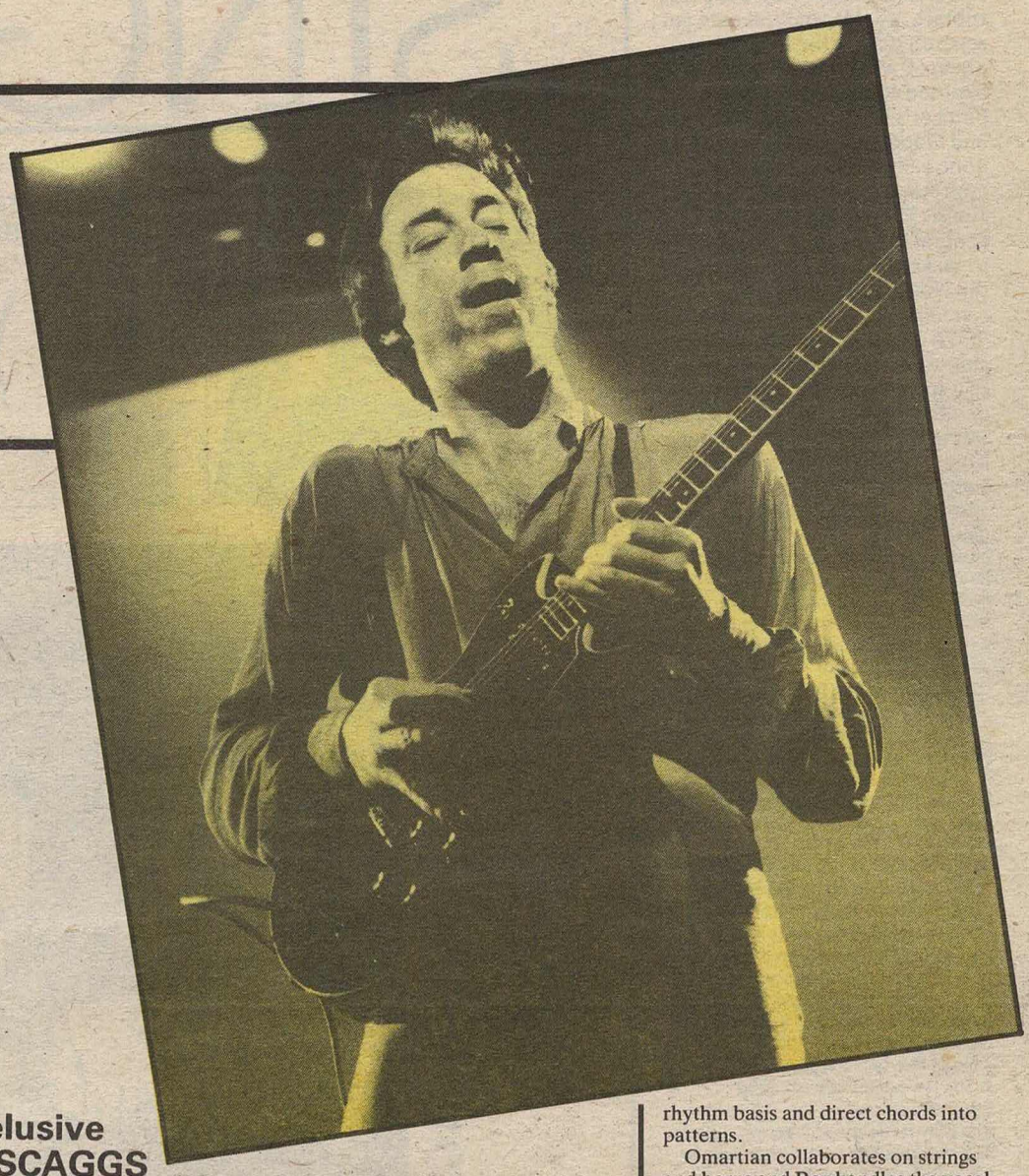
At the moment no record companies whatsoever have picked up on these flecks of gold-dust from the floor of CBGBs, but the one and only Patti Smith invited The Erasers to open her show at the new CBGB concert hall extension, The 2nd Avenue Theatre, so Susan Springfield tells us she's angling for a slot on Patti's own Mer Records.

*In fact, Susan claims La Smith as her major influence — though us here at **Thrills** wonder if the inclusion in their repertoire of a song called "Va Va Va Voom" might not indicate the slightly more arcane inspiration of Brett Smiley, Andrew Loog Oldham's one-time glitterboy protege.*

Aah, what the heck? They're new, they're fab, and they sure take good pictures. 'Fact, we're just horse with excitement about 'em — saddled with 'em — we'll nag you about 'em — gabba gabba neigh — etc.

THE END

PORTRAIT OF THE IMAGE AS A REALITY



The elusive BOZ SCAGGS picks up the phone in deepest America and suavely refutes all allegations of artifice. 'My image is no pose man — it took years to create', he reassures anxious Scaggophile MAX BELL

FOR A MAN—who's supposed to be cultivating an image, Boz Scaggs is remarkably disenchanted with the whole publicity catalogue. These days he's also in the position whereby not only can he dislike attending interviews but hot damn he can actually put the veto on 'em. No interview, fella.

Sometimes ole Boz skips photo sessions too!

Press officers all over the world gasp in annoyance, but what can they do? Boz is a big star now and he sure as hell didn't get that off the back of no inerview.

And there's the rub. Love him or loath him Mister Scaggs has got his act together in no uncertain manner. Years of semi-obscure fringe applause revving up with Steve Miller left him out on a limb. Solo status wasn't much different either — the soul ration went up, the rock meter went down but the sales figures stayed static.

Some time around the making of "Silk Degrees" it was decided that this was make or break for the man. Irv Azoff, management to the L.A. gentry (Eagles, Dan but probably not Randy Newman) gets drafted. Suddenly Boz is all over the charts not with a bullet but with a civilised Neutron bomb, kills audiences but leaves theatres intact. The right place, the right time and the man can sing.

Of course this cuts no ice with the critics, who mostly ignored "Silk Degrees" at first hearing. So Boz isn't too enamoured of the press boys and gets a reputation for coming on as a mean bastard with an oversized ego.

Speaking personally I've never found this to be fair, even though the only times I've ever talked to him have been on the end of a transatlantic hook, elusive but affable.

I spent three hours chasing him round Central Park once and only managed to say hello. A year later I turned up at a London hotel room and got to say goodbye. Spliced around these historic meetings have been a couple of massive phone bills. If Boz is on the lam from newspaper print he must like me; four months late for an appointment made in the summer but eventually he keeps it at his insistence and him in Columbia (sic), South Carolina and me in Central downtown London.

We're talking about "Down Two Then Left", the latest Scaggs blitz and the only review he's read of it happens to be in *NME*. The gist of it is that Boz felt damned by faint praise:

"The guy was apologising for liking it; he was saying sorry to the readers! At least he wasn't being chic - that intellectual down your nose stance which is so fashionable with journalists. What is strange for me is to read that I'm assuming a pose. What people see is an image that's taken years to evolve and I don't know how I look in the eyes of others".

Boz refutes allegations that he's coming over with a manufactured line:

"All my time and pride goes into the music. I don't have my picture all over magazines, I don't push myself, just a few key interviews. I feel shy about the things inferred."

If that's the down angle there is an up:

"If people need to relate to an artist's image . . . maybe people need heroes . . . naaw, I'm tired of that. Musical terms or nothing. It comes down to conversation. I can't talk about everything but there are things I'd like to discuss that I'm interested in." (Preferably not Steve Miller and inside leg measurements).

"It has to be personal because it doesn't take long for the two people to realise if they understand each other. I got fed up with doing interviews where the guy couldn't care less, he just had to do it. Anyhow I'm gunshy."

Gunshy?

"Yeah, it's boring to think about yourself . . . I don't think about myself normally."

THE BREAKS on Scaggs' newie, despite the lukewarm reviews, are that the intention, I hesitate to use the word concept but it fits, behind "Down Two Then Left" is markedly different from "Silk Degrees", to which it bears little resemblance. There's not even an obvious single cut.

As with its predecessor I found the listening entrance was blocked by waves of paranoia. Jibes of high octane muzak floundered in my ears. But the album comes alight when you realise that on tunes like "We're Waiting" or "Gimme The Goods" Boz is really stretching into what for him is new territory. The vocals and the back-ups are in a unique class. What influences there are are submerged by the scope of those vocal chords; hints of Ella Fitzgerald, The Beach Boys, even Don Fagen (the closest companion disc this year is "Aja") are absorbed by his idiosyncratic soft shoe shuffle.

When the tension wire snaps he is still big boss man at his game, making the rules and turning the tables — even in Los Angeles, that city which raises hackles and snorts of derision from everywhere else, the Plastic City of Night.

Some artists, though, are comfortable there, y'know. Steely Dan can handle it with aplomb. So can Spirit. And if it was good enough for Jim Morrison . . .

Interestingly enough, the bands or personae who transcend the sick excess of the industry biz in L.A. come from outside'— New York in the case of Becker and Fagen, Florida for Morrison and Scaggs is out of Texas, so he's not easily impressed.

If he feels secure in the environment it shows in the music:

"I know my vocabulary there, the musicians are more progressive and I get more freedom. We cast out spontaneous ideas in the studio, never more than three takes. This is one more in a series of experiments for me. I have faith in the integrity of the musicians but I might move on at any time."

SCAGGS' UPFRONT roots, his early love for R&B and a feel for pop sophistication, have been well studied before, as has his tendency to chop and change the routine, hire new men. The major aide de camp this time was keyboards veteran Michael Omartian, who's assisted everyone from Bobby Bland to, let's labour the point, recently, Steely Dan. His trick is to arrange the rhythm basis and direct chords into patterns.

Omartian collaborates on strings and horns and Boz handles the vocal department and initial melodies. The results are a deal jazzier than last time round with David Paich, while the rhythm section positively fries. Jeff Porcaro on drums starts to move into the Michael Shrieve bracket, young, fast and scientific.

What "Down Two Then left" makes clear is that on record at least Boz Scaggs and rock and roll are no longer sleeping partners;

"There are only so many variations on rock'n'roll, it boils down to pure energy. I love it myself but I can't, as a creative individual, sustain that context. Jagger's taken it into stylism as only he can do but I don't hear a lot of good rock'n'roll these days."

His listening habits are revealing; Joni Mitchell, Weather Report, Joe Zawinul and Art Tatum.

"No technical rock like Yes; that's stopped. You get Weather Report working at a very high level meeting with good rock; ideas and forms are beginning to merge. there's been a re-definition."

Scaggs' place in all this has been pretty much left of centre. the problem is to maintain a degree of popularity, not to fade away, and retain the integrity which old-time Scaggs fans hold as his hardest won asset. The danger is that you become a hit machine and have to give the larger audience what they want. Scaggs is already risking that one on account of using one group in the studio and a totally different, much younger outfit on the trail;

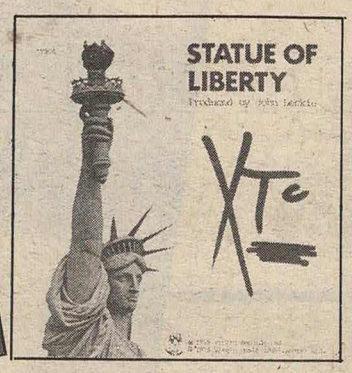
"The trick is to educate your audience, satisfy them with the hits but intersperse with new material. On this tour a lot of them certainly aren't familiar with the recent songs and we can still take them a step further. The back-ups are becoming integral; that soul thing is how I started."

BOZ SCAGGS is always conscious of constructive criticism, aware also that many of his followers wish to see him play guitar again, often the biggest buzz of his live shows. Now he's writing more on guitar — "I've exhausted my four piano chords" — and his attitude towards maintaining a peak popularity would surprise those who accuse him of bland out:

"I'm geared up to cope with success now but there's a constant ego-wrestling you have to deal with. Do I need it? Is it important? Do I want an obvious format or shall I move on? I could have repeated 'Silk Degrees' but I can't consider that. The title 'Down Two Then Left' is a juggling around with image. I really am trying to depart from the norm."

"I don't have to push myself all over magazines."
SCAGGPIX by PAUL COX.

SINGLES



COVER OF THE WEEK

SHAM 69: Borstal Breakout (Polydor). Ninety-nine per cent of the singles this week are plain rubbish, so this year the men get separated from the boys *now*. Sham 69 weigh in with the first exposed steel toe-cap and butcher's hook of 1978, Peace and Goodwill etc. Anyone who's done a "bit of bird" will appreciate the testament of Jimmy Pursey. Besides, the general drift of the lyric is bound to make this a firm favourite on the North Bank (being slightly reminiscent of the old standard "(We are the) Arsenal Boot-boys"), or wherever else you spend Saturday afternoon. I like this anyway, got a lot of je ne sais quoi. Lovely chords as well. May the Metropolitan Police Force not be with you.

THE CORTINAS: Defiant Pose (Step Forward). Since The Cortinas have signed with a major label for a large sum (and luncheon vouchers) I reckon this "Defiant Pose" thing is a throwaway. That's what I'm doing with my copy, anyhow. It isn't as good as "Fascist Dictator" either and only comes alive in the last twenty seconds when they remember to shove in the guitar solo. Something in the words about white Negroes and "1977 got a hold on me" which we've all heard before. Pity really 'cos the cover's great (not on the twelve inch though, chiz).

XTC: Statue Of Liberty (Virgin). XTC come over so confident, so polished that I find them slightly computerised. They have all the ingredients to move into some neo-Roxy Music Cockney Rebel league, indeed the singer is not a million miles removed in style from the late Bryan Ferry and generally sounds like he's gargling with custard. It has the advantage of being infuriatingly catchy too. The more you play it the more it grows. I have reservations but it deserves to be a hit, whatever that means.

DAVID BOWIE: Beauty And The Beast (RCA). But who really killed the beast? Bowie keeps all the wraps down tight on this timely follow-up to "Heroes". Good that one of Britain's most famous and enterprising sons should continue to keep several steps ahead of the pertinent competition for, though this isn't obvious singles fodder, our David (isn't he a lovely lad) just won't stay still. Off he goes dictating another trend. Intermeshed with the ninth reich keyboard graphics and the interrogator delivery you can ascertain traces of the old Bewlay Brothers' harmonic distraction. Go mad in the privacy of your own closet if you will but this is going to be all the rage in Siberian discos. Probably sounds even better in German.

RICH KIDS: Rich Kids (EMI). And talking of David, the Rich Kids steam into '78 with Mick Ronson in his producer's hat and sober to boot. The Pistols' answer to Pete Best steps out on his own in red plastic but Glen Matlock and new crew sound reasonably restrained under the clean mix. Whatever the raw fibre that Matlock created and then took away with him just ain't present on this day-glo artefact. The frenzy is diluted, the message is oblique and as for the naked flame of creative composition . . . . not a momentous moment in recording history. A hit of course.

SATANS RATS: Year Of The Rats (DJM). According to Old Moore it's the year of the woodlouse. Satans Rats think otherwise. They've got a massive chip on their shoulder about the sixties and the summer of love. All you obsolete hippies get numbered, freedom and love and all that bullshit. Yes, you Bob Dylan, stand up, you fraud. Better still, get lost, you don't turn these boys on no more. If what they say is true the prospects look bleak. "No more acid in the year of the rats" (sez you). So what else is new? Satans Rats are DJM's replacement for Elton John, haw haw. Stop the bandwagon, I wanna get off.

BLITZKREIG BOP: Let's Go (Lightning). What's this? Nostalgia! Blitzkreig Bop's "Let's Go", re-released by popular demand no doubt (originally on Mortonsound), really spills the beans about San Francisco. The way it was. Like Scott McKenzie they agree that if you go to San Francisco then flowers are the necessary head gear but be careful when you arrive as "You will meet a lot of weirdoes there". Thanks for the warning mate but the feeling is mutual. Apparently, "If you'd gone to San Francisco, you'd have seen those hippies on the floor, I got out of San Francisco before the buggers called the law." Should have stuck around, you missed all the fun. Mind the Hells Angels though, heh, heh.

STARS NEW SEEDS: In Love With Life E.P. (Expression). Here's one hippy who scraped himself off the floor. Stars New Seeds is none other than the resurrection of Sky Saxon, once lead singer with the GREATEST GARAGE BAND of all time, The Seeds. After the applause died down and Sky saw God thru' his seedy blues he took to pumping gas on the Strip but the smell of the greasepaint and the lure of the welfare cheque were too much. Debut single "Beautiful Stars" was for the initiated and the dedicated and this Jeff Gruber production is in the same vein. Obsessions with eyes, skies and wet-nosed dogs. Monotonous but compelling in the time honoured fashion. Jack it up to maximum volume or you miss the signal. Genuine limited edition from the usual hip shops. Next one is on coloured vinyl but this one has stirrings of alien life viz "The Queen" and "Tired Of Bein' Poor". No-one else is like Sky, y'know. Pass the ripple.

GRATEFUL DEAD: Dancin' In The Streets (Arista). And here are some old hippies who don't have to justify being alive. This is better as a single than it was on "Terrapin Station" (where it sounded like a premeditated single, if you get my drift). Bass and drums are placed in a position of some rhythmic clarity but Jerry, Bob and the lads aren't honestly at their best with the Martha Reeves chestnut. As time goes by it becomes apparent that producer Keith Olsen and the Dead are not the best of partners. Do it yourself, Jerome, and get the job done properly — like Clint Eastwood.

SWEET: Love Is Like Oxygen (Polydor). The Sweet's debut on Polydor marks a change of direction for these erstwhile whipping boys of the media and indicates that the last few singles were riders on the contract (not the Doors song). The new, improved Sweet have been listening to Queen and 10cc methinks: although they use the influences in a relatively unobtrusive manner. Old Sweet fans stand up and be counted eh? Betcha hum this one secretly when you're in the bath. Not all bad and live they aren't fools either. Short and uh . . . sweet.

BILL BRUFORD: Feels Good To Me (Polydor). Not to me, though. This record is so irritating it made me itch. Bill Bruford is not necessarily cut out to front a band, nor is he generally to be associated with this type of denture-ad muzak. I was lulled into an unpleasantly disturbed torpor in which the shadowy figures of Jon Anderson, the gizmo, Rick Wakeman and a cast of thousands were successfully inventing technoflash in strange time signatures. A momentary lapse of taste, I hope.

Reviewed this week by MAX BELL

THE COMMODORES: Zoom (Motown). This is a delight; oceans of class, genuinely sumptious melodies and an overall understanding of what brightens up the radio without once curtailing their integrity. "Zoom" is aimed at the standard chart punter and he should be suitably impressed with the layers of relaxing onomatapeia. Some beautiful aerial combat between the vocal section, Al Greenish though more butch, and the instrumental backdrop of cunning percussion and floating bass lines. The flip, "Too Hot Ta Trot" is the acceptable face of disco (sucks gold). The Commodores make body music and your body won't tell you no lies. Freewheelin' Franklin would approve.

JOHN DENVER: How Can I Leave You Again (RCA). There's the door.

MICKY TAKE AND THE TAKE ONS: Bird Dog (Polydor). Whoever permitted this ridiculous childish attack (ouch) on Mr. J. Rotten through the Polydor presses ought to get the elbow pretty damn fast. As it is, Polydor lose all their credibility as a record label for ever. If you've got any sense (and I suppose not) then you'll withdraw this nasty little reactionary smear in embarrassed haste but you're probably too bloody stupid. Know what I mean? Astounding ignorance.

NAZARETH: Gone Dead Train (Mountain). Russ Titelman and Jack Nitzsche's "Gone Dead Train", as featured in the contender for the greatest movie ever made, *Performance,* is a brave subject for Nazareth to tackle and they emerge from the experience with colours intact and their top rocker secure. Taking their tip from the central blues motif, and it's a good 'un, Nazareth stay close to the bone and chew up the meat in the manner of Creedence. You can't argue with this, just a healthy dose of pure energy. Incidentally, whatever happened to Russ Titelman? Those who heard him, Ry Cooder and Beefheart for starters, rated him with the true greats.

RAPED: Pretty Paedophiles (Parole). Glam punk, a hang up with dog's feet and an image that went out with Silverhead. Talk about missing the boat. Andy Warhol said that in the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes. Your time's up, boys.

STADIUM DOGS: Easybeat (Audiogenic). Peculiar. A totally off-the-wall reflection on the days of mod and Carnaby Street. Cut and structured like an intricate exercise in exorcism but the parts stick together like old 10cc material. The effect is worked even down to the sleeve (Paul Weller with a Beatle fringe?) so that it's akin to stumbling over an obscurity in a second hand bin. Not pop and not art. Sort of pop-art.

YELLOW DOG: Just One More Night (Virgin). A more commercially viable on-going chart situation could be guaranteed for Yellow Dog (lot of dogs this week, chief), the brain-child of Kenny Young, ex-Fox. Gimmicks abound, the old rock and roll telephone trick, dubbed applause, Randy Newman impersonations. All pretty entertaining mellifluous ya dig. Bodes well but will Young's next band be called the Rabid Coyotes?

JACKSON BROWNE: You Love The Thunder (Asylum). The problem between me and Jackson Browne is that I find it nigh on impossible to stay the course and battle with the man's supposedly weighty lyrical content on account of the music seeming so generally uninspired (Father forgive me etc). Just not laid back enough I guess. The flip, "Cocaine", is a pleasant seasonal reminder though Browne evidently had a bad cold when it was recorded. Not exactly a three day nightmare but I can't handle it, too heavy, must go for a walk.

THE DILLARDS: The Poet: (Sonet). A song of unrelieved tedium from the current rehabilitation centre for old Dillards, a rare species of platitudinous turkeys now close to extinction. The sort of song that generally tends to part one from one's lunch.

KIM FOWLEY: Control (Mercury). Although a major eye-sore and pain in the arse, Kim Fowley continues to indulge his idiotic whims on the strength of his debatable part in the success of "Alley Oop" and "Nutrocker". A man who always manages to get in on the fag end of something and precipitate its downfall; Fowley is getting senile with a very poor grace.

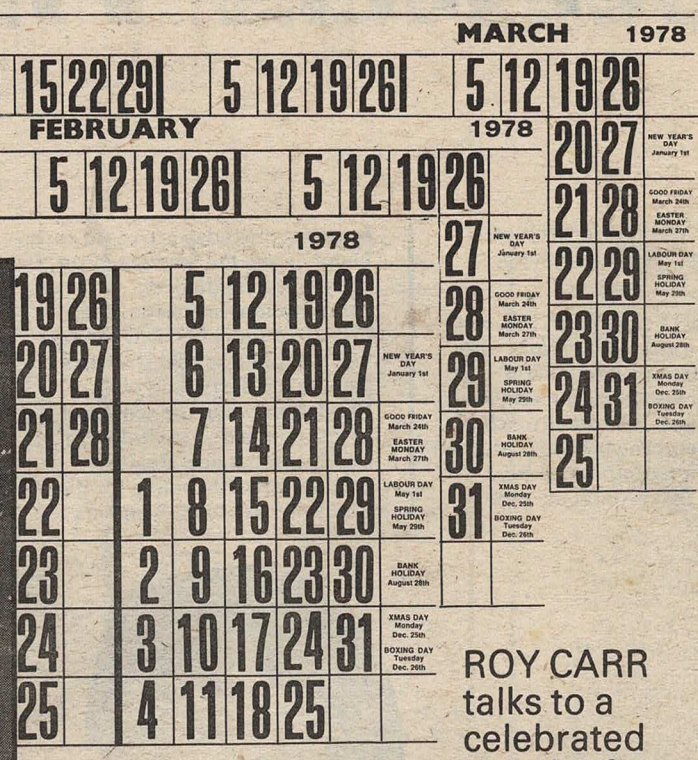
LANDSCAPE: U2XME1X2MUCH (Event Horizon). A pint or two of Fullers, good supply of snout and Landscape equals a fair night out. Nice vibes throughout from this new (to me) contemporary jazz aggregate. Sustained melodic invention, brute force electronics set next to some spiky electric piano and the constantly juicy attack of Andy Pask on bass and John Walters on soprano sax and alto flute. Not a hit but a safe crossing.

ORLEANS: Business As Usual (Asylum). Asylum wisely continue their policy of bringing Orleans to the latent public eye. Too late unfortunately since John Hall quit two months back but they deserve lots of recognition, however slow. Taken from the "Let There Be Music" album this was Orleans shaping up in their customary soulful, gutsy manner. They had the groove down and the feel oozed out, could of been as popular as Little Feat. The third encounter will be the important one.

BRILLIANT WHITE MUSIC

~~1970~~ ~~1971~~ 1972 ~~1973~~ ~~1974~~ ~~1975~~ 1976 1977

From left Jordan, Alexander, Chris Wilson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23 30 BANK HOLIDAY August 28th
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25

ROY CARR talks to a celebrated bunch of cults and decides that prospects are still bright

Will 1978 be The Year Of The Flamin' Groovies?

EVERY artist has his own yardstick by which to measure success. For pocket calculator idolators, seeing the latest album going double and then triple platinum is the thing . . . But as far as San Francisco's lionized Flamin' Groovies are concerned, persuading a label to pay for them to record at Rockfield, with Dave Edmunds producing, will more than suffice.

For the last half-hour, Edmunds and yours truly have been sitting slack-jawed with amazement in the reception area of Eden Sound (a Chiswick backwater) listening to the Groovies' loquacious mouthpiece Cyril Jordan discussing (with occasional asides from George Alexander) the group's fluctuating fortunes and wondering how on earth they've managed to keep life and limb together for something approaching 13 years.

Any other band would have kicked it in the head ages ago. But not El Groovies. Having long since given up the idea of becoming rock 'n' roll rich kids, they now prefer to treat their only vocation in life as a hobby.

Yes, the man did say hobby. However, Jordan is quick to point out that the word doesn't infer amateur status or unprofessional conduct.

"We've stopped caring about whether we're gonna make any money or not," he begins, "just so long as we can do what *we* wanna do without compromising ourselves and get a good reaction . . . . great. But" — his tone is optimistic — "there's always the off-chance that perhaps one day someone will look at one of our records and say, 'Hey, let's put this one in the charts!'."

Truth is, people have been saying words to that effect for the last eight years.

"Will *This* Be The Flamin' Groovies' Year?" The question has been posed almost annually since the group released their monumental "Flamingo" LP on Kama Sutra in 1970 — a bunch of seldom-equalled energy-charged tracks nominated by respected American reviewers like Ed Ward and Lenny Kaye as one of the finest rock albums of the '70s.

The Stateside press said much the same thing about their follow-up album a year later. Not only was "Teenage Head" favourably likened to the Stones' "Sticky Fingers", but many claimed that the Groovies had the edge.

Sadly, both albums promptly stiffed out, probably due to insufficient promotion and lack of product. Jordan alleges that no more than 5,000 copies of "Flamingo" were initially pressed.

To make matters worse, "Flamingo" was pressed with an insipid pink label instead of the original yellow which had carried the work of their then-favourite American band The Lovin' Spoonful.

"The only reason we signed with Kama Sutra in the first place," confesses Jordan, "was because we wanted to be on the same yellow-coloured label as the Spoonful!"

Alexander nods and adds, matter-of-fact: "But then, we've never been a priority band on any of the labels we've ever recorded for."

PARADOXICALLY, this latter fact has never worked entirely to their disadvantage. All Groovies' records appear to become instant collectors' items, and not because of their rarity. Lord knows, their early Snazz, Epic and Kama Sutra material has been re-packaged and counterfeited enough times.

In fact, someone has made some money out of them — and it has definitely *not* been the Groovies themselves. On occasions they've even had to seek temporary part-time employment.

Although they've received advances from various record companies, the Groovies claim never to have received so much as a plugged nickle by way of royalties.

The reasons for this are far too complex to go into here, but it could be that the first monies will soon be forthcoming — from Skydog, a small French label which released a bunch of the band's early '70s demos and, as fate would have it, kept the band's name alive when they needed it the most.

A single and an EP, along with Bomp's "You Tore Me Down", comfortably bridged a three-year gap between the release on their two ill-fated United Artists' singles and the "Shake Some Action" LP for Sire in 1976.

From the outside looking in, it did seem for a time as if this "comeback" album might prove to be the group's Final Statement. Last year unconfirmed rumours of an impending Groovies split shot along the grapevine, and the fact that for a whole year the group seldom worked (in public) added considerable credence to such scam.

Actually, being off the road for extended periods isn't uncommon for these boys. When they returned home to 'Frisco in 1972 following a year in The Old Country, they promptly hung-up their rock 'n' roll sneakers for a couple of years and just rehearsed.

Last year's lay-off was due to circumstances beyond their immediate control. Having promoted "Shake Some Action", they put *all* their equipment in storage and returned to their homestead. As they planned to return to Europe within a few weeks, after renegotiating their record deal, they had wisely chosen to save on needless air freight bills. But in their absence trucking bills, which Jordan claims weren't the band's responsibility, went unpaid — and through several misunderstandings all their gear was sold off.

It took the Groovies the best part of '77 to retrieve the two twin-reverb amps custom-built for them by the celebrated Mr Owsley plus their collection of rare stereo guitars.

This accomplished, they commenced work on what was originally mooted as an EP but has expanded into an album with Dave Edmunds once more in command.

APART FROM a bunch of originals, the new album will probably include interpretations of Byrds, Beatles and Stones songs, and because of this Jordan is aware that it could possibly spark off the kind of controversy that greeted "Shake Some Action".

A bone of contention amongst die-hard Groovies fans — this writer included — is that the band long since dropped "Teenage Head" and "Slow Death" from their repertoire in favour of other artists' material.

"Yeah, I know", retorts Jordan on the defensive, "that some reviewers said 'Shake Some Action' was wimpy . . . . but to say that album is wimped-out is to also state that the music we were looking back at and reflecting with a '70s feel is wimped-out."

He claims that The Flamin' Groovies perform something like "Please Please Me" or "Paint It Black" for the same reasons that Television encore with "Satisfaction", and the Pistols' used to perform "Watcha Gonna Do 'Bout It".

"I don't think of rock 'n' roll as being a contemporary thing," he explains, ". . . . it's timeless. Nowadays, when 10-year-old kids hear Chuck Berry's 'Johnny B. Goode' they go nuts exactly the same way we did when we first heard it. Trouble is, people forget just how heavy some of those early rock songs are — and also things by The Beatles, the Stones and The Who.

"We do Beatles songs just like The Beatles used to do Little Richard material — and for the same motives. They're still good songs and if they're done properly they'll still connect.

"What a lotta people fail to remember is that when the Groovies first started out, we made our reputation recording things like 'Rockin' Pneumonia', 'Somethin' Else', 'Have You Seen My Baby?' and later on 'Married Woman', 'A Shot Of Rhythm & Blues' and 'Jumping Jack Flash'."

He refutes suggestions of a flirtation with nostalgia.

"If anything we've always been slightly ahead of our time.

"When we first came to Britain in '72, we wore studded black leather jackets, mirror-shades and snarled . . ."

On the band's return three years later, Jordan was amused to see that image reflected almost everywhere he looked — "When people came up to me and said, 'Whatcha got these clothes on for?', I felt like saying 'Because you'll all be wearing it in '79!'

"They're not hipped-out to the fact that we did the big leather-and-studs trip way back in '72 and they think that it's ultra-cool now. Perhaps what we're dressed in right this minute (mohair and velvet three-piece suits) is gonna be cool in a couple of years from now?"

"You can't keep on doing the same old trip," contributes Mr Alexander.

This succinct observation leads Jordan to explain that it's also one of the reasons why, despite frustrating many loyalists, they've chosen to drop particular songs.

"When Roy (Loney) and I wrote 'Teenage Head', we were thinking about Led Zeppelin.

"Or, to be more precise . . . if The Mothers Of Invention did Led Zeppelin what would *they* do? . . . . *'I gotta revved up teenage head'*. . . 'It was a total joke . . . it wasn't ever meant to be taken seriously."

However, the restructuring of their repertoire also has a practical explanation.

"If you really wanna know the truth we did songs like 'Teenage Head', 'Headin' For The Texas Border' and 'Slow Death' years ago and got absolutely no reaction. Therefore we wouldn't get anything outta going back and doing 'em all over again. It's ironic that years later people come up to me and say what great songs they were. Yeah man, but what they don't know is that those songs gave us nuthin' but a whole bunch o' trouble.

"I mean, 'Slow Death' was an anti-drug song all about us going back to Detroit and seeing the whole place and many of our friends Jones'ed-out. But because it had the word morphine in the lyric it was immediately banned. That being the case, UA lost interest in us and only pressed 400 copies of our follow-up.

"Do you want to know the other reason why we do 'Please Please Me' and 'From Me To You'?"

Please continue!

"Because we wanted to do them way back in 1966. The problem in those days was that the band didn't possess the ability, and it's only recently that we've attained that level. If we could have done them properly when we first wanted to do them we'd have included those songs on either 'Flamingo' or 'Teenage Head'."

Despite past-associations, both Jordan and Alexander start discussing the pros and cons of pleasing all of the people all of the time by re-introducing "Slow Death" and "Teenage Head" into their set.

"Yeah, I know some people come along to see us and say this *ain't* The Flamin' Groovies."

"Listen Cyril", Dave Edmunds interjects, "you like to do Beatles and Stones songs because you think some kids might not have heard them. Well, doesn't this also apply to *your* old songs?"

Check.

"They're *your* songs and they could mean as much to those kids who haven't heard them as those who still want to hear them. It's just like me not doing 'I Hear You Knockin'' or 'I Knew The Bride' . . . but then, I still enjoy singing them!"

"Maybe you've got a point Dave," mutters Jordan rubbing his chin.

Will *This* Be The Flamin' Groovies Year?

START THE REVOLUTION

(after all, he starte

"The Christmas Market is very important" — John Lennon.

FUNNY, BUT I STILL can't get used to Christmas with no fresh John Lennon record in the shops and on the air. It is, after all, almost as much a part of modern yuletide tradition as *The Morecambe And Wise Show* — that around the time Lennon's birthday arrives in early October and the festive season, with its fearful diabetic consumption, lays siege, John Lennon *brings out a new record.*

It's a tradition that stretches back to the misty days of Beatledom when the season of excess demanded (as indeed it still does) that new Beatle product be forthcoming for the Beatle hordes to buy, and it's been magnificently maintained by Lennon for a span of six of seven years — in titles like "Cold Turkey", "Live Peace In Toronto", "Plastic Ono Band", "Imagine", "Happy Christmas (War Is Over)", "Walls And Bridges" . . . (let's just leave "Sometime In New York City" and "Mind Games" out of this for the present, okay?).

The break with tradition came in 1975 when we had to make do with the "Shaved Fish" compilation; the next year with the morsel of a re-issue of "Happy Christmas", and this year . . . well, nothing, just a ghastly parody of Christmas Past with the gawky, simpering "Love Songs" compilation and, worse still, the frightful "Mull Of Kintyre" from Lennon's old running partner Paul McCartney, whose promotional film and *Mike Yarwood Show* appearances lived up to the spirit of sickly yuletide excess.

Like the song says, John, another year over, and what have you done?

John 'n Yoko as are: caught in the material world by the questing lens of JOE STEVENS. Below: a surprise Dr Winston O'Boogie as seen by BOB GRUEN.

ONLY ONE EVENT stands out from the calendar of Lennon inactivity last year — namely the press conference he gave in Japan around the time of his 37th birthday to announce exactly that: *he wasn't going to do anything.* "We've decided to be with our baby until we feel we can take time off to indulge ourselves in creating things outside the family," announced Merseyside's first citizen, apparently foreseeing a further two or three years of inactivity. A week later he and Yoko were back in New York, putting in an appearance at some ghastly Rod Stewart gathering.

It was depressing news not just because it meant there'd be no Lennon discs or concerts (maybe we'll get a book as consolation prize), but because if Lennon couldn't take the role of rock star into dignified and meaningful getting-on-for-middle-age, who could? (Answer: Bob Dylan, for whom a kid for five didn't necessarily spell artistic stagnation).

But the real irony in Lennon's declaration was that while he was mysteriously pledging himself to doing and saying nothing, back in the UK the ideas and principles he'd so fervently espoused a few years back were being put into rude practice by a new generation — or at least a new wave — of rockers intent of dragging the music and everything that accompanies it back to the roots.

From certain members of the rock establishment who didn't want to see their rotten apple-cart upset, one expected (and got) disdain and apathy to the new movement, who have undeniably made the last eighteen months the most exciting and creative period for rock in the UK in the last ten years, but Lennon's indifference to events in the old country, or in his backyard New York, has been singularly disheartening and miserable.

Frankly, John, we expected more.

After all, in the greying climes of the early '70s it was Lennon who had virtually single-handed maintained rock as a vehicle for provocative public and personal protest — rebel music — just as the Pistols, The Clash and the rest of the self-styled working class heroes were now doing.

Again, not since the middle '60s had Lennon's ambition to "write a song Monday, cut it Tuesday, have it pressed Wednesday and in the shops Friday" (stated at the time of "Instant Karma") been nearer widespread realisation than in the last year or so, with the re-emergence of the single as a vital and creative force.

Simply, rock has — via the crucible of youth and older talent previously suppresssed, ignored or unevolved (Ian Dury and Tom Robinson should suffice as examples), and intense grassroots activity of the sort in which Lennon himself was wont to revel in his early years as New York City resident — been returned to basics, to the kind of music that "is primitive enough and has no bullshit, and it gets through to you . . . when I was 15 rock and roll was real, everything else was unreal."

And more — the new wave spelt a disillusion with the bland comfortable rock establishment orthodoxy and its spurious third-hand so-called 'hippy' principles that echoed the conclusions Lennon reached around the turn of the decade. The Clash might righteously sloganise "No Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones in 1977", but the fact remains that Lennon said the same thing seven years ago in "God": *"Don't believe in Elvis, don't believe in Beatles . . . the dream is over."*

Or as he told *Rolling Stone's* Jan Wenner in his epic 30,000 word interview in 1970 when replying to a question about what The Beatles had meant to the history of Britain. — "Nothing happened except we all dressed up. The same bastards are in control, the same people are running everything, it's exactly the same. They hyped the kids and the generation."

Way back in prehisto had heard of The Ra celebrated the end o years later, the rest o at least, that's NEIL S opinion. So what doe Neil says used to be with the state of rock out.

The same sentiments uttered today by a punk rocker would probably bring forth howls of outrage; back then most people who heard them didn't seem to be really listening.

The fact is that the rock audience didn't *want* the "acid dream" to be over, and the kind of cultural re-evaluation that Lennon was preaching wouldn't find an answering chord on a mass level until around 1976, or what Charles Shaar Murray in NME recently called "the true starting point of the '70s."

"The Chimes Of Freedom flashing for the poet and painter far behind his rightful time." — Bob Dylan.

IN TRUTH, THE ROCK revolution that Lennon set out in his 1970 meisterwerk "Plastic Ono Band" — a revolution of musical style as well as personal and public attitudes — was one which subsequently even he was unable to fully carry through. Today it remains his best record (and coincidentally the best solo Beatle record) and one of the '70s seminal works; a door through which few cared to pass, its innovations and implications largely unexplored even now.

My acquaintance with this epochal work dawned late one grey Saturday morning in November 1970 as I spooned through a particularly weary and sodden bowl of breakfast cereal, trusty tranny tuned to the *John Peel*

WITHOUT JOHN LENNON

ed without you . . .)

ry (i.e. before anyone nones), JOHN LENNON f the Beatle Age. Seven f the world caught up — SPENCER'S considered s this old creep who quite good have to do in '78? Read on and find

Show back in the days when the BBC still let him out in the daytime.

Of a sudden, through the bleary mists of half-waking, a powerful, haunting, chanting voice insinuated itself; *"Don't believe in Kennedy, don't believe in Hitler . . ."*

Spoon, paused midway between dish and mouth, dropped back to the table. Unmistakeably it was Lennon, but the words . . . "I don't believe in Beatles . . . the dream is over."

Silence fought a losing battle with radio static before the squashed Peel monotone broke in. His speech went something like this: "That was a track called 'God' from the new John Lennon album, and I must say what a disappointment it is to many of us that a man with as great a talent as John Lennon should choose to squander it on what I can only describe as a totally self-indulgent album. Hardly what we need at this time . . ."

Now this is not meant to be slur on Peel, who's doubtless revised his opinion since and who remains one of the very few radio DJs with a semblance of integrity and real interest in the music he plays, but his reaction to Lennon's *volte-face* was widely shared at the time, with the charge of "self-indulgence" (a currently fashionable term) particularly rife. What people wanted was more technicolour dreams from Captain Trips; what they got was stark, discordant raw intensity. Not escape, but reality.

That much was clear from the opening number; first the tolling of the bell, creating silence for the plaintive drawn-out wail of Lennon, desolate as a prairie before a dirt storm: *"Mutha-a-a-h you had me, but I never had you . . . I just got to tell you goodbye."*

Lennon was bidding goodbye not only to his mother as he packed his bags for Hamburg, but to the pain and neurosis of his early life. For this album had its genesis not only in Lennon's disillusionment with The Beatles (as individuals and as an instititution) but in the psycho-therapy that he and Yoko had received from American psychiatrist Dr. Arthur Janov, who maintained that adult neurosis' fear and pain were the result of the traumas of childhood, and could be removed by the invididual undergoing a 'primal' — returning to childhood, re-experiencing and purging the pain.

Most of "Plastic Ono Band" is simply an artistic extension of Janov's agonising primal therapy (replete with the notorious 'primal scream') — a harrowing confessional and purgative, as Lennon lays the ghosts of his past. Burning all illusions tonight . . .

AND LENNON HAS a lot of illusions to burn. Firstly, there were the illusions foisted on him — and the rest of us — by nearly a decade of Beatle adulation; the myths that rock superstardom was somehow an almost divine state of grace and that rock stars were of necessity possessed of some information or message vital to the rest of us stranded in the mortal world; that limitless amounts of drugs and money could bring happiness and compensate for personal and inner inadequacy; that the metaphysical intimations of the hallucogenic era (seeing God on an awayday acid trip) were necessarily going to be useful in the grim everyday reality in which most of us have to survive. In short, the whole post "Sergeant Pepper" psychedelic shooting gallery.

"I Found Out" cuts an icy swathe through the lot, beginning with John's abdication of responsibility for the plight of his 'followers' who were wont to try and tap the generous Lennon purse for their worthy 'projects' — "The freaks on the phone won't leave me alone, don't give me that brother, brother, brother, brother." (Actually, despite the exodus of enormous amounts of cash from Apple, it's worth recording that John did buy an island off the Irish coast for The Diggers, who are still happily esconced there). Formalised religion was also promptly dispatched as a mere prop for the pain of human existence:

"Old Hare Krishna got nothing on you
Just keep you crazy with nothing to do
Keep you occupied with pie in the sky
There ain't no guru who can see through your eyes."

Likewise the romance of the drug culture was dismissed as fallacy "Don't let them fool you with dope and cocaine, no-one can harm you, feel your own pain."

Lennon was well qualified to judge on both of these last counts; he had been at the heart of The Beatles' embarassing flirtation with the Maharishi (alias "Sexy Sadie"), while the previous year both he and Yoko had dabbled with heroin as a solace from their unhappiness and pain — an affair which produced the magnificent, if harrowing, "Cold Turkey", whose closing howls of anguish predated the primal screams that litter "Plastic Ono Band" by a full twelve months.

The new mood naturally called for an equally radical musical shift and the spartan accompaniment of the album perfectly matched the simple intensity of the songs. The slower numbers were given a rudimentary piano or guitar accompaniment, but it's the shimmering echoing Phil Spector production (first unveiled on "Instant Karma" some months earlier) and the triumphant hard rock tracks which give the record its distinctive flavour.

"I Found Out", "Well Well Well", and "Remember" are all driven with the uncompromising vitality and discipline that possess the best rock and roll, with a flavour that stretches back to Hamburg cellars — unsurprising when you remember Lennon's band for this occasion was Ringo and Klaus Voormann, both of whom were evidently inspired by the occasion to give of their best, with Starkey in particular contributing some mesemeric skinwork in his own utterly original style (which, incidentally, only serves to underline his totally unnecessary decline into obscurity as a musician).

The Spector / Lennon production projected the rhythm as something akin to a human heartbeat heard through an electronic stethoscope — rumours at the time in fact suggested that certain rhythms on the record were synchronised to a heartbeat in a sneaky attempt at subliminal rock psyche-out. Whatever, it's a sound that's been strangely neglected since by those seeking to push back the boundaries of rock — including Lennon, who ricocheted off into the wavering strings / haunting vocal formula that seemed to trap him and which has been copped myriad times over by lesser talents (most notably ELO). Simply, there's a whole future of rock and roll locked up in these tracks waiting to be liberated. Over to you, punks.

In musical terms it's the unrelenting "Remember" that has it here, its theme again the experiences of childhood and the passage of time together with the need for evaluation without regret. But then, has there ever been a time when Lennon *hasn't* remembered? From "Help" *("When I was younger so much younger than today")* through "In My Life" *("There are places I'll remember all my life, though some have changed")*, and "She Said She Said" *("When I was a boy everything was right"* — probably the nearest we've got to an *Intimations of Immortality Recollected from Early Childhood* in rock), Lennon has been a man obsessed by his past and the need to make sense of it. This time his hindsight came up deadly trumps on "Working Class Hero", a song which was simultaneously an indictment of the suppressive system of socialisation and a purgative of the pain that it had imposed on Lennon himself. It also helped destroy another of the myths of the '60s — that the British class war was over, truced into meaninglessness by a common culture (Tony Palmer, the respectable Sunday press and the ilk had started listening to rock with "Sergeant Pepper" while the middle classes as a whole had been vamping on rock's vitality since the early '60s) and a common economic affluence which stretched dizzily into the future. The Beatles were an integral part of this myth — the working class boys made good, their rebellion accommodated with OBEs, Royal Variety Performances, their talent converted into foreign exchange. Lennon had returned his OBE earlier that year; now he added as a postscript a telling indictment of the way the class system confuses and compromises.

"There's room at the top they're telling you still
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill
If you want to be like the folks on the hill —
A working class hero is something to be."

It's not me that's mediocre or crazy, said Lennon, it's society.

Predictably the track attracted considerable hostility, less for its irreverent sentiments than because it contained a couple of four-letter words (buildings crumble, civilisation totters on the abysss etc, etc.). Others considered it unnecessarily antagonistic, trite, phoney, and, of course, "self-indulgent". Today, in the light of a groundswell of aggressively lower class rock (and those adopting, for whatever reasons, a 'working class' pose), its relevance doesn't seem in doubt.

IN FACT, ONE of the most remarkable achievements of "Plastic Ono Band" is the way it draws together private and public themes, spiralling from the purely private obsessions of "Mother" to the social declamations of "God".

Though it seems less than earthshaking now, "God" caused more of a stir at the time than any other track on the album, simply because it was such an abrupt denial of everything a generation had projected onto The Beatles (even the reference to Dylan, another totemic figure, as "Zimmerman" was mildly shocking to the faithful at the time, though hardly less destructive of the Dylan myth than the Zim's own self-destruct act on "Self Portrait" which had been released shortly before).

Musically it was nothing special — simply the riff to Ketty Lester's "Love Letters" re-cycled — and even the song's opening sentiment, "God is a concept by which we measure our pain", was of limited scope. The lengthy mantra of denial, though, did the trick alright, while the final verse left little room for ambiguity; it was no use projecting our hopes onto Lennon (or anyone else for that matter), ultimately we were on our own.

"I was the dreamer but now I'm reborn
I was the walrus but now I'm John
And so dear friends you'll just have to carry on
The dream is over."

AND DID WE, in the ensuing years of the '70s, carry on? Well, Lennon, for a while anyway, certainly did. He and Yoko settled in New York city, became involved in the musical and political life of the city, fought a corrupt Nixon regime for his citizenship and the notorious "green card" which gave him the right to leave the country and re-enter at will.

Lennon also carried on the breakthrough of "Plastic Ono Band" with the more melodic and commercial "Imagine", which despite the pre-eminence of the title track and a couple of other cuts failed to sustain the intensity and dynamism of its predecessor. He followed it with "Sometime In New York City", a brave attempt at political rock at a time when no-one else was bothering with the form, and even though much of it remains excruciatingly lame and pedestrian and justifies the pasting it received at the hands of the critics, there are some fine moments like "Attica State Prison", and "Free John Sinclair" (a campaign which, with Lennon's active support, actually achieved its goal in springing the former MC5 manager from jail). And I'll take "Woman Is The Nigger Of The World" over "Bring On The Nubiles" anyday of the week (revolution begins at home, even for rich Trotskyists). And anyway, we got "Happy Christmas (War Is Over)" didn't we?

By Christmas '73 though, people were more interested in hearing Macca and Linda coo about "Jet" (whatever *that* was) and "Band On The Run" (whatever *that* meant) than listening to John wallowing in his "Mind Games", an album that finds the man in something of a torpor, if not without some seasonal product to issue. "Walls And Bridges", however, remains an unjustly neglected work — not only does it contain two great hit singles ("Whatever Gets You Through The Nights" and "Dream Number Nine"), but it boasts other classics like "No-one Loves You When You're Down And Out" (written in LA during his separation from Yoko at the time of the notorious tampon-taped-to-the-head incident) and an inspired sleeve (featuring John's childhood paintings).

Shortly afterwards we also got the long overdue "Rock And Roll", Winston O'Boogie's tribute to his roots with a version of "Stand By Me" that threatens the original for haunting emotionalism.

THE REST of us — the rock public — I'd suggest carried on with somewhat less style and success, at least initially. The dream might have been over but it wasn't until the greying climes of the '70s — with the advent of Heathco, economic recession and the establishment's systematic attack on "underground" or alternative institutions — forced reality down our throats that many people admitted it.

Acid casualties still wandered in their post-euphoric haze, were still "doped by religion" in the form of crummy two-hit hand-me-down religious orders like Divine Light (led by "boy god" Mahara Ji, later indicted on, among other things, smuggling and fraud charges), The Children Of God, and assorted orders of Jesus freaks.

The myths of superstardom also died hard. Personalities characterised more by mediocrity or downright offensiveness than talent and enlightenment were still hailed as messiahs, while the Babylonian forces of hard drugs, vast riches, and rampant anything-for-a-dollar commercialism sapped the life force from rock's old guard and progressively enfeebled rock as a cultural medium to the point where it was reduced to little more than an escapist technicolour fantasy.

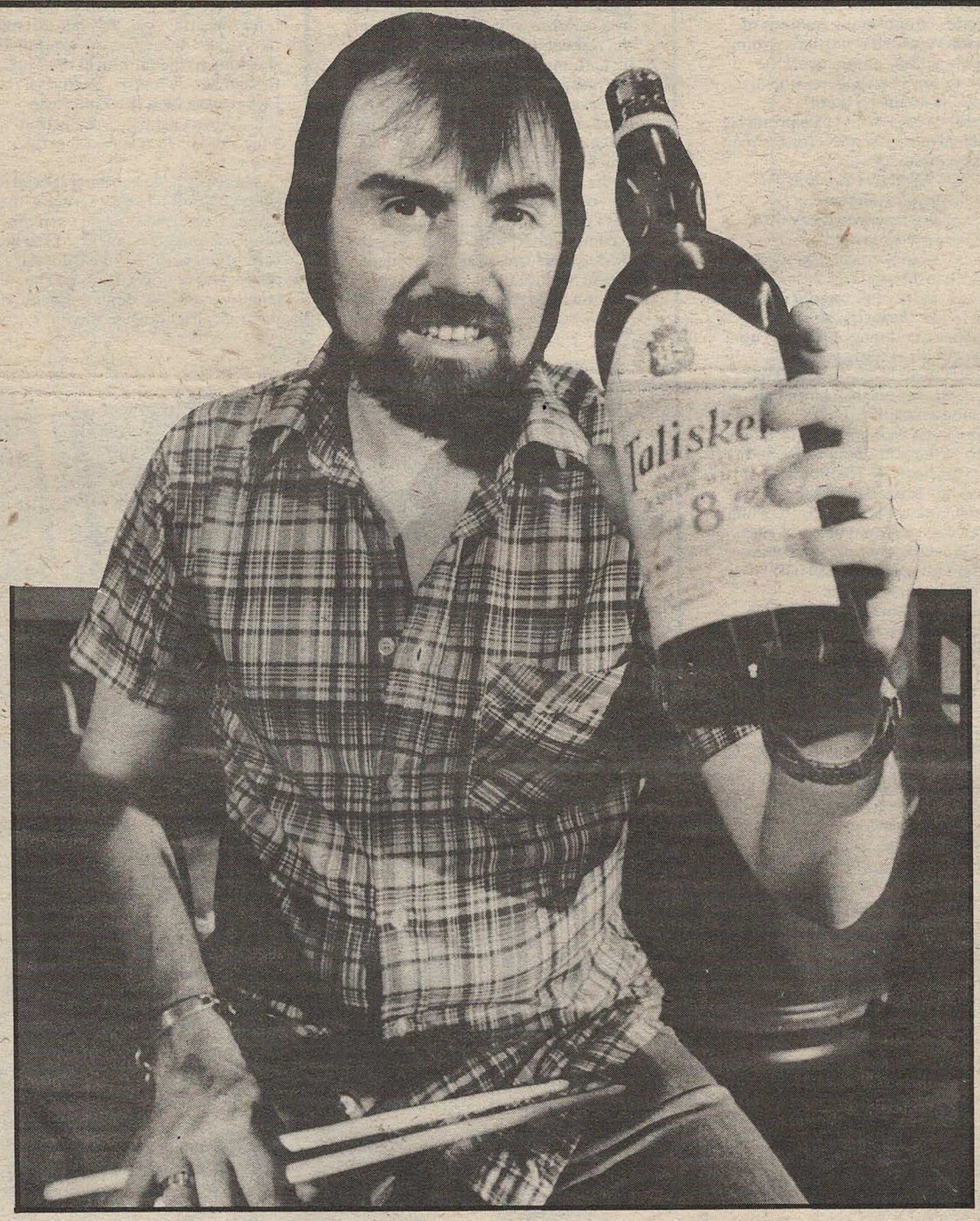
In short, rock had become most of the things which, by 1976, the British punk rockers were claiming. God knows, the arguments should be familiar enough by now — and if they sound corny and irrelevant, it's possible that you've forgotten just how pitiful the rock scene had become before the new wave explosion let in a little light and air and enthusiasm again. Not that the new wave is without its failings — far from it — but the punks at least show a refreshing unwillingness to be the recipients of the kind of Messiah projection that so many of the '60s stars welcomed and invited.

Meantime, since "Rock And Roll", the silence from Lennon has been deafening, and family life or not, John, plenty of us here have found your reluctance to use your green card to at least pay us a courtesy call less than excusable. They started the revolution without you, mate, but then *you* started it without waiting for anyone else. It took the rest of us a long time to catch up — that's no reason for you to opt out now. O'Boogie, up yours.

JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

CELEBRATIN' HOGMANAYLER



KEN HYDER. Pic: JAK KILBY

Back in the 60s Albert Ayler recorded on the bagpipes. Now drummer KEN HYDER is taking up where he left off, mating jazz and Scottish traditional music, researching in the Hebrides with tape recorder and whisky bottle.

THE MATING of jazz and Scottish traditional music might sound like the one about the octopus and the bagpipes to some, but two of the most influential saxophonists got at least an arm-lock on the union, and might well have taken it further.

In the 60's climate of modes and drones and squalling vocalization, Albert Ayler essayed the bagpipes on "Masonic Inborn", and Coltrane is said to have blown the instrument in the dense collectives that followed "Ascension".

Appropriately, it took a Scotsman to get both shoulders pinned to the canvas for a submission.

Dundee-born Ken Hyder's latest album, "Land Of Stone", combines the pibroch, the reel, the Gaelic psalm and the waulking song with the jazz solo as featly as a tweed jacket over a cotton shirt.

Like Gato Barbieri, Ken had to quit his country before discovering his heritage. John Stevens started the ball rolling with a Blindfold Test that had the Scottish drummer out with the camels. " 'Sounds Moroccan to me, man.' John showed me the cover: 'Waulking Songs From Barra'. Outer Hebrides; I though, WHA'! Why don't I know about this? Why didn't anybody tell me? See, at school it was If It Ain't Classical It Ain't Right. Or they'd play you Burns songs sung by Kenneth McKellar with none of the r-r-r-real gutsyness."

His distaste for the tartan-added, one-percent-proof McPhonus Bononus of much of Scotland's export comes through in the rolling emphasis.

"They'd play you NONE of the pibroch which is Scotland's raga. It is VERY classical. They don't lay any of that on you at all."

THE FINAL nudge came in a Mingus interview. Why did European jazzmen neglect their own rich folk traditions in favour of black America, demanded the truculent bassist?

The first album by his band, Talisker, was interesting, but clearly more research was needed. He approached the Arts Council. "I said that I wanted to explore two main things — the amount of improvisation in traditional Scottish music anyway — and the potential for doing more — and the use of untutored voices. It turned out that we used three jazz singers, a folk singer, plus the guys in the band, to make a 10-piece choir. The Arts Council said, OK — go ahead.

"I got the bread. Up until then, everything I'd composed I'd done on a glockenspiel, because all the rest of my instruments were drums. I thought, for chrissake — I'm gonna have to get something else to compose on if I'm gonna write a suite of music, so I went out and got an electric organ. The advantage of that was not only did it have the notes written above the keys, but you could hold notes on it — play the fundamental so you got a drone going, and match the top line against it."

Ken ransacked the available source material, working through the BBC sound archives — "All the card indexes, man!" — and learned works like 'The National And Traditional Music Of Scotland'. The sigh at remembered effort would have filled a zeppelin.

"One book about church music said that they useta do the Gaelic psalm singing all over Scotland. There was a quote from a letter saying the congregations on Sundays are sounding like a bunch of Hottentots, and that they'd need to straigthen this out. So they got in this choir master and all this improvisation they were putting on the lines, you know, they were told to cut it out. It was stamped out on the mainland as being too hip, and the only people doing it now are in the Western Isles."

The raw power of the Gaelic psalms packs a wallop like black gospel. The scarcity of texts plus illiteracy led to call and response patterns, with the precentor shouting the line and the congregation picking it up and bending the meldoy to fit Gaelic modal patterns. The Outer Hebrides also saw the survival of another vocal tradition, the waulking song which accompanied the pounding and trampling of home-woven cloth. These songs were sung by the women, laments and match-making chants. A visiting Englishman who stumbled across a session in 1716 'concluded it to be a little bedlam'.

At the School Of Scottish Studies in Edinburgh, Ken called on Hamish Henderson. "I'd wondered what he made of all the stuff we were doing, because he's your guv'nor of traditional Scottish music. He knows everything about it, right. I thought he'd think it was all too Lew Grade for him, but he dug it. He said it was an extension of the tradition, which is a gas coming from someone like him."

ON HENDERSON'S advice, he set off to do a little field work on the island of Barra, which, along with South Uist and Benbecula, is one of the few remaining outposts of the tradition. Its rocky coast and solitary, sinister tarns also provide a breeding ground for guillemots, razorbills, kittiwakes and barnacle geese, as well as the rare red-necked phalarope. Birdwatchers and folklorists bucket about the heather with binoculars and tape recorders: no jazzmen.

"They told me I'd need to take a half-bottle if I went to see some of the women. I thought, WAIT a moment! They're all old-age pensioners! You must be joking!" Ken laughed loudly. "So I went to Barra with half-a-dozen half-bottles in the back of the car. I was AMAZED! 'Och — ye've got a wee dram. I'll get the glass out'. They were r-r-really knocking the stuff back.

"I went to see a Catholic priest on a rainy day in August. He was about to do some kinda service in the chapel next door, but he says, 'Och aye — ye'll be having a dram' and gets a bottle of whisky and pours a double, and then he says, 'Ye'll have to excuse me. I've got to do The Master's work next door.' They're all really heavily into the drink tradition."

And, knowing that I could help them out when they were busy, Ken broke out a bottle of single malt scotch. 'The Golden Spirit Of The Isle Of Skye', I managed to read, just before vision modified. An amiable blowtorch began behind the waistcoat. "And the shingers?" I shaid.

"I just missed seeing Mary Morrison, the wifey that does all vocal stuff with pipe notation. You know how the Indian drummers like sing the licks before they play them? Well, pipers useta pass on licks to each other by singing them. Some people reckon the person who invented solfa notation was a minister's daughter who went to Skye and checked it out with the local cats, and converted it. It may or may not be true, but they have got all these notes corresponding to the bagpipe scale."

He flung his head back and demonstrated. "Hee Ho Ha! They put in consonants for the grace notes, so they could sing pibrochs to each other. Like HURREEE HURROH DRUMM HA! Mary Morrison was the last person to do it, and she learned it from her brother. She was off the island and she died shortly after, aged 80-odd. So — I got a lot off these women."

I reached for my glass, getting closer every shot, touch it for sure next time. "Why didn't you ushe a pigwiper — shorry, bagpiper on the album?"

"Ah — now the thing is, I have this theory that pibroch was originally improvised, but most pipers disagree. It's gotta be played straight. They have something like 13 classical variations. I went along to the London Piping Championships in Chelsea Town Hall a fortnight ago, and there was one guy in the audience with a book out following all the fucking variations.

"Wha'! It's insane! So, they've got pretty far away from the way I think it must originally have been. It's very difficult to find a piper who'd be interested in getting into improvising. The idea is to get as near to the perfection of the written ideal, you know.

The guv'ner is probably John D. Burgess. His time is fantastic. The pibroch is like very slow 3's, and you've got these grace notes going against it, so to actually get back on the beat is ver-r-ry difficult. This cat does it accurately and sets up rhythmic tensions like Mingus and Dannie Richmond."

The highspot of "Land Of Stone" is undoubtedly "Pibroch In Three Parts", dedicated to the MacCrimmons, John Coltrane and Albert Ayler. Saxes and twinned double basses reproduce the feel of bagpipes with its chanter and drones, and the emotional impact is overwhelming. There's a wartime newsreel of a Scottish regiment in the Desert Campaign, night and carnage, the advance lit by exploding shells, courage kept to the sticking point by the wild wail of the bagpipes.

"Why did you dedicate 'See You At The Mission, Eh, If It's No' Full' to your grandmother?" I asked.

Ken shook his head in admiration at his ancestor. "She's the original brassneck musician — a Scottish Thelonious Monk without even realizing! She plays by ear, an untutored piano player, and she plays with so much conviction and wrong notes. She just DOES IT. She offered me so much encouragement when I was a kid. You know how parents get uptight when kids are banging things, but she useta put pots and pans down for me in her kitchen when I was two. 'Go on — gie it a bash, son."

"They had this mission in Dundee where they useta sing Sankey hymns like 'Rock Of Ages'. In the tenement when someone had been visiting and then they go away down the stairs, they useta have like this double-act. "Granny'd say, 'See you at the mission', and her friend would say,' Eh it's no' full'."

Words like untutored abound in Ken's conversation. Was he against acquired technique?

"It's not so much technique as what you do, and why you do it. If you want to play like Buddy Rich, you've gotta have some technique, but if you're playing a Country & Western gig it'd be extremely insensitive for a drummer to play like Buddy Rich. It's a question of matching the technique you've got with what you're doing.

"I discovered that when I wanted to play jigs and reels, I didn't have the technique to play what I heard. I got a lot of pipe band records and practised and practised and practised to get that crisp snappy thing."

He leaned forward and filled my glass. "Another thing I got from John Stevens — if you think of music as conversation, you all want to be talking about the same subject."

I left Ken's pad to the sound of "Paddy's Leather Breeches". Third try, I made it through the door. 'Golden Spirit Of The Isle Of Skye', I am your plaything.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY
TALISKER, "Dreaming Of Glenisla" (Caroline); "Land Of Stone" (JAPO).
SCOTTISH TRADITION 1 "Bothy Ballads" (Tangent), 2 "Music From The Western Isles" (Tangent), 3 "Waulking Songs From Barra" (Tangent), 4 "Fiddle Music Of The Shetland Isles" (Tangent), 5 "The Muckle Sangs" (Tangent), 6 "Gaelic Psalms From Lewis" (Tangent).
PIBROCH, "Waverley" (EMI); "THE QUEENS Own Highlanders" (Hallmark).

ALBUMS

The Abbarettes rehearse the Two Witches scene from a forthcoming mini-panto of Verdi's 'Macbeth'.

ABBARATION

ABBA *The Album (Epic).*

Having transformed their small family firm into Sweden's top exporter, Benny and Bjorn now make a renewed attempt to go fully multi-national.

To be precise, they're out to crack the lucrative California MOR market. And that could well prove to be their first mistake.

The evidence of a shift of musical policy is there on the opening song "Eagle", which predictably enough turns out to be a tribute to the kings of West Coast funky schmaltz.

"They came flying from far away/Now I'm under their spell/I love hearing the stories/ That they tell."

As you'd expect, it's a superbly crafted pastiche of the Eagles' style, exactly capturing that sense of clinical blandness. With skilful mixing, even those distinctive Abba harmonies are transformed into an approximation of the Eagles' own.

In one sense, it's a bit too clever, so cool in its approach that it lacks even the minimal sense of joy that Frey and Co. achieve.

Elsewhere on the album, Abba offer their version of what Americans mean when they say "rock'n'roll." The songs called "Hole In Your Soul", and the chorus goes: — *"It's gotta be rock'n'roll/to fill the hole in your soul."*

The song's clearly intended to froth at the mouth, but inevitably there's that mor paradox; the performers want to appear polite. the rave-up is thus tightly corseted.

Benny and Bjorn also display some intellectual pretensions this time out. Half the second side of the album is taken up with an offering dubbed "Three scenes from a mini-musical". In other words, our aged friend "the concept" makes a return appearance in a bid to excite upper-class hippies.

As so often happens with such work, the ambition overrides the music, and the three scenes here prove to be three of Abba's most pedestrian cuts. One of them, "I'm A Marionette", sung by one of the ladies, sounds all too dangerously close to the truth. Another "Thank You For The Music", is the sort of tear-jerker that turns up at provincial pantomimes.

In all, about half the album is given over to heavy-handed attempts to shrug off the Abba formula in the apparent interests of market expansion.

Or maybe Benny and Bjorn are sick of creating the snappiest pop music around, and want to grow up into serious composers. Whatever the explanation, let's hope they can curb themselves before it gets out of control.

Happily, the remainder of the set is largely given over to exactly the sort of chirpy pop tunes that made their reputations and fortunes. There's the last single, "Name Of The Game", with which few can fail to be familiar. But it's heavily upstaged by a cut called "Take A Chance On Me", which is so brilliantly simple-minded it could have come straight off the greatest hits set. But for the fact that Abba are attempting to go smoothly up-market, it would make a superb single.

"Steve Nicks, I Speeet on you"

There's a splendid acapella start, a grand-slam rhythm section, a yearning butch voice-over, but above all one of those unstoppable 18 line choruses that are undeniably part of the secret of Abba's success.

Other people's songs have hooks with just two lines or four. That means you have the song a fair number of times before it latches on. Benny and Bjorn's answer to that particular problem is to make most of the song a hook, and leave the verses to take care of themselves. There's no way you can avoid remembering their stuff after just one play. Which can, of course, be pretty damned annoying.

They use the same technique with the second side opener "Move On", which begins with a gruff recitation in the tradition of Wink Martindale's "Pack of Cards", but quickly resolves itself into the classic relentless format.

Never mind the fact that the lyrics are brainless cosmic philosophy: *"If I explore the heavens/Or if I search inside/It really doesn't matter/As long as I/Can tell myself/I've always tried."* The 12-line chorus, means that you get the hook repeated six times every time they sing it, so another potential hit's there.

The song that will appeal most to the housewives is "One Man One Woman". Its sentiments are just the job for helping them through the ironing: *"One man one woman/One life to live together/One chance to take that never/Comes back again."* You better get used to those words. Chances are that you'll be hearing a lot of them over the next few months.

Future hits apart, this album could turn out to be Abba's least satisfactory. If you're unimpressed by their music so far, you won't be converted by this collection. And if you're really into Euro-pop jingles, you're liable to feel short-changed by the company's new marketing policy.

Bob Edmands

PETER STRAKER
This One's On Me (EMI)

PRODUCED BY Roy Thomas Baker and Freddie Mercury. Say no more. A Cheapo Cheapo version of The Peter Straker Band trying to sound like Queen. It doesn't quite come off. Straight singer gone very wrong.

Refer to side one, track one, "Ada". *"Ada all de call me call ada all de call me call ada of all de call me call ada de gal wouldn' 'peak at all".* All in 36 seconds. Help — someone call The Royal Society for the Protection of NME Reporters. The worst I've heard in ages.

Best track on the album is "Ragtime Piano Joe", complete with tinkling vaudeville piano. chorus line and dancing feet. Nice sing-along stuff. Most unbelieveable number is "Alabama Song", featuring Straker singing big, butch lyrics in a Tiny Tim voice.

Straker drones on about penguins for two numbers on side two. Drones on about a hell of a lot of other things too.

"This One's On Me"? Good, you can keep it.

Bev Briggs

NO FUN IN A FOUR QUID ALBUM

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town (Warner Brothers).

PERHAPS I'm demanding too much from Emmylou Harris, but the unease I felt on hearing her last album "Luxury Liner" is confirmed by this latest offering from contemporary country music's first lady.

Oh sure she's no longer content to re-work the Gram Parsons' song book. Nothing wrong with that, seeing as how Ms Harris's versions of those great Parsons' songs have invariably been as good as the originals, a fact that's helped get the luckless Parsons' work over to a wider audience. There isn't one Parsons' number on "Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town". Neither did she allow her covering of Beatle songs to become a formula, but her sad employment of what is overall an identical approach is beginning to wear thin.

On "Pieces Of The Sky" and its successor, the fine "Elite Hotel", the grace of the arrangements and the effortless perfection of her back-up musicians (they weren't putting anyone on when they dubbed themselves The Hot Band) fused together with Emmylou's singing to create a flawless immaculate whole — give or take the odd song which just didn't come off.

But here Emmylou and her cohorts have become too damn tasteful. The musicians on the album are substantially the same as before with The Hot Band augmented by familiar names like Mickey Raphael (harmonica), Dianne Brooks and Fayssoux Starling (vocals) and "strangers" Rick Danko (fiddle and vocal) and Garth Hudson (accordion and sax); former Hot Band member James Burton puts in his ten cents worth on three cuts (no exceptional licks, Presley fans).

Naturally they play with all the economy and restraint befitting their role and status. Only trouble that is this time round their restraint comes on more like listlessness and; a lack of energy pervades "Quarter Moon".

The terrain of "Quarter Moon" is singularly flat. Despite several attempts at pepping up with numbers like her hit single Chuck Berry cover "You Never Can Tell", only a Rodney Cowell collaboration "Leaving Louisiana In The Broad Daylight" successfully heats the beat.

Even then, I find myself longing for someone to inject a bit of sweat into the number. The highly touted Donald McClinton supplies another up-tempo number in "Two More Bottles Of Wine", a dull song, given a far too polite reading. And as Emmylou and her colleagues have proved on numerous occasions in the past, it's not impossible to attain perfection without losing a sense of passion and verve in the process.

The arrangements are becoming far too obvious — a little more experimentation would go down a treat. All right, so Garth Hudson blows just a whiff of cheeky sax on the closing "Burn That Candle", a slight, inconsequential song, but he doesn't so much leave you wanting more as wondering why he bothered.

"One Paper Kid" is the only cut that really does a lot for me. Its simplicity is beguiling with just the singer's acoustic guitar and Raphael's harp accompanying Emmylou and Willie Nelson on the plaintive melody.

"But Steve, I thought you understood . . ."

Otherwise, with the exception of Jesse Winchester's endearingly naive "Defying Gravity" and Dolly Parton's guileless "To Daddy", the material is run-of-the-mill. That said, nothing on the album stands out with the force of say, "Pancho And Lefty" from "Luxury Liner".

Time for a change of heart, Emmylou.

Steve Clarke

Keith Hudson, dressed in three piece suit an' t'ing ready for Vernon's Yard rockers experiment.

(Quite simply)

A Better Brand Of Dub

KEITH HUDSON
Brand (Brand)

YOU MAY recall reading, a couple of years ago, an *NME* recommendation of Keith Hudson's "Pick A Dub" LP, on the now sadly defunct Atra label.

I remember heartily endorsing the reviewer's critique at the time; in the dub idiom, 'Udson's set had rarely been surpassed. Indeed, "Pick A Dub" remains a model of the genre, retaining its rhythmic edge over alternative productions' excessive electronic gimmickry.

Following a brief engagement as a participant in the Vernon's Yard rockers experiment — and the resultant, curious "Too Expensive" disaster — 'Udson has returned with "Brand" to dub production once more — rediscovering all sense of direction in the process.

Public consent has extolled Joe Gibbs' "African Dub Chapter Three" album, a record of enormous success and the prime dub accolade of the past twelve months, but *a true them no know and t'ing*, as the two maidens said to misguided gentlemen who imagined they came from Cosmo Spring. *(He means Althea and Donna — Ed.)*

But whereas Errol T at the consol via "African Dub" assaults his listeners with a battery of psychedelic shock attacks and doubtless succeeds in creating delightful fodder for stoned palsy, Keith Hudson's eminent control on the "Brand" mix is far more satisfying music. He simply strips the instruments to their skeletal bass and drum essentials, tossing in the occasional echo to keep things interesting.

The result is puissant, basic rock that loses neither sight nor sound in maintaining its steppin' melody — as opposed to the frenzied onrush of mutant militancy in current vogue.

Hudson's sometimes uncomfortable voice is at its most impressive in this projection. As the rhythm guitar reverbs *like a clappers* and Sly drives the drums to a climax of cymbal exclamations, Keith interjects a series of eerie pronouncements.

The set's highlight is "Rasta Took The Blame".

Also of merit are "Musicology", "Rasta Country", "Red Eye" and "Barbican Heights".

In toto, an extraordinary good dub excursion, and one I'd have no hesitation in recommending. Go deh like a teggereg. **Penny Reel**

MARTHA REEVES
The Rest Of My Life (Arista)

YET ANOTHER '60s soul veteran struggles to come to terms with '70's soul conciousness.

Poor old Martha Reeves. Though hers was never a spectacular vocal talent, given the right circumstances she could slice the ice. Over the period '63-'67 she had eleven US top ten hits, including such stone gems as 'Heatwave" and "Dancin' In The Street."

Like most Tamla artists though, her success was nine-tenths dependent on writing and production teams. Thus once abandoned by Holland-Dozier-Holland the end was in sight. Martha and the Vandellas soldiered on until '73, Martha made a forgettable album for MCA in '74 and a year later released a version of Jackie Wilson's "Higher And Higher" on Arista which kicks off this, her first album, for the label.

As before she is almost entirely dependent on her writers and producers (Bert DeCoteaux, Tony Camillo and General Johnson) and — to judge from the creative direction chosen — this is not an enviable position. Martha sings bravely through a selection of Aretha Franklin type ballads and updated evocations of her old Tamla triumphs.

The material is uniformly flavourless and insipid, weak alongside the choice of such strong songs as "Higher and Higher" and an uptempo reading of Spector's "You've Lost That Lovin Feeling".

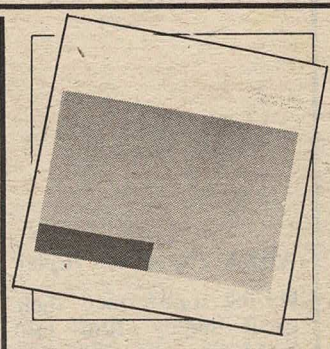
The Tamla-esque stuff lacks the precise attention to three-minute form and excitement of the real thing and the rhythm tends to disco stumble rather than swing hard. The kindest thing I can say about the ballads is that Martha is no Aretha, but she's no worse than Gladys Knight.

The rather awkward compromise between her history and the current market place offered here seems not so much an attempt to teach an old dog new tricks as one to simply modernise old licks. A recent news item informed that she's now on the Fantasy label; hopefully they've got a better idea.

Paul Rambali

COLLIN WALCOTT
Grazing Dreams (ECM)

A MUSICAL fusion involving trumpet, guitar and, er, sitar may seem as likely to engender a satisfactory resolution as would a tete-a-tete between Fiona Richmond and Mary Whitehouse over cucumber sandwiches, but the fact is



Collin Walcott's second solo album is a joyous tour-de-force, a remarkable amalgam of Western and Eastern sensibilities.

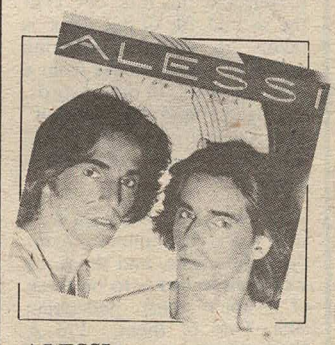
Actually, it's not so much Eastern influence as Ancient, since "Grazing Dreams" sounds as South American as it does Indian, thanks largely to ex-Weather Report percussionist Dom Um Romao's contribution and Don Cherry's delicate forays on wood flute.

Side one is taken up by "Changeless Faith", a 25-minute work in four parts, real movie-of-the-mind music which demands and deserves the listener's total attention. Opening with the mistily haunting "Song of the Morrow" (wherein Cherry's more familiar work on trumpet is deeply felt), it moves through the frenetic sitar/guitar interplay of "Gold Sun" and the eerily discordant "Swarm" (like Penderecki with a hangover), with Cherry's abrasive trumpet again the dominant force.

Propulsion is supplied throughout by Palle Danielsson's acoustic bass. Developing naturally out of "Swarm", the group improvisation, "Mountain Morning" is richly melancholic and, at 1.56, an entirely apt coda.

A rewarding experience, and resonant enough to make one reluctant to turn over the record. Just as well, since side two is in no way as intriguing. The elegiac mood is continued with "Jewel Ornament", but thereafter the music tends to be merely plain lugubrious. Shame.

Monty Smith



ALESSI
All For A Reason (A&M)

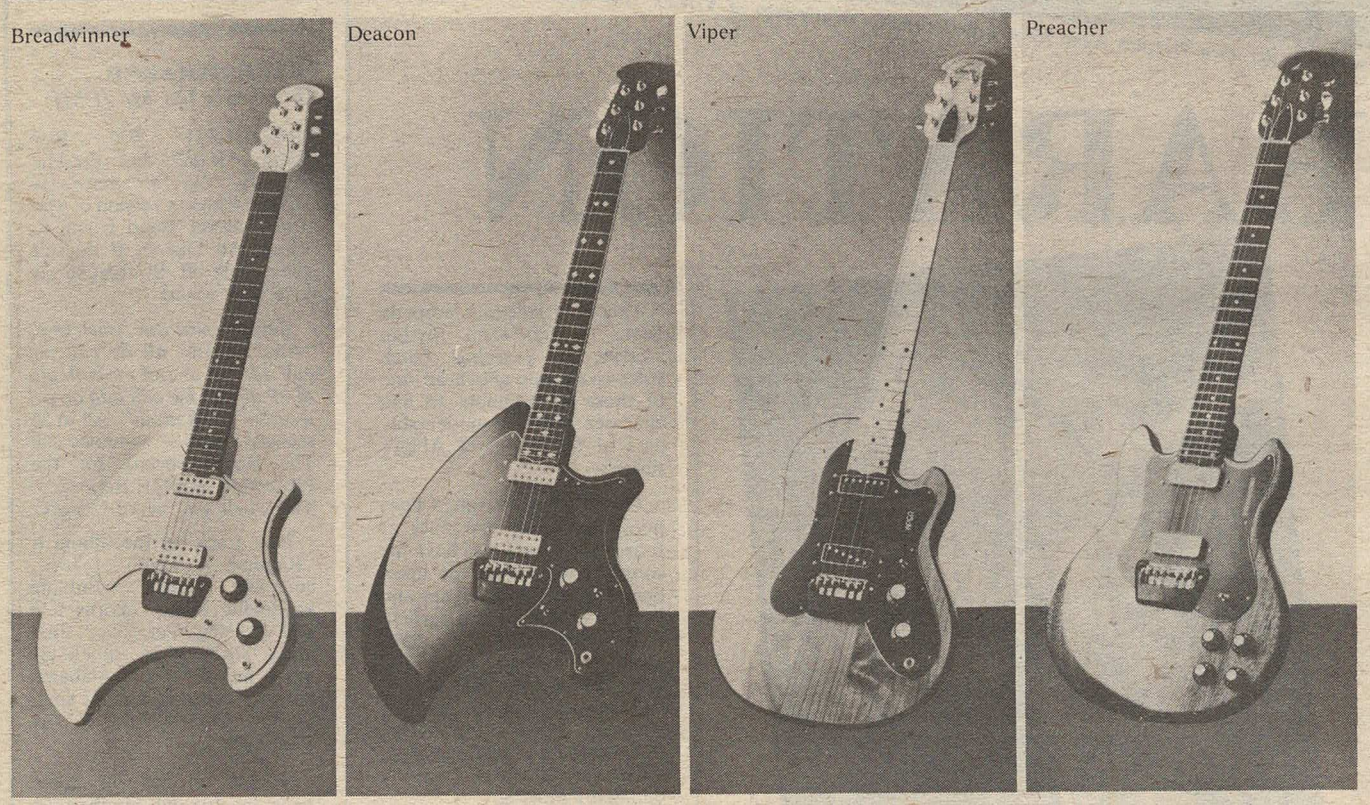
THIS RECORD epitomises (be the flesh HM, punk or disco, the spirit is unwillingly the same) the kind of record that leads me to believe I'd be as happy writing for a wallpaper catalogue . . . the textures, patterns, colours I could evoke — the entertainment!

For sure, there is none here. All you get is twin pretty boys, bland, tanned, dewy-eyed, blow-dried and tongue-tied (I wish) who sound more like girls than girls do.

Songs for swinging pseudo-people, recoded at the Hit Factory (oh yeah?), NYC, songs which have titles only so you can tell them apart . . .

You can't tell the bottom from the top . . . which twin has the tonsil? There's a Sound Of Philadelphia type orchestration (if black music still had credibility, it'd be a crafty move.) Mannequin music for people who *think* they know where they're going to ooze along to. Dealing with today's numb kind of love advertisement ideal. "Love To Have Your Love," "Hate To Be In Love." You may as well be in love — or not. Make up to break up, break up to do nothing at all — *nothing at all.* All for a reason? Revenge, posterity, because you're innocent and vain? Ahhh, money. All for nothing.

Julie Burchill



How Ovation took a hint from the 50's

You remember the Bands of the 50's. The sounds they made were exciting, raunchy and alive. But those sounds were heavy with hum and very rough and ready indeed.

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The Ovation Deacon is the beautiful deluxe version of the Breadwinner. And is also available as a twelve-string.

Both the Breadwinner and the Deacon come in a selection of colours – White, Black, Tan, Red. The Deacon is also available in a sunburst finish.

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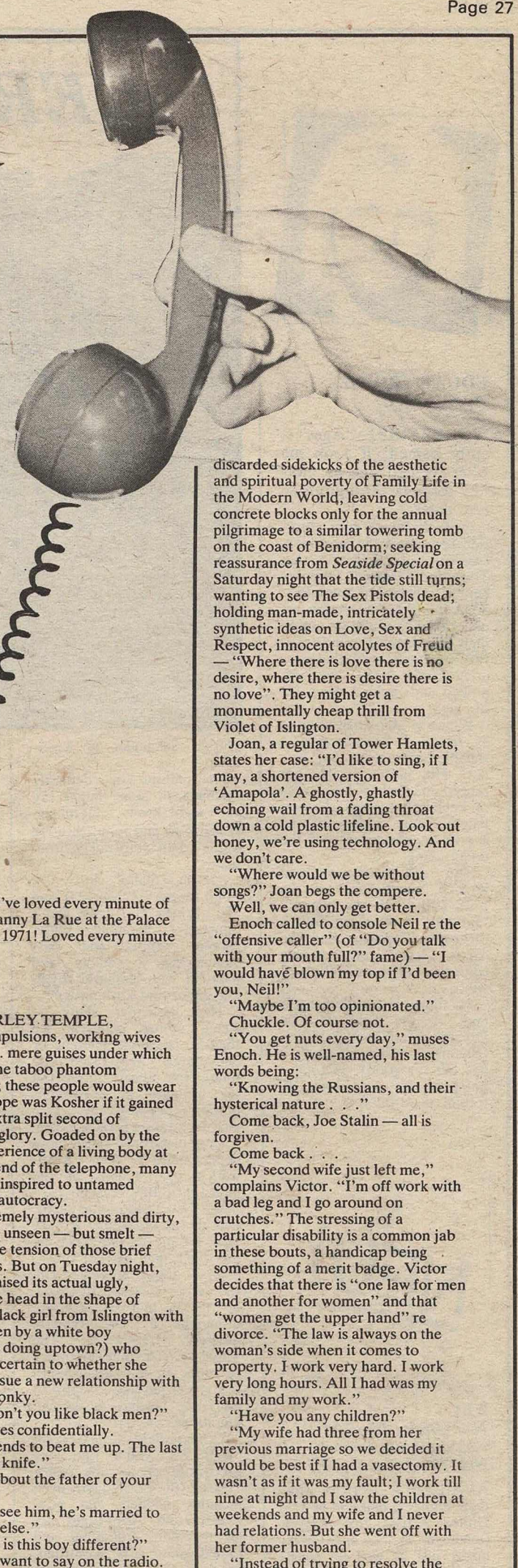


By JULIE BURCHILL

IN THE age of Government-sponsored everything and the light-sleeping TV eye . . . we want you, BIG BROTHER. We want admission of our existence and even fleeting fame, though we find our most potent strength in the anonymity of the Fascist chainmale march, the silent majority, the long-distance loneliness.

The Telephone Talk-In, definitive symbol of Sidestepping 70s non-confrontation. Not the bigoted, specific debates touted by the BBC and various local stations, but the Guignolese Free For All Horrorshows of Capital and LBC where the aim is simply to TALK.

The Great Men hailed it . . . from Orwell to Warhol to Wolfe — 1984 meets 15 minutes of fame for the ME Generation, with their sex shop rubber dolls and hysterical fear of "totalitarianism" countered by an unhealthy interest in personal advancement.

If you want to get ahead, step on someone's face.

I Me Mine; solipsism rules. Tom Wolfe turned his telescope on America, but the ME Mentality creeps with cheeseburgers and muzak into the semi-detached genteel grey of England, unabashed. Its source seems to be defeated idealism, which once bitten turns its twice shy energies inward, channelling all to the inviolate Self.

The reason why unpleasant little wallowings such as Tai Chi, Bio-Energetics, Acupuncture, Rolfing, EST and Gestalt Therapy are beloved of fragmented American hearts is not because of their benefit to country, community or family; they are but self-improvements such as leg-waxing or a poodlecut. Thus beliefs are reduced to commodities, and dehumanisation digs in its nails.

Peter York, exploring Wolfe's ME Mumblings in *Vogue,* recalled his meeting with the East Coast Transcendental Meditation Organiser: "He was young, and pure Wall Street — shortish hair, grey striped suit, Brooks Brothers Oxford shirt. No, he explained, TM had *nothing* to do with religion or politics or George Harrison. Great corporations across the country were putting their executives onto TM simply because it does you good. It has no ideological significance, no aftertaste."

Interesting parallels could here be drawn with that brand of Yankee earache known as "Hip Easy Listening" at present infiltrating all vulnerable punkless airwaves — the insignificance and inoffensiveness of the Modern World, anaesthetising you to the ever-ready dangers. Say it loud, I'm bland and I'm proud.

One of the USA's mouthiest monster-children is the glossy, gluttonous *Cosmopolitan* which sells in lemming-like bulk to girls who believe: "Next month they'll get to *my* problem" — and who could resist these lush flesh feasts of Technicolor self-love and castigation? Not even the staid Brits. That veritable chicken soup of Yankee White Trash, the *How To* books — how to *parlez vous Francais,* fish, fuck — never really caught on here though, education being seen as the responsibility of the State.

Sta Blonde shampoo was another fad peculiar to America, appealing to the Youth Cult desire to revert to a golden youth, as befits the land of Lolita's birth.

Stateside erects no barriers between the psyche and the skin, though the Continental *Moi/Mia* model is principally obsessed with the mirror-image; the French battle valiantly against a form of fat known as *la cellulite* while Italy possesses Princess Pignatelli, she who used to pull out one by one the hairs on her legs with a pair of tweezers.

England pulls at a more reticent rein, our economic leash ever shorter. Unlike America, we are unable to take Consumerism to Stage Three; not Goods, not Services, but Experiences. Stage One is an auto for your sixteenth; Stage Two is a credit card; Stage Three is being a Big ME. The product has been perfected and is therefore free to advertise itself.

But even before renovation takes hold, the basic self-image of Brits and Yanks maybe explains why we have embraced ME with such little fervour. Americans are a breed of facile frontiersmen, seeing themselves as vigilante cavemen who take what they want, and then go about guarding it, courtesy of America's healthy free-enterprise gun-laws. But as the antithesis of A Man's Gotta Do, Englishmen expect Britannia — the hand that rocks the cradle — to do her duty, to provide; NATIONAL Health, SOCIAL Security.

SO WHAT do the American ME Mentality and our pathetic faith in the telephone talk-in BIG BROTHER share? Well, both directly oppose any idea of — OK laugh — Community.

And both the excessive and unhealthy preoccupation with Self on the other side of the water; and our blind quest for a pacifying Daddy are highly dangerous, in that they give The Powers As Such a justification to exercise their Strong-Arms, their Thought Police.

Anyhow, for a taste of our own medicine, in a slow week I turned on the radio to the Modern World to catch LBC's *Nightline,* lasting from nine to one in the morning with blood.

Monday night found Neil Landor laying claim to the treasured title of Daddy The All-Knowing.

The comperes of these contemporary horrorshows are almost invariably sound rather pompous, giving the appearance of limitless knowledge but often (as a deeper probe from the caller will prove) knowing somewhat less.

"Hello, Neil . . . you don't mind if I call you Neil, do you?"

"Well, that's what I'm here for". Chuckle.

"Well, Neil, there's just one thing I want to ask you".

"Yes?"

"Do you talk with your mouth full?"

"Why, no." Chuckle. "Why do you ask?"

"Think about it."

Click.

Bill from Forest Hill began by dissecting working wives and ended up insisting that Shirley Temple had been exploited, while Golders Green regular Constance shrieked: "I just called to say I've seen *Godspell* 14 times and I've loved every minute of it! I saw Danny La Rue at the Palace 40 times in 1971! Loved every minute of it!"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, compulsions, working wives . . . mere guises under which to flaunt the taboo phantom alienation; these people would swear that the Pope was Kosher if it gained them an extra split second of desperate glory. Goaded on by the heady experience of a living body at the other end of the telephone, many callers are inspired to untamed heights of autocracy.

So supremely mysterious and dirty, SEX seeps unseen — but smelt — through the tension of those brief encounters. But on Tuesday night, the flesh raised its actual ugly, undeniable head in the shape of Violet, a black girl from Islington with two children by a white boy (whatchoo doing uptown?) who seemed uncertain to whether she should pursue a new relationship with a certain honky.

"Why don't you like black men?" Neil inquires confidentially.

"They tends to beat me up. The last one used a knife."

"What about the father of your children?"

"I don't see him, he's married to somebody else."

"So why is this boy different?"

"I don't want to say on the radio. It's a personal thing. What I want to know is if Englishmen are better than coloured men. You're an Englishman, aren't you?" After several minutes, Neil's embarrassed discourse mutates into a decision that, "It's up to the Individual." Surprise, surprise.

"Another thing — sex". Valiant Violet. "It can change a person."

"It shouldn't *dominate* a relationship."

"But it does!"

"What, for you? Sex is the predominant feature of all your relationships? Sex is indispensable to you, is it?"

A resigned whine. "Yes".

"But as soon as the man is bored with you, there's nothing left to keep you together!"

"But I love this man! He's an electrician, he's been round my house four times!"

"Well, Violet, you seem to me like a very isolated type of person! My advice to you is to go out and meet people! Bye!"

THE ISOLATION of the misplaced Joan Of Arcs and Travis Bickles; the unhealthy one, recognised or dormant. The discarded sidekicks of the aesthetic and spiritual poverty of Family Life in the Modern World, leaving cold concrete blocks only for the annual pilgrimage to a similar towering tomb on the coast of Benidorm; seeking reassurance from *Seaside Special* on a Saturday night that the tide still turns; wanting to see The Sex Pistols dead; holding man-made, intricately synthetic ideas on Love, Sex and Respect, innocent acolytes of Freud — "Where there is love there is no desire, where there is desire there is no love". They might get a monumentally cheap thrill from Violet of Islington.

Joan, a regular of Tower Hamlets, states her case: "I'd like to sing, if I may, a shortened version of 'Amapola'. A ghostly, ghastly echoing wail from a fading throat down a cold plastic lifeline. Look out honey, we're using technology. And we don't care.

"Where would we be without songs?" Joan begs the compere.

Well, we can only get better.

Enoch called to console Neil re the "offensive caller" (of "Do you talk with your mouth full?" fame) — "I would have blown my top if I'd been you, Neil!"

"Maybe I'm too opinionated."

Chuckle. Of course not.

"You get nuts every day," muses Enoch. He is well-named, his last words being:

"Knowing the Russians, and their hysterical nature . . ."

Come back, Joe Stalin — all is forgiven.

Come back . . .

"My second wife just left me," complains Victor. "I'm off work with a bad leg and I go around on crutches." The stressing of a particular disability is a common jab in these bouts, a handicap being something of a merit badge. Victor decides that there is "one law for men and another for women" and that "women get the upper hand" re divorce. "The law is always on the woman's side when it comes to property. I work very hard. I work very long hours. All I had was my family and my work."

"Have you any children?"

"My wife had three from her previous marriage so we decided it would be best if I had a vasectomy. It wasn't as if it was my fault; I work till nine at night and I saw the children at weekends and my wife and I never had relations. But she went off with her former husband.

"Instead of trying to resolve the problem with a marriage-guidance counsellor . . ." Get the neat Government-sanctioned buck-passing.

"She refused to see a marriage-guidance counsellor because she said she saw one before and all he did was chat her up."

"Ah, but we have only *her* word for that."

One can imagine the Universal Boys' Club murmur in resentful assent. A Good Man and a Bad Woman . . . ain't that always the case? As though in counter-attack, an ad for Fellini's *Casanova* splits the silence, and the one o'clock news crows that a woman in Wales has been killed on an unmanned crossing by the London to Holyhead train. Flesh trashed by technology and a gentle touch of unnecessary cruelty — "She was on her way for a stroll with her husband and children."

I missed out on the Wednesday *Nightline* for the less lonely purgatory of the Roxy Club, but Thursday night found me spellbound to the remarkably humane Nick Page, to whom a human called Ken complained: "I've got a beef. People should stop ringing up *Nightline* to sing. If they want music they should switch on their music box or turn to another channel. No disrespect to

■ *continues p.41*

GERMANY CALLING (Pt. 289)

EDGAR FROESE
Ages (Virgin)

WORST FIRST. "Ages" is aptly named; it took me what seemed like an eternity to work through these four sides.

Froese's fourth solo excursion epitomises the most inexcusable self-indulgence that Tangerine Dream's latterday bent is capable of generating. Almost without exception, its nine pieces are built on numbingly predictable synthesiser riffs repeated until the cows aren't only home but also milked and bedded down for the night.

Which wouldn't matter quite as much if Froese were a capable improviser, but he's not. His guitar inserts are ragged and cliched, his choices of keyboard tunings glib and baleful, only adding to the overall lugubriousness of the undertaking.

The self-importance and implied 'significance' of the titles ("Era Of The Slaves", "Pizarro And Atahuallpa", "Icarus", "Golgotha And The Circle Closes", etc.) merely compound their musical irrelevance.

In short, a veritable nadir and, in the light of The Dream's recent line-up shuffles (Baumann — sensible chap — has left for good), as good a point as any for Froese to rethink drastically.

NEU
Neu (Brahn Import)
Neu 2 (Brahn Import)
Neu 75 (Brahn Import)

AVAILABLE AGAIN after their untimely deletion by UK United Artists, this triptych (made in '71, '73 and '74/75) might just as well be considered as new — mainly since neu is German for 'new' (ha ha).

No really, the sober fact is that Neu's output predates much of the so-called new music(k). Neu themselves, two multi-instrumentalists by name of Michael Rother and Klaus Dinger, worked out of Dusseldorf, a locale deep in the Ruhr valley heartland and now celebrated for another pair of favourite sons, Ralf Hutter and Florian Schneider of Kraftwerk.

Neu music was defiantly mechanised, some might say an archetypally Germanic reaction to and rationalisation of the urban industrial environment.

"Hallo Gallo" ("Neu"), "Fur Immer" ("Neu 2") and "Isi" ("Neu 75") typify Neu's oppressive mainline: tense, robotic drums and bass yammering immutably and overlaid with similarly rhythmic guitar and keyboards.

This particular shunt of Neu's swung between the slightly, ironically melodic or deliberately neutralised (no tune). I've always thought it *the* ultimate in Metropolis music, paradoxically (the instrumentation is mostly electric not electronic) much more depersonalised than Kraftwerk's own visions of the industrial future-present.

But Neu sowed other seeds. On side two of "Neu 2" Rother tapes his ancient stereo playing the duo's then current single, bumps, jumps, scratches and all, before repeated 'versions' of the A and B sides are dismembered by cassette recorder treatments. The whole exercise (now very much in vogue among 'modernists') is a grotesque joke — musical mutation hinting at human mutations.

Farther afield, on side two of "Neu 75" you'll find two precocious proto-punk gems. "Hero" (the garbled lyric even includes a line *"no more heroes"*) and "After Eight" are all meccano drumming and flailed guitar riffs. Recorded, remember, in '75, both tracks could easily pass as any *neu* (sic) wave band's next single.

Hear Neu to believe them. Their albums made some sense when first released, but make much more now.

CLUSTER & ENO
Cluster & Eno (Sky Import)

PUZZLING PAIRING of Messrs Moebius and Roedelius with The Cybernetic One. Why puzzling? Because in large part so unremarkable.

I'm tempted to conclude that Cluster and Eno's respective approaches to the creation of muted tone poetry are in effect so similar that neither party had anything fresh or positive to add to the other's designs.

Be that as it may, "Cluster & Eno" is easy on the ear, in places pretty and pastoral. Electronic painting by numbers. Some sketches fail miserably — the mock Indian "One", for instance. Others work well within their limits.

The single really outstanding piece is "Ho Renomo", bolstered by onetime Can member Holger Czukay, who adds upright bass, vocals and other 'effects' to an ethereal melody stated by Eno's piano. Beatifically simple, but it holds.

Cluster & Eno have apparently prepared another album, in which case I hope Czukay — here a strong catalyst — has more to do with the end results.

Popol Vuh's Fichelscher und Fricke

In Berlin, by The Wall, Albums are stacked six feet tall

(And David Bowie ain't there at all)

MICHAEL ROTHER
Flammende Herzen
(Sky Import)

DISCO DIVERGENT, in a manner of speaking.

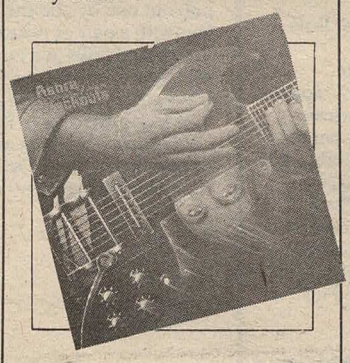
Rother's solo debut is markedly restrained. Four of the five pieces are positively hummable, their melodies anything but minimal.

Neu had a habit of using guest drummers, but rarely with the success of Rother's choice for "Flammende Herzen" (flaming hearts), Can's Jackie Liebezeit. The latter's inimitable ability to cycle (circle) endlessly yet variously around any given rhythm suits the material to the ground and below.

Rother's main concern here seems to be to extract the most out of his patent *deh-* technique. This entails doubling every note or chord played, giving them their own harmonic sound shadow or doppelganger. At its best, as on the guitar intro to the title track, the effect is hypnotically beautiful, whilst elsewhere it serves to strengthen the already unerring rhythmic charge.

Only the wavering "Feuerland" (fireland) echoes the darker side of Rother's work and only on "Zeni" does Liebezeit break his stride to topple snare beats against Rother's electric piano.

Disco divergent because "Flammende Herzen" is insistent body music quite unlike any other.



ASHRA
Blackouts (Virgin)

A GREAT improvement on the pleasant but otherwise disposable "New Age Of Earth".

"Blackouts" differs from its predecessor in several respects. Most importantly, Manuel Gottsching (Mr Ashra himself) has decided to add "lots of guitar". He's an excellent player, combining the fluidity of a Steve Hillage with the offbeat rhythmic / melodic flair of a Michael Karoli.

As it happens, Karoli lent Gottsching his Stratocaster for some of the sessions — which may or may not explain the hazy, pollenated lyricism of much of "Blackouts", a mood strongly reminiscent of Can's own "Future Days".

The album benefits from careful multiple overdubbing. Thus on "77 Slightly Delayed" and "Midnight On Mars" Gottsching contrasts guitar tones over electronic bass and percussion, proving himself to be as interesting an arranger as he is a soloist.

Unpretentious but innovative, "Blackouts" is welcome, both in the absence of any current Can music and in its own right.

POPOL VUH
Aguirre
(Barclay Ohr Import)
Heart Of Glass
(Barclay Ohr Import)
Einsjager Und Siebenjager
(Barclay Ohr Import)

POPOL VUH was the Mayan Book Of The Dead, is now Florian Fricke (keyboards) and Daniel Fichelscher (guitars and percussion).

Fricke's precise credentials elude me, but Fichelscher might be familiar to some through his work with Amon Duul 2. All of which is straightforward enough — the only problem being that together these two men make music that defies all but the most tentative analysis.

There is however one possible point of access, and that's German film director Werner Herzog, for whose *Aguirre, Wrath Of God* and *Heart Of Glass* Popol Vuh have provided soundtracks.

Much of Herzog's output has been distinctly abstruse, although one central theme prevails, that of the individual (whether he be a Spanish conquistador in the Amazonian rain forests or an unread peasant prophet) in search of ultimate truths. Herzog likes to see himself as something of a medievalist . . .

And so (are you still with me?) it is with Popol Vuh. This is music — for the most part short theme songs — that suggests the craftmanship of wonderment, of emphatic faith (in the Godhead). Stained glass music — devotional, reflective, translucent, almost timeless. Enthralling music made by men enthralled.

Both players are prolific writers. Fricke's piano is generally subdued, yet richly hymnal. Fichelscher is the focal presence. His drumming is rhythmically complex; it has to be, since Popol Vuh have no bassist. His omnipresent guitar chords are startlingly resonant and his solos — well, they're mostly modal, suggesting by turns Turkish, Arabian, Indian and Far Eastern scales, but indelibly cryptic. Whatever Fichelscher's influences, he's ciphered them well.

And somehow Popol Vuh sound so European, so Gothic. More I really can't say. On "Einsjager Und Siebenjager" (lit. one and seven hunters) they add Korean singer Djong Yun, her voice suggesting further allusive mysteries.

Fricke himself ventures into pure electronics from time to time, a throwback to Popol Vuh's previous incarnation as prototype Cosmic Musicians — I suggest you taste the "Aguirre" main theme and a lengthy piece of low tone modulation on the second side of the same album.

So Herzog continues his quest for some root chord of Man's being and Popol Vuh create music that intuitively reflects such a state of mind.

Paradise regained? Sorry to have been so vague, but if ever you need music as food for deep contemplation, then eat here.

Popol Vuh. Part of the trance.

Angus MacKinnon

(All the above imports are available from HMV, Oxford Street and other well tuned stores).

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PARLIAMENT
Funkentelechy vs. The Placebo Syndrome (Casablanca)

"AND IT came to pass that upon his return, Dr Funkenstein did find the planet to have completely lost the beat of Funkentelechy, and had fallen prey to the placebo syndrome spread throughout the galaxy by the infamous Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk. Driven by the genius of desperation, Funkenstein sends Starchild to do battle armed with the greatest invention of all time — the Bop Gun."

Thus threads the Clinton concept of continuity, four albums since the mothership first connected with the dancefloor like an eleventh hour reprieve from approaching disco paroxysm.

All things being equal, "Funkentelechy" should offer the unprepared newcomer and the confirmed clone a fearless blend of free-range inanity and hip-motion motivation — especially after the recent dull live set, which suffered from a spurning of modern recording technique in favour of the tin can and string.

But it doesn't. This is a repeat, with equal enthusiasm but less inspiration, of what has come before. With most artists of any creative stature, such a thing would be a sin and a shame, but with Parliament it's readily forgiveable simply because no-one else can do it like they do, and the field they operate in is so inanimate anyway.

Because whereas others aim to move the ass, George Clinton's brainchildren hit both the ass and the funny bone, working occasionally to stimulate the cranium too; hence "free your ass and your mind will follow".

For those not yet familiar with the Parliafunkadelicment thang in all its many guises, I ought to mention that the obvious inputs are Sly Stone, Zappa and James Brown. Mangled through Clinton's ingenious mind, the output is upfront flanged bass, tape-speed vocal athletics coupled to lyrical bizarreness, liberal sprinklings of Bernie Worrell's synthesiser, and a wholly new approach to the business of getting down.

The unabating weirdness that was once mainly the domain of Funkadelic albums has now achieved full integration with the mothership. Though there's no single delight on the level of "Tear The Roof Off The Sucker" or "Up For The Down Stroke", the now-familiar elements above retain most of their sparkle.

Perusing the accompanying comic for hidden meaning — is the placebo syndrome disco monotony? Is Sir Nose a coke dealer? — I found a discreet signpost. "Don't take it seriously", it read. Indeed the message on "Funkentelechy" is the same one Parliament have always preached: funk *is* its own reward.

Like Clinton says, "the bigger the headache, the bigger the pill — call me the big pill". If you've got a disco headache you know who'll cure your ill, and I'm happy to give him at least one more crack at making an even bigger pill. I have a feeling we're going to need it.

Paul Rambali

Parliament: The House of Lords was never like this.

Clinton's Clones Hit Ass & Funny Bone

RALPH TOWNER/SOLSTICE
Sound And Shadows (ECM)

LAST YEAR'S "Solstice" album — quite possibly Towner's best — was all that its line-up suggested it should be. Unfortunately, the collective chemistry of Towner (guitars, piano, etc.), Jan Garbarek (saxes), Eberhard Weber (bass) and Jon Christensen (drums) hasn't clicked the second time around: "Sound And Shadows" is almost as short of inspiration as its predecessor was full.

In terms of textural breadth, it flops rather limply. Nowhere on "Sound And Shadow" is there anything with say, the vitality of the predecessor's "Piscean Dance"; the majority of the tunes here, after several plays, are quite facelessly interchangeable and lacklustre.

The one exception, "Song Of The Shadows", only serves to emphasise the starkness of the rest of the set.

A sadly dispiriting album which only proves that even the cream can't come up trumps *all* the time. Interested neophytes and would-be guitar aces should check out Towner's "Solstice" and "Diary" before this.

Andy Gill

IMPORTS

FACTORY, A French outfit comprising Yves Matrat (vocals), Denis Fusi (guitars), Lahmi "Puce" Sairi (guitars), Fourmi (bass) and Baps (drums) have already enjoyed a Warhols-worth of fame in *NME* via a singles review which suggested a few lay-offs might do the world of good for these particular workers.

But undeterred, they're back again with "Black Stamp" (Cobra), an album which proves that if Factory still haven't discovered quality control, they're okay on productivity when it comes to heavy metal fused with a modicum of new wave and even a little funk — just in case.

Though there have been few arrivals from the States, due to the Christmas and New Year holidays, such albums as **The Stylistics'** Wonder Woman" (H & L), **Timmy Thomas'** "Life Is Just A Carnival" (Glades) and **Meco's** "Encounters Of Every Kind" (Casablanca) have filtered through, the last named proving that whatever Meco Monardo did with John Williams' *"Star Wars"* theme, he can now repeat with that composer's theme to *Close Encounters Of A Third Kind.*

While **Manu Dibango's** "Afrovision" (Fiesta) album and its 12" single offshoot, "Big Blow", have been among the week's heaviest sellers, it's been the latest batch of arrivals from Japan that have provided the first chuckles of '78, thanks mainly to "Rock'n'Roll — Original Collections", a six volume series marketed by CBS-Sony. For though Vol.6 contains some quite palatable items by **The Buckinghams, The Cyrkle, The Raiders** and suchlike, it also features Lynn Anderson's "Rose Garden"; while Vol.4 matches **Link Wray** and **Carl Perkins** alongside such "rockers" as Eydie Gorme and Johnny Mathis; and Vol.2 is surely destined for a place in rock history thanks to the inclusion of **Rolf Harris'** "Tie Me Kangeroo Down, Sport", a piece of Aussie punkery that predates The Saints by some 17 years!

Not to be outdone in incompetence, MCA Nippon have released a rival "Great Rock And Rollers" series, which includes classics of the genre by Joe Harnell, an MOR pianist who once had a hit with "Fly Me To The Moon"; Don Cornell, a dance band singer of the '40s; and The Simon Sisters, a folk duo that once played the Bitter End with some frequency, before one half of the act went on to achieve fame as sock-mender-in-chief to James Taylor.

But I guess anything can happen in a land where **The Ventures** sell faster than cut-price sake, a fact of which I'm reminded by the arrival of "Rock'n'Roll Graffiti" (UA), a double-album spotlighting the band's greatest hits.

Finally a mention for "Tetsu" (Blow Up), an album by Japanese bassist **Tetsu Yamauchi** of Free and Faces fame. But no more than a mention — for though I haven't heard the disc, the listed lyrics would appear to be vying with those of The Ramones for minimalistic supremacy, one particular example being *"Baby Blue/Or is that blue is you?/Blue is the sky/And the colour of my eyes/Blue is how I cry/Oh, Baby blue."*

Kami-kaze anyone?

Fred Dellar

SHAM 69

THE LISTENER KNOWS
'THERE'S GONNA BE A BORSTAL BREAK OUT' & 'HEY LITTLE RICH BOY'
NEW SINGLE FROM SHAM 69

THE DAMNED, whose Dave Vanian is pictured above in glorious monochrome, have been fairly quiet gig-wise for a few weeks. But they get back into the swim of things with a near-London date at Croydon on Sunday, with more to follow very shortly.

ADVERTISING are doing the rounds in January with gigs this week in London (Thursday and Saturday), Brighton (Friday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday), in spite of leg injuries sustained recently by the band's Simon Boswell.

MARTHA REEVES and the Vandellas return to Britain for a series of club, concert and cabaret dates. They open in Dublin with a week's engagement starting on Sunday, but three weeks of bookings on the mainland follow immediately afterwards.

JIM CAPALDI, the former Traffic drummer, sets out on a major tour this week with his band The Contenders. First ports of call are at Newcastle (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Plymouth (Monday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Bournemouth (Wednesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: BOB STEWART
BARROW Maxim's Disco: JENNY DARREN / SATAN'S RATS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: TRAPEZE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
COVENTRY Lancheser Polytechnic: GENO WASHINGTON BAND / THE PIRATES
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Mr. George's: MOTORHEAD
DUBLIN Trinity College: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
EXETER Groucho's: THE CHOPPERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SORE THROAT
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: SHAM 69
LEICESTER Coalville Blooblo's: STEEL PULSE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: S.A.L.T.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FRANKENSTEIN/STARJETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SHOPLIFTERS
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Charlie Chaplin: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STILETTO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MERGER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON Marquee Club: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BLACK SLATE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SUNSTROKE
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: TOM CHASE & GARY BALDWIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LUTON Royal Hotel: SNATCHBACK
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: THE RICH KIDS / THE ACCELERATORS
MONMOUTH Whie Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: NAT RUST
OXFORD Corn Dolly: TIGER LILY
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
ROTHERHAM Windmill Club: THE STUKAS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: DAWNWEAVER
TREFOREST Non-Political Club: SNATCH
WESTERHAM The Grasshopper: FRACTURE

Friday

ABERDEEN University: THE ENID
ABERYSTWYTH University: OSIBISA
ABINGDON Youth & Community Centre: THE FLEX
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: VESUVIUS
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: THE PIRATES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RICH KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Ocean Bar: TRAPEZE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: SEAN CANNON
BRIGHTON New Regency: ADVERTISING
CHASE TERRACE The Troubador: FORCE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: THE LATE SHOW
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: BUNTER
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: THERAPY
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BUSTER JAMES BAND
HARROW College of Technology: CADO BELLE/SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: TATUM
HORNCHURCH The Bull: GYGAFO
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE DOLL/SHAM 69
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ROBIN GARSIDE & PAUL GOUGH
LAMPETER St. David's University: KRAKATOA
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER University: THE LURKERS/REACTION
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WINDOW/TRADER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON Central Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
LONDON City University: VERDEN ALLEN 7/THE OUTSIDERS
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: LANDSCAPE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BRAKES
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: RUPERT'S "TRIBUTE TO ELVIS" SHOW/THE MOJOS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STILETTO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON SE1 Southbank Polytechnic: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON W1 Middlesex Hospital Medical School: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS/CONTEMPT
LONDON W14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: BULLET
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: VENOM
ORMSKIRK Edge Hill College: STEEL PULSE
OXFORD Westminster College: THE PLEASERS
READING The Merry Maiden: SOUL DIRECTION
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
STAPENHILL Barley Mow: ARMPIT JUG BAND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: STADIUM DOGS
SWANSEA Cape Horner: SLEEVER
THORNBURY Armstrong Hall: CREPES'N'DRAPES
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: MOTORHEAD
WATFORD Cassio College: DESPERATE STRAITS
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: STRANGEWAYS

Saturday

BICESTER Nowhere Club: TIGER LILY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RICH KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MATTHEWS BROTHERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STORMRIDER
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM University: HOOKER
BLACKPOOL Poulton College: DAWNWEAVER
BOLTON Institute of Technology: STRETCH
BRISTOL Granary: JENNY DARREN / SATAN'S RATS
BRADFORD University: THE PIRATES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE SOFT BOYS
BROMSGROVE North Worcs. College: MUSCLES
CARSHALTON St. Helier's Arms: VERNON & THE G.I.s.
COVENTRY Mr. George's: THE LURKERS / REACTION
CROWBOROUGH Conservative Club: SUNSTROKE
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: THE ENID
EXETER University: ALBION BAND / PETE ATKIN / JOHN JAMES
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: AMAZORBLADES
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SON OF A BITCH
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEICESTER Polytechnic: OSIBISA
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: NO DICE
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LIVERPOOL Swinging Apple: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PLEASERS / SLIPSTREAM
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELEMACQUE
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SHAZAM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: MARMALADE / BILLIE DAVIS
LONDON ISLINGTON City Arms: GYGAFO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FLYING ACES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BLACK SLATE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE STUKAS / THE LATE SHOW
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: NIC JONES
LONDON SOUTHALL Hamborough Tavern: J.J. JAMESON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE CASUAL BAND
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: TATUM
MILTON KEYNES The Netherfield: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NORWICH Keswick Hall College of Further Education: VESUVIUS
PETERBOROUGH Wirrana Stadium: BUSTER JAMES BAND
READING Bulmershe College: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / SHAM 69
SNODLAND the Bull: VENOM
SOUTHAMPTON Saints: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
TORQUAY 400 Club: SOUL DIRECTION
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: BOB STEWART
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: TATUM
BARROW Civic Hall: THE STU STEVENS SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
CROYDON Greyhound: THE DAMNED
DUBLIN Chariot Inn: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS (for a week)
HATFIELD The Forum: OSIBISA
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: LIP SERVICE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: X-RAY SPEX / BLACK SLATE / DEAD FINGERS TALK / SADISTA SISTERS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington : DICK MORRISSEY BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: GYGAFO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: KRYPTON TUNES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS / THE BRAKES
LONDON Marquee Club: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MAX COLLIE'S RHYTHM ACES
LONDON W.1 Portman Hotel: KATHY STOBART TRIO / MARION WILLIAMS
NEWCASTLE Gulbenkian Theatre: BRIDGES BAND / IPSO FACTO
NORWICH Theatre Royal: MARY O'HARA
READING Target Club: TIGER LILY
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: NO DICE
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: TERRY WEBSTER (for a week)
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: BLITZKRIEG BOP

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: DIANE SOLOMON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE NOW
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: THE ENID
BRISTOL Stone House Club: BRENTFORD AND THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
DURHAM College: RENO
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: STEEL PULSE
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
FARNHAM The Maltings: THE PIRATES
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE LURKERS/ THE DOLL/JOHNHY G
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: BACKLASH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRADER/GYPSY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: ROBIN GARSIDE AND PAUL GOUGH
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TONIGHT/RUMBLESTRIPS
LONDON Marquee Club: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PETER SARSTEDT
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: CLAUDE FRANCOIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON STRAND Ripples: SOUL DIRECTION
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: STADIUM DOGS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: POWER POP
PLYMOUTH Castaways: JIM CAPALDI AND THE CONTENDERS
REDDITCH Tracey's: VENOM

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ADVERTISING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Cedar Club: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: DIANE SOLOMON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: JAKE THACKRAY / JEREMY TAYLOR
DONCASTER College of Education: KRAKATOA
GLASGOW Tiffany's: STEEL PULSE / THE BACKSTABBERS
KEIGHLEY Nikkers Club: RICH KIDS
LONDON CAMBERWELL St. Gabriel's College: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: FALLEN ANGELS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE LURKERS / THE MAJORS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS / GARENT WATKINS / THE BLIMPS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE ACTORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: STEPPIN' OUT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GRAND HOTEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
SEABURN Imperial Hotel: RENO

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: DIANE SOLOMON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JIM CAPALDI AND THE CONTENDERS
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: EATER/THE CRABS/THE MONOTONES
CARLISLE Queens Head: RENO
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: BRUCE LACEY (lunchtime)/IVOR CUTLER (evening)
DONCASTER Yarborough Club: SON OF A BITCH
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: THE LATE SHOW
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
ILFORD Oscar's: WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LEEDS Trinity and All Saints College: GARBO AND THE CELLULOID HEROES
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: CHARGE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JENNY DARREN / SATAN'S RATS
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: J J JAMESON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FLYING ACES
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: BACKLASH
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: KRYPTON TUNES/THE BRAKES
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: CLIFF AUNGIER AND GREIG'S SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: SUNSTROKE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: BLACK SLATE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: URCHIN
LONDON TWICKENHAM St Mary's College: NO DICE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE CASUAL BAND
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: BETHNAL
OLDHAM Tower Club: RICH KIDS
READING Byron's Club: POWER POP
READING University: GONZALEZ
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: OSIBISA/KRAKATOA
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWANSEA D.V. L.C.: JON BETMEAD
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: ADVERTISING

ROCK ON THE BOX

- BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday comes from Glasgow and features **Gallagher and Lyle** and **Cado Belle.**
- "Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio 1, Saturday) showcases **Colosseum II** and **Richard Digance.** This is the show originally planned for last Saturday, but postponed at short notice to make way for a four-hour opera.
- **The Banned** and **Berni Flint** are in Tuesday's "Get It Together" on the ITV network.
- Otherwise it's a bleak week for rock, unless you fancy **Osibisa** in "Crackerjack" (BBC-1 Friday).

POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET
Friday 13th January at 8 pm
POWER POP SPECIAL
THE STUKAS
+
THE BOYFRIENDS
Admission 75p

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE·25
81 PENGE ROAD, SE25 778 6831
Friday January 13th REBEL
Disco Every Sunday
Saturday January 14th UNORFADOX

ALTERNATIVE ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENT
SIOUXSIE
& THE BANSHEES
+ THE SODS + PETE THE MEAT + SOUNDS
Saturday, January 14th at the
TRIAD, SOUTH STREET, BISHOPS STORTFORD
February 1st: MOTORHEAD

NIKKERS CLUB
59 CAVENDISH STREET, KEIGHLEY 602822
NEW WAVE ● PUNK
CONCERTS EVERY TUES. FROM JAN. 17th
TUES., JAN. 17th. 8pm to 1am
RICH KIDS
(ex-SEX PISTOL GLEN MATLOCK'S NEW BAND)
BANDS APPEARING SOON:—
RADIATORS FROM SPACE, THE BOYS, REZILLOS

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Jan 12th 75p MERGER	Monday Jan 16th 75p THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
Friday Jan 13th 75p STILLETTO	Tuesday Jan 17th 75p CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
Saturday Jan 14th £1.00 THE FLYING ACES	Wednesday Jan 18th 60p KRYPTON TUNES + The Brakes
Sunday Jan 15th 75p THE STUKAS	

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.,
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge
Tel. Uxbridge 39125
Friday January 13th at 8.30 pm
MOTORHEAD
+ The Winders
Tickets £1 in advance, £1.20 on door
Jan. 25th: OSIBISA Jan 27th: CARAVAN
Tickets available from Social Secretary, City Electronics, The Shopping Precinct, Uxbridge.
Buses: 204, 207, 223, 224. Nearest tube: Uxbridge.

MORE LIVE .....
.....MORE LIVE
.....MORE LIVE.....
See Page 32 for MORE LIVE WHO DAT MAN?

THE PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES N16
Sunday Jan 15th
Adm. £1
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
featuring Wayne County
Tel: 01-226 5930

KINGSTON POLLY ENTS
presents
Satruday Jan. 21st at 8 pm
TYLA GANG
+ SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
in the
MAIN HALL, PENRYN ROAD
Admission £1 in advance £1.20 on door

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
OSIBISA
WITH GUESTS
SPARTACUS
FAIRFIELD HALLS PARK LANE CROYDON
GEN. MANAGER MICHAEL TEARLE
SUNDAY 5TH FEBRUARY AT 7·30
Tickets-£2·75 -£2·25-£1·75 available from Theatre Box Office 688-9291
London Theatre Bookings shafts av W1 439-3371, usual agents, or on night

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail, New Barnet
Tel: 01-499 0465
Thursday Jan. 12th
JEBB AVENUE
Friday Jan. 13th
SAROS
Saturday Jan. 14th
TEQUILA
Sunday Jan. 15th
THE ACTORS
Tuesday Jan. 17th
PHAZE

LANDSCAPE
Wed. Jan. 11th
John Bull, Gunnersbury
Thurs. Jan. 12th
Swan, Hammersmith B'way
Fri. Jan. 13th
Cock, Edmonton
Tues, Jan. 17th
Stapleton, Crouch Hill
Enquiries: Event Horizon
01-870 2061 / 01-578 6233

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Thursday Jan 12th
DEPRESSIONS
Friday Jan 13th
WHIRLWIND
Saturday Jan 14th
Monday Jan 16th
To Be Announced
Tuesday Jan 17th
RUMBLESTRIPS
Wednesday Jan 18th
SIMON TOWNSHEND
Thursday Jan 19th
TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.1.
Box Office: 01-267 2564
Sunday January 15th at 5.30 p.m.
National Abortion Campaign Benefit with
X-RAY SPEX
BLACK SLATE
DEAD FINGERS TALK
THE SADISTA SISTERS
+ D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Tickets £1.50 in advance or on door
Nearest tube: Chalk Farm

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
Sat 14
THE PLEASERS
SUPPORTED BY SLIPSTREAM
Mon 16
AUDITION NIGHT WITH
THE LURKERS, THE DOLL
AND JOHNNY G.
Tues 17
THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
FEATURING WAYNE COUNTY

words words words words words words words words
Words (Barry Clarke) City Hall, St. Albans
Sat. Jan. 21st at 8 p.m. SUPERCHARGE + 29th & Dearborn
Sat. Jan. 28th at 8 p.m. DEAF SCHOOL + Sore Throat
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel: 64511 or available on door
QUEENSWAY (CIVIC) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Sun. Jan. 29th: MOTORHEAD + The Winders
words words words words words words words words

marquee
90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603
OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS & MEMBERS

Thurs 12th Jan (Adm 65p) ADAM AND THE ANTS Plus support & Ian Fleming	Tues 17th Jan (Adm 70p) BETHNAL Plus support & Joe Lung
Fri 13th Jan (Adm 70p) SQUEEZE Plus support & Ian Fleming	Wed 18th Jan (Adm £1) CHELSEA Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Sat 14th Jan (Adm 75p) THE STUKAS The Late Show & Ian Fleming	Thurs 19th Jan (Adm 65p) ADAM AND THE ANTS Plus support & Ian Fleming
Sun 15th & Mon 16th Jan (Adm £1.60) VAN DER GRAAF Plus friends & DJs	Fri 20th Jan (Adm 65p) WINDOW Plus support & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

THE ROCK CLUB NEW WRITTLE ST., CHELMSFORD
Fri. Jan. 13, 8pm—11pm. 80p ALFALPHA
Sun. Jan. 15, 8pm—11pm. 50p FRANKENSTEIN

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6
Thursday Jan 12th Free STILLETTO
Friday Jan 13th Free THE BRAKES
Saturday Jan 14th 75p ADVERTISING
Sunday Jan 15th Free KRYPTON TUNES
Wednesday Jan 18th 60p THE FLYING ACES

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES
THE NASHVILLE ROOM
Thursday January 12th £1.00
LITTLE ACRE
+ REGULATION CONTROL
Friday January 13th £1.00
GENO WASHINGTON
Saturday January 14th £1.00
BLACK SLATE
+ KRYPTON TUNES
Sunday January 15th 75p
THE YACHTS
+ THE BRAKES
Monday January 16th
RUMBLESTRIPS
+ TONIGHT
Tuesday January 17th
DIRE STRAITS
+ SPEEDOMETERS
CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Friday January 13th
NO DICE
Saturday January 14th
LITTLE ACRE
Admission from 50p each night
Licensed Bar 8pm — 2am

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9
MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday, January 11th, £1.00 ADVERTISING + ART ATTAX Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.	Thursday, January 12th £1.50 S.A.L.T. + ROSES
Friday, January 13th £1.50 JENNY HAAN'S LION + SUPPORT	Saturday, January 14th £2.00 HEAVY METAL KIDS + SUPPORT

Please note we are closed for alterations from Monday, January 16th
RE-OPENING FRIDAY, JANUARY 20th WITH
CITY BOY + SUPPORT
(Just back from their recent American Tour) — £1.50
LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THAMES POLYTECHNIC, Calderwood St., Woolwich, SE18
Saturday January 14th
BRITISH LIONS
Doors open 8 p.m. Non Students welcome

WOKING CENTRE HALLS
Thursday January 19th
SHAM 69
+ MENACE, SPEEDOMETERS, MASTERSWITCH
8pm to 12 midnight
Tickets £1.25 at the door

OSCARS
The Green Gate, corner of Hornes Lane & Eastern Avenue, Ilford
Wednesday Jan 18th ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring Wayne County
Wednesday Jan 25th THE TYLA GANG

VIRTEX
203 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W1
Monday January 16th
Farewell Appearance of
ART ATTAX
Supported by
MEAN STREET, ACCELERATORS, PERVERSE VELVET + DANCERS, MIME ARTISTES, & OTHER FUN
Tuesday January 17th
SUBURBAN STUDS
DEPRESSIONS, MUVVERS PRIDE + D.J.

NORTH EAST LONDON POLY STUDENT UNION NEW ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE GREENGATE HOUSE, GREENGATE ST., PLAISTOW E.13 (opp West Ham Bus Garage)

		SU	GSTS
Thurs Jan 12 Film: Pat Garrett & Billy The Kid		35p	50p
Fri Jan 13 Radio Stars + Disco		75p	£1
Sat Jan 14 Dogwatch		FREE	
Mon Jan 16 Folk Club Bob Gooding	Singers Welcome	30p	40p
Tues Jan 17 Free Disco		FREE	
Thurs Jan 19 Film: The Sunshine Boys		35p	50p

REAL ALE BAR. 8 BALL POOL. DARTS TV ROOM Tel 471 4821
Tube: PLAISTOW. Buses: 69, 262, 23, 81, 241

The Telegraph
FOR THE BEST INNTERTAINMENT
Wednesday is Rock Music Night
Wed 18th January — SWIFT
Wed 25th January — RED NITE
220 BRIXTON HILL, S.W.2 Tel 6747310
(Bottom of Streatham Hill)

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
Sunday January 15th. Tickets at the door
THE DAMNED
+ JOHNNY MOPED & D.J. PETER FOX
Sunday January 22nd: X.T.C. + SECRET

BOOKS

Memories are made of this ...

The Guinness Book Of British Hit Singles

Jo & Tim Rice (Guinness Superlatives, £3.75p.)

TAKING OVER where Charlie Gillett's *Rock File* series left off, *The Guinness Book Of British Hit Singles* offers no more — and no less — than complete chart statistics from their inception in *NME* in 1952 until the end of 1976.

It's been put together by Tim Rice, who is remembered in our house more for his *American Pie* show on Capital Radio than his work on *Jesus Christ Superstar,* and his brother Jo, who has seemingly managed to maintain a close contact with the British charts while working as the general manager of Smith's Industries in Tokyo. They were assisted by Radio One's knowledgeable Paul Gambaccini and Thames Valley Radio's Mike Read.

Alternatively known as "The Guinness Book Of Records Records," this is the best book of its kind so far, simply because of its thoroughness. It has the especial advantage of using the Top 50 charts (from the time they were first compiled in 1960), whereas earlier chart books have more cautiously catalogued only Top 30 entries.

This is invaluable. It's often those 45s that nestle in the bottom reaches of the lists that prove retrospectively intriguing. They either baffle by obscurity (can anyone out there remember "Marble Breaks Iron Bends" by Peter Fenton which made No. 46 in November, 1966?) or remind you that some indisputably classic singles (Major Lance's "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um, Um", Aretha Franklin's "Angel" and ? And The Mysterians' "96 Tears", for example) could only muster a top position of No. 37 between them.

The book has been presented with a nice regard for clarity and comes in a sensible size and shape — slightly larger than your average 45. It scores over *Rock File,* I suppose, because it covers more ground and presents more statistical tables. (There are lists for artists with most No.1 hits, most Top 10 hits, most weeks in the chart, and many others). There is also an appendix outlining the events of the first six months of 1977. The one respect in which it is inferior to *Rock File* is that it doesn't concern itself with U.S. chart statistics.

Naturally, I searched diligently for mistakes, but failed to discover any of significance; though improvements could still be made (the photographs are basic, the captions witless).

The major shortcoming of the presentation is that although a brief description is provided of each act (Cliff Richard: UK Male Vocalist, that sort of thing), the cross-referencing system is generally inadequate. Presumably readers will be aware that John Lennon and Paul McCartney were once members of a popular '60s group, but if they weren't then the book doesn't tell them. Similarly no connection is made between, say, Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music or Peter Frampton and The Herd. Also, there is no indication that the lead vocalist of Python Lee Jackson was Rod Stewart, a fact which contributed not a little to its chart status.

It might also have interested some to learn that Aphrodites Child once housed the bulky personage of Demis Roussos, or that Marion Ryan was the mother of Paul and Barry.

A considerable blunder is that the hits of Manfred Mann and Manfred Mann's Earth Band have been listed corporately; this is silly because, the presence of the eponymous keyboards-man aside, there is no connection between the two bands. It would have made as much sense to list all Wings' hits under 'Beatles'.

Nevertheless, there is much to consult and much to intrigue. A ready wit occasionally peeks through the mass of figures (the Radha Krishna Temple are referred to as an "Oxford Street vocal/instrumental group"), and if this book is to become an annual publication, as seems likely, it will not be an unwelcome one. At £3.75p., it's hardly cheap, but nevertheless only the price of an album, and better value than most of those.

Bob Woffinden

As Serious As Your Life

Valerie Wilmer (Allison & Busby)

THERE'S NO shortage of musicians' opinions in print, but there is a dearth of writers diligent enough to sift through them and come up with a thesis.

Valerie Wilmer's latest study of black music advances the theory that the New Music — New Thing, New Wave, Free — far from being an esoteric siding, is the living, natural expression of a black culture which yet retains its African impulse.

She furnishes a wealth of examples. The extremes of vocalisation used by an Albert Ayler — or a James Brown — can be traced to one voice chording techniques in use in West Africa.

The freedom from set bar lines in the music of bluesmen parallels the untrammelled sweep of Ornette Coleman's improvisations.

Black music, Miss Wilmer contends, has always been free.

It follows that the white critical establishment's condemnation of much of what they dub 'the avant garde' is based on false premises.

Western attempts to classify an alien culture tell us rather more about the Great Western Card Index than about the true nature of the music.

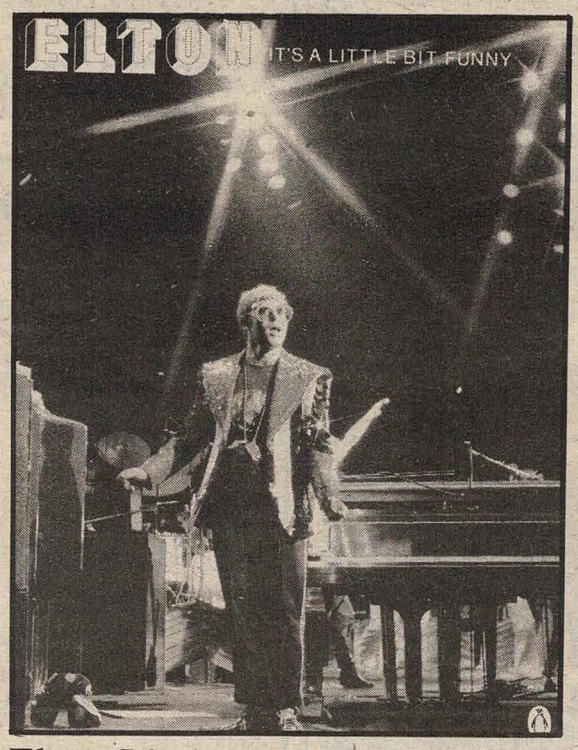
Part of this is down to compulsive punditry, but more sinister is the New Music from its potential audience.

The development of the jazz lofts and musician-owned record labels — the self-reliance programme — was the outcome of the isolation of the music, a political action to counter a political conspiracy which found the "cosily reassuring" jazz-rock just the dilution needed for full-strength profits.

There are no easy optimisms in the book. The writer knows — none better — that the reclamation of the Afro-American for his African roots will entail bucking centuries of conditioning. Jihad indeed.

As Serious As Your Life is the most important polemic since Frank Kofsky's *Black Nationalism And The Revolution In Music,* and twice as readable. Essential.

Brian Case



Elton: It's A Little Bit Funny

Text by Bernie Taupin; Pictures by David Nutter (Penguin Books, £2.50)

WHAT REALLY is a little funny about this book is that Penguin should risk blowing their literary cool by entering the pop pot-boiler market.

I am not denigrating the delightful Mr Johr himself, but while a pictorial record of a year in a rock star's life is a potent idea, I think this large format paperback is a pricey put-on at £2.50.

The mainly black-and-white photographs, of the most ordinary quality, fall roughly into three categories: Elton Seen Sharing A Joke With—, with the positions to the left and right of him being occupied variously by fab personages such as Shirley MacLaine, Hugh Hefner, Peter Frampton and Elton's mum; Elton On Stage; and, allegedly, Intimate Moments With Elton.

With regard to the latter, I'm sure that Elton really is a very nice person. But he is not a joy to behold romping in his y-fronts and spraying his armpits with anti-perspirant (Faberge Brut, darlings). Such intimate moments are enough to put you off your lunch.

None of the pictures live up to the blurb — "Never before has a rock performer authorised such a candid exploration of his private life".

After all, *Sixteen* magazine has been showing pictures of pop stars in their underpants for years.

And the whole memoir has the flavour of a jolly school outing without the tension, drama,sex, stimulants or naked emotion of a fourth-form cultural day trip.

At some moment in 1976 Elton John must have felt sad, angry, thoughtful, anxious, lonely, inspired, surprised, deeply moved or uncuddly. But the apparently ubiquitous Nutter never captured it.

As for the scanty "text", Taupin hasn't attempted to provide any illuminating commentary, confining his contribution to a handful of banal captions such as "The caravan comes to a halt at the nearest store and, for 'pretty please', it's ices all around." How wizard.

It isn't even particularly amusing, as advertised.

Angie Errigo

The Punk

Gideon Sams (Polyantric Press £1.50)

BORED BRAT stranded between Bowie and the City, sitting it out in Westminster School.

Roll on complete Comprehension!

If this is what they teach you in public school, I sure am glad I'm guttersnipe. Dud Gid was "a 14-year-old closet punk" when he wrote this molehill. Now he wants to be a brain surgeon — not the most suitable job for him, one would feel.

Scenario: David has changed his name to Adolph Spitz and bought a swastika (gaspette!) earring which he wears while listening to his favourite record, "Death" by Sick, in his parents' council flat on the 21st floor of a tower-block overlooking the Westway.

His mother wants him to take a nice job cleaning lavatories, but Adolph's got an A-level in Art and so feels more inclined to go down The Roxy for an apocalyptic pogo.

So what does Adolph's dad think of all this?

"What you need is a good spanking. In my days people like you were put in the army. I want to talk to you about these records you play. I will not allow them in my house, I read about them in the *News Of The World.*"

Does Gideon Sams really believe that the prole spake so? (The rich *are* different from us — they have more credulity.)

Meanwhile, back where the action is, Adolph has stolen himself a Ted named Ned's doxy and taken her down Infamous Punky Pad, The Roxy;

"I like to have room to pogo', Adolph said.

'Yeah. Me too!' Thelma said."

Down The Roxy, it seems, the fave cuss is: "Aw, go suck a safety pin." Gideon seems much taken by this witticism, flashing it frequently throughout.

Alas, Adolph and Thelma are sharing their last-ever pogo. Next comes Knives/Teds horror.

I don't object to rip-offs if done with grace, but this is the crassest thing I've seen in some time.

The little punkling hasn't even done his prep proper. Why no amphetamine sulphate or fanzines or big business hexploitation? Why no reality, why no love, why no blood that doesn't taste of tomatoes?

As Gideon's schooldays blurb informs us, he showed "an obvious talent for languages".

"Closet Punk"?

They should wall him up.

Julie Burchill

ON THE TOWN

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Scam '78 on Sham '69

Sham 69/Crabs/ Mirrors/Jerks

THE VORTEX

QUITE SOME gig. Quite some geezer Jimmy Sham as well.

If a working class hero really is something to be — and despite it all, you better believe it is — then right now Jimmy Sham must be one of the nearest to the grail.

It's not just a matter of credentials — after all, who cares if Joe Strummer went to publik school, it doesn't have to hold you back — what counts here is the man's gut level commitment and honesty.

That, together with his burning energy and an overwhelming stage presence is why Jimmy Sham can, as he so desperately wants to, reach "the ordinary blokes, just the ordinary guys who go over the football, just regular kids."

Of course, Jim's honesty and refusal to compromise do tend to land him in trouble — and I'm not talking about the Vortex arrest but simply that Sham played most of their set last week with some young Simian skinhead draping his eleven stone of bone and gristle round Jim's shoulders, and even taking a fair portion of the vocals on some numbers.

It wasn't right, of course, this clown cramping Jim's style, but Jim refused to allow the bouncers to give the kid the justifiable heave-ho — "he may look like a pissed twat but he's just a bloke trying to enjoy himself," he said. Jim couldn't help it, he loves the common fellow to a fault.

On the other hand, when this kid announced on the mike that "there are more punks than skinheads but we're gonna do yer anyway," Jim seized the mike furiously and drew unanimous applause with a "We gotta live together" unity rap, sentiments echoed in Sham songs like "Ulster Boy" *("nobody wins")* and "Don't Understand".

At the end of the show the same kid was saying: "Skins and punks together alright".

Hope he remembers next time he's down Millwall . . . as it is the chorus to "Whadda We Got" — *"Whadda we got? Fuck all"* — is already on the terraces by the look of it and if/when that kid goes down for a stretch he'll probably take "Borstal Breakout" as his favourite song.

Sham are unapologetically Punk — the group simply explode round Jimmy, who projects an almost contradictory mixture of goodtime enjoyment and sufferation (this boy knows pain alright).

They have the orgasmic half-hour energy surge down to an art — what's needed now is some new material (and their present stuff, though subject to the charge of being in the Ramalamadolequeue comprehensive boredom mould, transcends the mundane by virtue of its strong line in hooks and unpretentious simplicity) and a chance for the band to develop.

I missed The Crabs as I was upstairs being buttonholed by Jim, who informed me that he'd narrowly escaped death in a car crash earlier that day that had hospitalised his girlfriend, but the show must go on.

The Jerks are a slightly better than average identikit punk band, all highspeed dronesaw soundalike stuff — a shame cos the singer, a camp mascara'd blonde bombshell out of the Ronson / Bowie glitter school of punk favoured up North, lacked nothing in confidence.

The Mirrors are Welsh, not punk at all, though their songs rely on medium to high energy speedy guitar riffs rather than melody, and lack the kind of dynamics that their best number, "Cure For Cancer" offered (it's also their single on Lightning).

They're clearly aiming at something different, and could develop into something interesting, but predictably died the death at The Vortex.

The Vortex itself reminds me of The Scene club circa '65/'66, an impression helped along by the heavy airplay accorded The Skatalites "Guns Of Navarone" (which is on release again) and Roland Alphonso's "Phoenix City" (which isn't).

Sartorially the comparison didn't hold, but then most of the punters looked far too poor to indulge in the likes of mod fashion whims.

No accident that heavy applause greeted Jim's introduction to "Rip Off" — "this is about all those silly bleeders that pay thirty quid for a pair of trousers".

Neil Spencer

The Last Poets

ACKLAM HALL, NOTTING HILL

CHANCES OF seeing The Last Poets I would have thought were only marginally better than those of seeing The Beatles.

After a handful of albums at the turn of the decade, the centrepiece being the masterful "This Is Madness" (1971), and a moment's notoriety for "Wake Up Niggers" on the *Performance* soundtrack, it appeared probable that they had simply crawled back into the urban blight from which they came.

If they were working at all — indeed if they even still existed — it was most likely to be for their brothers and sisters at some community centre in one of America's Chocolate Cities.

It was therefore a surprise to find their name quietly listed in the Gig Guide, and an even greater surprise to find out it really was them.

Here trepidation sets in though. Word was that only one of the original remained and, more worrying, in the interim years they had found religion.

Worrying because the stubborn, immutable worldview such things bring seemed at odds with The Poets' previous incisive street analysis.

Still, if the message was the same — mainly that blacks are victims of cultural myths propogated as much by blacks as by whites — perhaps a more righteous terminology might help it relate on these shores.

Considering the gig was a benefit for The Notting Hill Commission Of Enquiry Into Police Brutality And Malpractise Against The Black Community, at a small dance hall at the heart of that area, a little understanding would be a fine thing all round.

But it was not to be.

Merger, with their smooth, sanitized Caucasian reggae and casual use of potent black symbols, were the punters' choice of the evening.

They were professional, they will be deservedly successful, but the nearest they came to the problem core was that land of truism where jubilee rhymes with poverty.

I'd have the Paddington youth Steel band — a dozen kids and joyous calypso rythyms — anytime.

The Last Poets followed soon after Merger, and initial audience fascination with four strangely calm and berobed musicians with just a conga drum and a bass guitar between them soon changed to perplexity, and then became a steady exodus.

This suggests that roughly one per cent of the readership will find anything remotely rewarding in The Poets' music. Good luck the rest of you.

The Poets' music hasn't changed much. Though there are now only two voices (plus drum and bass) it's still a unique and visionary animal.

To use functional terms, a simple, hypnotic beat motif is established over which the voices and words play.

Put like that, though, a certain coldness and monotony is implied. Not so, The Poets' form is alien to black music but it has the same soul.

From such a seemingly inflexible base they come off hard and funky, relying on precise control and timing, and a tacit understanding of their own musical dynamic.

The voices slide with rap rhythm and power and authority from a frenzy to a whisper, and the listener is carried stealthily to the music's heart, where he (or she) finds two things.

First, a deep, frightening sense of sadness and residual strength, the same feeling that comes sometimes from Miles Davis' records, that could, were you feeling pedantic, be called the voice of centuries of black oppression.

Second, some instruction on the realities of existence.

With the latter, I'm sorry to say, The Poets came unstuck. Whereas before they cast realistic, acid light on the black situation, fostering some awareness along the way, they now seem to offer mostly their personal beliefs as the salvation key.

Never mind, they stimulate, they are still compulsive, and that one per cent at least will be rewarded.

Paul Rambali

Mountains move to the Mersey

(en route for Glasgow)

Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge

ERIC'S LIVERPOOL

THE FIRST Stiff-Chiswick new band night was interesting, the second was eccentric.

The third, at Liverpool's Eric's club last week, was spectacular, and a Very Important Event.

These audition gigs are almost unique in a music industry previously dominated by dinosaur corporations who could let the talent find them.

This latest Challenge has proved conclusively that the enterprise is far more than another Stiffwick gimmick or hype.

The whole trip verged often on the fringe of lunacy, a party of Stiffs, Wicks and Liggers trekking the streets of Liverpuddle, disturbing peaceful record shops, buying second-hand clothes and attempting to sign up Spanish guitarists in restaurants.

It was a sixteen-hour rock and roll carnival, entirely justified by the unexpectedly high quality of the evening's entertainment. Nine bands due on stage, a back street crowded with transit vans and musicians, Eric's only half full but very festive.

Bryan Farrell was first on, confronted by a small and still sober audience. He grinned broadly and sang well in the Graham Parker mould.

Not my sort of music (and his shades and beret made him look like some awful old Muppet), but this can't have been his scene either.

The U.K. Subs were one of the night's low points. Irrelevant punk facsimiles from London, the vocalist working up the passion to kick over a token bench. Hard Up Heroes and Coincidence were both dire, old fartdom with a vengeance, driving thirsty spectators to the bar.

Lester Parrot sat on a chair and played an acoustic guitar. What he was doing there I couldn't imagine, perhaps he sees himself as a new wave Berni Flint.

I admired his cheek but couldn't bear his songs.

In the bar were Skrewdriver, showing me their scars, The Yachts and two members of Big In Japan who made an impromptu appearance under the name Sausage From Space. Ted Carroll was reputed to have adored them.

The band which really made the gig special were The Smirks.

Scrawl that name on your bedroom wall and memorise it because The Smirks are going to be ENORMOUS.

Most of the groups on show were competent musicians, worth seeing once, but slightly drab. The Smirks were an out-of-tune, unprofessional mess, but they've only been together six weeks.

If this was a bad night they've got no worries because they were unique, exciting and a complete revelation. They need a few months on the road but they've got pop in their blood and the kind of magic technique and efficiency just can't buy.

The Look were the main attraction and had a little of their glory stolen by the infectious, shameless Smirks. They were the successful band of the first Stiffwick night and at Eric's they signed a Chiswick contract on-stage.

They played a short set of melodic pop with bright, colourful visuals, but like The Smirks, some intensive gigging is going to be essential.

I didn't see much of Strangeways but the audience loved them: new wave but with a fairly orthodox rock consciousness.

Willi And The Visitors were the last band, but by two o'clock the thinning crowd were too tired and emotional to pay much attention to a mediocre rock/soul combo.

Representatives from other record companies were in evidence, none of them gracious enough to cough up their twenty guineas for admission. The *Daily Mirror* was there as well as the *Morning Star*, the latter presumably to watch Stiff and Chiswick ". . . show those capitalist record company bastards where to get off . . ." as one diplomatic press officer surmised.

However you look at it, this gig, though poorly attended and more a show-case for the industry than a gift to the public, was an event of tremendous significance.

If bands as good as The Smirks, The Look and Strangeways are lurking throughout the country, then 1978 will be even more disgustingly talent-ridden than last year.

Stiff and Chiswick are out to find those acts, next month in Glasgow; an all-Scottish night. Local genuises are invited to apply immediately.

Kim Davis

The LASKYS SALE
Starts Dec 30th to Feb 4th 1978
HUGE REDUCTIONS
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READING · RICHMOND · ROMFORD · SLOUGH · SOUTHEND · SWINDON
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CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band — meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? Then place your ads **FREE** in NME. To take advantage of this limited period free offer all you gotta do is fill in the coupon below as indicated and send it too us NOW!

LONDON & SE

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER WANTED for band seeking new angle. Into Velvets, Beefheart, Iggy, Barrett, Dub. Gig prospects promising. Phone Steve 01-800 2246.

PUNK DRUMMER wanted to join political group. Protest gigs shortly. We really despise all rich posers. Ask for Sniff, Guildford 60831.

BEDFORD AREA, new wave, no experience, no band, no fun. 16-19? Ring Oakley 4371 now! You've got nothing to lose.

NEW GROUP requires bass and lead guitarist/strong vocals (Ramones/Beatles). Competence/looks essential. Pro. Phone 01-607 7589.

DRUMMER FOR six piece, writing original music. Must be experienced. Enthusiastic, genuine and preferably local. Pro. John, Reading 472466.

PSYCHEDELIC FREAKS! Bassist and drummer wanted by lead/rhythm guitarist to form good rock band. Ring Dave, Sevenoaks 54017 evenings.

PIANIST, BASSIST, percussionists, sax, all needed to form band. I play guitar and try to sing. All musco's welcome. Pete, Rugby 890504.

ENTHUSIASTIC VERSATILE drummer required immediately. Phone 01-459 1731.

MEDIOCRE MUSICIAN? Live in SW London? If so, The Coils need you! Phone Martin 01-540 7495 after 6 pm.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS needed to join guitars for Be-Bop, Roxy type band. All enquiries welcome. Ring Nick. Lea Valley 711592.

PUNKETTE MUSICIAN sings, writes and plays guitar, looking for band. Blondie ain't got nothing on me — Sheena, 2a Weimar Street, London SW15.

MANIAC? DEMENTOID? Guitarist? rather silly pr/nw band, Bicester area wants to meet you. No normals. Please phone Graham, Bicester 42494.

ANYTHING THAT functions: Laughing, depressant music. Velvets, r&b, whatever. Bassist, drummer etc. needed. Inexperienced/incompetent or? Ring Adrian, Weybridge 52920.

SERIOUS DRUMMER wanted into Can, Kraftwerk, Bowie and similar. Contact David 01-673 6818 nights. This band will make it. Realists only.

PUNK BASS and drums wanted urgently to complete band. Into Basoomis, Pistols, Rats. Telephone "The Kid" 01-366 7022.

ALL MUSICIANS wanted to form 70's beat orientated group. Must have ability, dedication and ideas. 01-560 7846 — p.m. only.

DRUMMER SEEKS imaginative bassist and rhythm guitarist with bizzarre ideas to form group in the Brighton area. Ringmer 812996, must be capable.

GUITARIST/VOCALIST required for band into new wave. Own gear/transport essential. Ring Martin 01-237 5397. Must be 18ish.

17-23 years old singer or approx (no experience please) to complete locally based next years thing. Barry, 01-677 4008.

DRUMMER, OWN gear for N. Herts based new wave r&b band. Rehearsing to be on the road. A.s.a.p. Phone between 12.30-1.30 Letchworth 73227.

BASS, KEYBOARDS, VOCALIST urgently needed for orogressive rock band. Must rehearse Ilford area. Chris, Rainham 57906.

DRUMMER/BASSIST. Can/Dub/Low/G.G./Donna Summer/Frozen but Soulful/Wimps and girls only. S & M, 41 Talacre Road, NW5.

REAR ENTRY want drummer. Band plays original new wave. East London based. Rehearsal/gigs in new year. Phone: Paul 0268 287119.

DRUMA WANTED, high energy 78 R&B. No money, manager or record. Well over two gigs waiting. Write to Dave 01-800 4530.

PUNK GENIUS, brilliant, original material. Needs axeman with brain. Desire to succeed essential. David Hewitt, 16 Dericote Street, Hackney, London E8.

★★★★ ★★★ Charge still need "the" drummer for original material and lotsa gigs. Record soon, manager later. Dave 01-800 4530.

TOMMY RAMONE — Paul Cook needed to complete three piece. Enthusiasm before ability. Own kit necessary. Ring Colin, Harlow 34606.

DRUMMER FOR new rock band N. London based — Anne 01-794 8161 daytime or 01-458 7978 evenings.

KEYBOARD PLAYER required for band with original material gigging in near future. Phone Gus 01-602 5861.

"WHITE CITY" need guitarist, drums, bass, vocals. Punks only, W12 area. No experience necessary, success inevitable. — 01-749 2377 after 6 pm.

BASSIST/DRUMMER wanted for Essex based group, aged 16/17 to play creative / original music. Gear / transport helpful. — Ongar 2009.

GROUP WANTED! by punk guitarist, rivum, some lead, writes, dedicated vocals. — Telephone Steve Romford (70) 65815. Bass wanted.

LEAD GUITARIST, must be a genius, a writer, under 20, speak nice and play like a tidal wave. — Telephone Alan 0342 832151 after 7 pm.

WORKING CLASS drummer urgently required for new wave band, all original material. — Telephone Eddie 01-670 0259 anytime, drum kits if required.

MEAN STREET urgently need mad bassist, male or female. No statues or time-wasters. Success imminent. — Chris 01-274 0871.

BASS/GUITAR/drums wanted to form South London new wave band with vocalist. Motors, Pistols etc. Good and dedicated. Gigs a.s.a.p. — Telephone Adam 01-937 5432, ext 351.

BUCKRAM NEEDS new members. Young starters considered. Recording contract easy! Exname Band (Jack Diamond). — Ian, 5 Whitehall Road, Gravesend, Kent.

DRUMMER WANTED for working rock 'n' roll band, 18–25, must be loud and solid. Recording deal pending. — 0222-394839.

THE SODS need mod/pop/punk drummer into the Pistols, Who, Rich Kids, Small Faces and Scooters. — Tony, Hornchurch 59464.

SEX PISTOLS type band need bass and drums. No tarts please, must be into Bazoomis, Pistols, Motors. — Telephone Chris 01-366 7022.

GUITARIST/VOCALIST to join band playing new material. — Redhill 65832 after 5 pm.

QUICK LEARNING new wave drummer needed to complete band. Tour pending. — Telephone Steve 01-674 1472 after 6 pm.

BASSIST AND drummer wanted, preferably friends, to form band with two guitarists. Own equipment and transport essential. Age 19/23 into Hillage, Bowie. 01-505 2977.

NIGEL AND Gary require bassist or drummer for group. Into Eagles, Morrison, Stones, Zeppelin, Knickers. 55 Brunswick Park Gardens, Barnet, London.

CAPABLE KEYBOARD player required for tight versatile new wave band (not punk) based West London. Management. Daytime 01-486 7606.

THE BREED need drummer and vocals. Male or female. No professionals. Only new wavers. 17-18. Ring Glenn 01-493 5961.

GOOD KEYBOARDS for accomplished pop/rock band. Backing vocals an asset. Work waiting. Telephone 01-579 9759.

VAN MORRISON/Costello or similar sought by lead guitarist for lyrical beat music, have gear, transport. Lol, Farboro (Kent) 52064.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS appointments bureau? Leave it! Ex-students who hates work and plays bass wanted for band. Phone Julian 01-800 9003.

RAT SCABIES blew me out! Maybe you wanna tight, hard working guitarist-/vocalist? New wave, good player. Noel, evenings 01-546 4890.

DRUMMER WANTED to complete band line up. Aged 16-18. Must be local to Acton. Simon 01-743 1001 ext 288 (daytime).

REGGAE/JAZZ drummer wanted for epileptic new wave band "The Fringe". Ring Si' the guy, 01-462 6484 after 6 pm.

COMPETENT MUSICIANS (Beat, R & B) needed to reform Jack Diamond. Good prospects — own equipment. Local preferred. Ian, 5 Whitehall Road, Gravesend.

PUNK BASSIST wanted to complete group. Phone Andy Puke — 01-638 2039 after 6 pm, before 10 pm.

GROUP WANTED! by Punk guitarist, rivum, some lead, writes, dedicated vocals — phone Steve — Romford 65815. Bass wanted.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted for Biba Babies. Own equipment — no experience necessary. Into Dolls, Heartbreakers, Sleeze, 15-18. Mart — Southampton 782666.

DRUMMER REQUIRED into Heartbreakers, Celestial Sound, Sorcery, Sex Pistols, Vibrators, original rock. Give us a call — Ronnie — 01-485 0269.

MILITANT DRUMMAA and Toaster/ess for forming New Wave band. Confused? Try playing bass with a name like Florence Nightingale. Frank — 01-722 2543.

VOCALISTS WANTED

THE ? are looking for new lead vocalist (our other one died). Give us a ring on 01-525 0212.

M/FEMALE VOCALIST to work with songwriter / from group. New Music (Eno, Bowie, Can, Dub). Write: Sepple, 58 Barking Road, London E.6.

GIRL VOCALIST 17ish for 6th form rock band, must be willing to rehearse. Gigs waiting — we can't. Weekday evenings 01-493 7620.

MIRROR URGENTLY need thinking frontman / Innovator for rehearsals. No pros, ambition before experience. Phone Calvin, 949 4246 (evenings) or Steve 962392 (New Malden).

BRILLIANT YOUNG singer wanted for 1978 pop new wave group. Experience not needed, but style, talent essential. Dave 01-720 1675.

LEAD VOCALIST into Queen, Zeppelin for heavy band. The music is wrote but the lyrics ain't — Phone Mick 01 743 4281.

SINGER NEEDED for band. Inexperienced powerful lungs, 16-19, our own songs, some others, great personality. — Dave 01 691 2277.

VOCALS WANTED for practising N/W rock group — Brentwood area. Anybody considered — Gary, Romford 822164.

POWERFUL VOCALIST wanted for Queen, Zeppelin type band in West London area. — Ring Mick, 01 743 4281 — after 6pm.

FEMALE VOCALIST required for commercial rock band. Experience not essential, work waiting. — Telephone Upminster 28868 evenings.

HIGH ENERGY band demand good keen aspiring vocalist to replace boring old fart. More gigs soon. — Byfleet 40878 evenings, Eric.

SOUL SINGER required for semi name band. No breadheads please. Gigging shortly. Mark (0235) 29434 after 5 pm.

WORK WANTED

OXFORD BASSIST, 15 into New Wave, Punk, Wombles. Very amateur but moronic. Fluorescent pink wellies optional. Phone Stanton St. John 283.

BEST SINGER in the world, looking for punk band, preferably with name like The Clash. Ray Zerblade, 9 Garden Row, Hitchin, Herts.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS and New Year to NME, its readers and all groups, even those who can live without a brilliant all round guitarist. Brett, Luton 67314.

INVENTIVE LEAD / slide guitarist. New wave, acid rock. Gibson, Fender. Original materila vocals. Aylesbury area. Neil, North Marston 292 (Bucks).

GUITARIST GOOD hard tasteful player sekks exeptional new wave band. Good gear. Yamaha H/H. Alistair, 49 Endlesham Road, London SW12.

NUTTY/SPUD punk freak wants to be front man. 999, Paranois, Pistols, Castle. God good garage free. Newport I.O.W. 4705.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

1978 IS here. Soon it will be 1979. Help time is slipping away. Let's get something together. All musco's welcome. Rugby 890504, Pete.

BRILLIANT EXTROVERT guitarist required for new rock band — 'shockwave'. Must have good gear and time to rehearse. Phone Dave 0272 35513.

DRUMMER, VOCALIST to join guitar, bass and keyboards., Good original materila. B.O.Fs. welcome. Working soonest. Transport, gear please. Priddy 282. Day — 0749 72243.

VOCALISTS WANTED

DEDICATED ORIGINAL Bristol based band require a good dedicated vocalist with own p.a. Stuart (0272) 652273.

WORK WANTED

ROCK VOCALIST, inexperienced, but has a powerful voice and wants work. Good front man. — Mark, 1 Broughton Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

TWO CORD lead guitarist (beginner) wishes to form / join punk type group aged 17-21. Ring Stoke-on-Trent (0782) 261421 — John.

CRAP GUITARIST seeks similar musicians liking punk, 60's, rock, to form group and get good! Derby 72237. Billy.

ARE THERE any creative musicians in the Rugby area interested in getting a band together, if so please phone Peter, Rugby 890504.

ROBB STACEY wants grade one loonys to reform the teenage experience, must have own stuff. No shitheads. 168 Trench Road, Telford.

LEAD GUITARIST and organist wanted for rock band. — Telephone Kettering 711160 after 6 pm.

KEYBOARDS WANTED for rock band. Stafford–Stoke area. Musicians please. No punks or showband artists. Great future ahead. — Stone 6527.

RECORDING CONTRACTS. Girl singer seeks rock band, male or female, for new venture. Ages 18+. — Telephone Liz, Bedford 711437.

VOCALISTS WANTED

LEAD VOCALISTS everywhere, where are you all? Frontman still wanted by band with very good potential. — Cradley Heath 61539.

LEAD VOCALIST wanted to front rock band with good prospects. PA & transport provided. West Midlands area. Cradley Heath 61539.

WORK WANTED

LET'S MAKE it together. My lyrics, your experience, our no. 1 — first class success. Patricia, 12 Fritch Leey Close, Chaddesden, Derby.

CAN YOU write music? I can't — but I can write lyrics. Shall we merge? Phone Burntwood 71603.

ALTO SAX wishes to join amateur New Orleans jazz band or dance band. Telephone Wirksworth 3406.

UNEXPERIENCED VOCALIST needs chance to show potential. Pistols, Tubes, Kiss, Alice, Bowie. No equipment. Gary, 31 Edison Road, Stafford.

NEW WAVE vocalist / lyricist seeks good band to do original material. Phone Gary, Wombourne 2713.

MAIN DEPRESSIVE guitarist needs punk band (I'm rotten and ain't got an amp). — Pogo, 290 Priory Road, St Denys, Southampton, Hants.

GUITARIST MAINLY rhythm, some lead and vocals, seeks band into anything from Tom Petty to Rufus. — Telephone Musa 01-370 5327. No punks.

IF YOU'RE a producer or a working class r'n'b, blues, or country-rock band, I'm the Jimmy Page of the harmonica. — Jim Darby, 01-794 2184 (Room 7).

GUITARIST 18. L/R still frustrated loner. No use kicking against the pricks. How's that for a throw away punk title! — Brett, Luton 67314.

DRUMMER SEEKS band with management. Original stuff and lots of gigs. — 01-359 4849.

RHYTHM GUITARIST 18, seeks band. Fender H/H, some backing vocals, tastes, Lizzy, Be-Bop. — Contact M Wentzell, 109 Fulwell Road, Teddington, Middx. No pros.

VOCALIST, GUITARIST Cochran, Presley styles. Any offers? You need me, ex-named band. M Cochran, 01-907 2963. 232 Uppingham Avenue, Stanmore, Middx.

LEAD GUITARIST into Santana, Hendrix etc., wants to join band. Some vocals. Maidstone 58977, Derek. No punks please.

GUITAR PLAYER, dedicated, seeks opportunity into bottle neck slide. Lead, rhythm, vocals, celestial sound, sorcery sex, Pistols, British rock. 01-485 0269.

LEAD GUITARIST wants to join Latin Rock or Zeppelin type band. Transport & own gear, some vocals. Age 25 years. Maidstone 59877.

MALE SINGER coming out of retirement needs good band. R/B, R/R, m.o.r., aged 32. Very reliable. Ring Ray 01-785 9462.

LIVELY GUITARIST clean style with class seeks jazz / rock / blues band with feeling and taste. Pro / semi-pro. John 01 930 2313 ext. 222.

FULHAM PUNK singer (female) wants band. Local if possible or meet others with original ideas to form band and write. 01-385 7851.

VOCALIST WISHES to join Bowie type band. Has no gear as yet. Joe 01-499 6321 ext 308.

KEG DRINKER wants vocal work. No experience, tons of personality. For fun / money, into Bonnie Tyler (with luck). Ken (20) 01-737 4826.

LEAD GUITARIST into Latin, Heavy rock, own gear, transport, some vocals, will travel, wants Santana, Zeppelin type band. Maidstone 59877.

PUNK VOCALIST without experience but very imaginative and enthusiastic wants to join group. Prefer Midlands but not essential. Tery Lene, Stoke-on-Trent 411213.

LOUD GUITAR fingers and imagination, want to become involved with something local. Transport, experience, you name it, I got it. Anytime, 1 Chester Terrace, Habberley Road, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcs.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

LEAD GUITARIST and organist wanted for rock band. — Telephone Kettering 711160 after 6 pm.

YOUNG CAMBRIDGE new wave band want any ability musicians, any sex, own equipment, original songs. 53 Carter Street, Fordham, Cambs.

GUITARIST OR keyboard player for non-funk band. Own gear needed must be prepared to rehearse. Phone John, Norwich 416908.

STEVE HOOKER and The Heat need fast bass player urgently. Gigs and records imminent. 42a Oakleigh Park Drive, Leigh on Sea. Southend 78181.

PUNK DRUMMER required. Experience not necessary but enthusiasm. Record and gigs waiting. No time wasters or pseudomorphs. Allen 0733-66049.

VOCALISTS WANTED

BEDFORD BASED 'Stocious Bovine' require female vocalist, equipment unnecessary. Sense of humour important — we are original / terrible / difference. — Ring Biggleswade 315164.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE KEYBOARD player, age 17, excellent reader, seeks good band, own gear — piano, synth, strings. — Telephone Spalding 67382.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

GUITARIST, DESPERATE, wants in with with new wave band. Got own equipment. No transport. Contact 740 9313, it's in Blackley, Manchester.

RET GRELL: Escape the horizontal civilization, see yourself before the nova, join Cosmic Source Band inner ear vibration: Fly beta. J. M. lope, 40 Hoghton Road, Leyland, Lancs.

PUNK VOCALIST wants to form band or join up with good band in this area. 7 Ipswich Walk, Longsight, M/C 12.

GENUINE BEINGS with freethought wanted for band with maximum expression in all directions. Contact Ninth Dimension. D. Hinten, 25 Pinewood Crescent, Leyland, Lancs.

JAZZ ROCKERS urgently require keyboardist, Fender Rhodes if possible. Interested? contact Lol, 3 Meakin Street, Hasland, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, anyday at 6pm.

AGGRESSIVE DRUMMER with equipment. Influences Rainbow, Rush, Kiss, Cream, Doctors, B.O.C. Good image for heavyish association (vocals) Arthur, Hartlepool 75117.

FEMALE GUITARIST wishes to form hard rock band with other musicians. Experience not necessary but must be ambitious. F Baskerville, 8 Jubilee Grove, Wallasey.

BASS GUITARIST wanted for punk band, must have own gear. We are gonna be huge. Ian, 79 Eglington Street, Sunderland, T & W.

GUITARIST AND drummer want lead and bass for Sheffield rock group. Originals, new wave, Rods, Seger, Creedance. Rob, 8 Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield.

BASS PLAYER wanted for new wave band forming in Salford area. Phone 061-794 9844.

BASS GUITARIST, 21, with own gear is forming band 'Rockerbox' into heavy metal and blues wants lead guitarist and drummer. B Homes, 26 Leicester Road, Dinnington, 531 7PX Yorks.

NEW WAVE lead guitarist wanted for band forming in Merseyside area. No time wasters. — 01-638 8923 or 01-639 2624.

A MODERN slap in the face for public taste. Keyboards or sax required for a future young noise. — Telephone Rochdale (29) 40579.

I MAKE Richie Blackmore look like Eric Faulkner and I am looking for a band. — Ring Andy, Ormskirk 77588.

FEMALE BASS player wanted for mixed rock band. Previous experience unnecessary. Into Stones, Rods, Patti, Skynyrd, Velverts. — Telephone Vince 85 7111. Ext 2155.

INEXPERIENCED BASSIST and drummer needed for serious jam sessions with rock band 16–18. Equipment preferable. — Telephone Chester 24800 after 6 pm.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ROCK VOCALIST urgently required. Regular practice, Oldham area, regular work. — Telephone Mark 061-624 1315. Previous band on artists lifted.

DURHAM ROCK'N' roll working regularly, standards plus own material, require female vocalist preferably with some experience. — Durham 62019.

FEMALE VOCALIST wanted by band with unlimited horsepower. Must have balls! Experience unimportant. Many influences. Northallerton area. Steve 0609 4629 — after 6pm.

PETER JAMES songwriter, guitarist, vocalist, still wants female vocalist instrument. Transport? Original & r & b duo/group. Work waiting. 0704-26359 or 24367.

WORK WANTED

BASSIST SEEKS rubbish new wave band to join, have own gear. Apply any time after 6 o'clock. M Holden, 104 Accrington Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

RHYTHM GUITARIST, inexperienced but enthusiastic seeks South Manchester band into playing rock for kicks. Gear and transport. Phone Des, 061-483 6019.

LEAD GUITARIST seeks working, fast R&B, new wave band. Into Velvets, Stones, punk, chaos etc. Manchester area. Genuine offers only. A Henshall, 9 Denville Crescent, Crossacress, Wythenshawe.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

WE SMOKE! Do you? Edinburgh punkettes need guitarist and bassist. — Telephone 01-447 1111 and ask for Jess.

R & B GIRL band influences, Beefheart, Velvets. Original fresh ideas, scratch start. Phone Diane, Cardenden 721019.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER would like to meet musicians into forming original band, Brand X, Hatfields etc. Phone Brian, Prestwick 0292 79372.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

LEAD GUITARIST wanted for group, must have own equipment and be willing to turn pro. Phone Port Talbot 4034.

JUNGLE DRUMMER wants to join r & b, r & r, Stones, Waters, Berry, Feelgoods, Pistols, Energy Band. Anywhere. Got kit. Sean, Fishguard 873430.

DRUMMER, BASS wanted to complete rock band into Quo, also some Cabaret. Must sing. No punks, Caephilly or Blackwood area. Blackwood 223200.

WORK WANTED

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER with superb kit seeks gigging pro-minded band. No idiots please. Ring Mike, Cardiff 763066 6-7pm anyday.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

PATHETIC DRUMMER urgently required for 'pathos' any shit with a kit must be young and loud. No farts or squares. — Lenny, 11 Ardpatrick, Down Patrick, Co Down.

MANAGER SEEKS the whereabouts of The Hype after amazing Howth gig. Please ring Brian 450822. (Malahide, Dublin). It was great lads.

VOCALIST, DRUMMER required for punk band (14-17). No experience needed. Into Sex Pistols, Clash. Ellen McArthur, 1 Piles, Building, off Bridge Street, Dublin 8.

NEW WAVE band need singer and drummer (Banbridge area. Lurgan, Portadown etc) Chris, 11 Cline Walk, Banbridge or Phone 22719.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ROCK SINGER to front new group. Old wave, not punk. Ring Stephen, Larne 4150 or Ballymena 6541, Fiona 3826.

FEMALE SINGER who almost joined Talking Heads, Bowie, Adverts, Television or Sex Pistols, but decided to wait for us instead!

WORK WANTED

SINGER AVAILABLE for punk or jazz band. Can read / write music. Walkinstown area. Learning bass guitar. Contact Carl 502626 soon.

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Two continents meet dept:

Written: the impossible review

Merger

100 CLUB

MERGER exceeded all expectations at the 100 Club last Thursday evening with a spirited performance of blistering rock.

Their virulent music was in direct refutation of the somewhat tepid melodies on the new group's debut "Exiles Ina Babylon" album.

"This is a song which reflects that age we live in — tribulation time," Barry Ford introduced the set with "77"; the year, as you are possibly aware, in which the two cultures clashed, or something of the sort.

And followed this with "Ghetto Child", "Exiles" and what is their most melodically developed tune to date, "Waterfalls"; settling into a comfortable groove upon the conclusion of these four songs.

Even the sceptics ranged about Silver Camel Sound System could be seen inclined in attitudes of mute approval.

"African Lady" was next, and then the group's sole love song, "It's You I Need", proving a very necessary pacer between moods.

Then, a brisk percussive introduction to the steppin' rhythm of "Life Song," that had the dancers moving even before Ivor Steadman dropped the heaviest bass riff this side of Lloydie Coxsone. *"Rasta no deal with folly or vanity,"* Merger intoned the refrain; *"Rasta don't deal with nuclear weapon."*

Special mention at this stage to the Osei Bros., the Ghanese musicians from the Naturals recording quartet: one, laying down a driving drum beat; the other, overlaying the sound with a delightful play of frilly jazz organ.

"Rasta no deal with folly or vanity . . ." The band sustained a full-powered, extended jam that kept the 100 Club crowd dancing and was never in the least overblown or tedious.

For an encore, "Rebel" closed the set in fine style — chanting Nyahbinghi on the battlefield.

Later, Merger's man of many parts, John Maxwell, accosted this journalist in his customary endearing manner.

"There's Jah Reel," he spoke with irony, "taking down notes.

"As if anyone could possibly describe Merger's music in *words."* He spat contemptuously.

And he's right. All I can suggest you do, is see them — soon. Seen!

Penny Reel

The Cortinas

BRISTOL

IN THE space of a year, The Cortinas have moved from a small independent to a large American record company, left school, turned professional and they're still not old enough to see X-rated movies.

Like others their position is a vulnerable one. They need to come across with some solid trend-transcending product before CBS start to cut their losses.

Which fact the group acknowledge and acted upon in Bristol's last rock gig of 1977 at the Locarno. After quickly disposing of the old numbers like "Defiant Pose" (the new and misleading single), they played a fine set of fresh material.

These songs varied from the firm rather than frantic, R&B (whence their origin/impetus) of "Youth Club Dance" to a tribute to "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." called "Ask Mr. Waverly" sounding like a strange but compelling mixture of Status Quo and Wire.

They encored with a nice arrangement of "We've Got To Get Out Of This Place" and a version of "Blue Gene Bop" that would have brought an appreciative smile to Ian Dury's boat race.

As always they were visually excellent. Nick Sheppard in particular was bursting with timeless Rock Dreams energy; they pack a decidedly tighter punch at the moment than the Feelgoods for example, and like all he major provincial bands they are vastly superior to the regular Vorex comedy acts.

The Cortinas have the time and the talent not only to survive, but also to grow — cultivate them, O.K.?

David Housham

Cabaret Voltaire

SHEFFIELD

THE ORIGINAL Cabaret Voltaire was a club in Zurich, founded by the Dadaists in 1916 or thereabouts.

In 1972, three musicians in Sheffield adopted both the name and the spirit of Cabaret Voltaire. Since then, they've done approximately half a dozen gigs.

Stephen Mallinder (bass and vocals), Richard Kirk (guitar and clarinet) and Chris Watson (organ, tapes and electronics) like to think of themselves simply as an "experimental pop band" — although the average rock fan could be excused for wondering where the "pop" part had gone.

As influences, they cite Neu, Can, Kraftwerk, the Beach Boys, Luis Bunuel and (of course) Dada, and judging by a recent demo cassette, they're also quite fond of dub.

They employ slide and cine projectors at their rare live appearances, although (for reasons of size) the visual element was largely ineffective on this occasion.

To generalise, their songs start with a basic rhythm-generator pulse, treated electronically (and taped for live use), to which Mallinder adds an insistent bass throb. Into this, Watson stabs organ notes to pick out the melody line, over which Kirk spreads viciously-treated guitar distortions. And on top of everything, there's Mallinder's treated vocals echoing in and out.

In short, nearly all the sounds Cabaret Voltaire produce have coursed their way through a fair selection of circuits before they reach your ears.

They sing about the Baader-Meinhof gang, "Control Addicts" and Roger Gleves and exhort one and all to "Do The Mussolini".

They are rather intriguing.

Their aesthetic, on this showing, appears to be composed of equal parts minimalism and abstract expressionism, with a few *objets trouves* thrown in here and there.

Such an approach tends to elevate mistakes to the level of valid musical contributions; but conversely, they can never be satisfied with the final result.

The major criticism that could be levelled at them is the lack of textural variation in their music. But then, if they were all things to all men, they'd probably be criticised for lacking a style of their own.

Things were far from perfect on this occasion — defects traceable to poverty — but what was there was interesting enough to command undivided attention for the entire length of their set.

There is, of course, little or no record company interest in them, despite their having a possible hit single in "Talkover", their best number (Kraftwerk meet King Tubby, kind of).

Wouldn't *you* like to hear it?

Andy Gill

The Boyfriends

HIGHGATE

IT SEEMED appropriate to see out 1977 with a band of 1978.

That means a success story starts here. Pat Collier, ex-Vibrator, is leading a band with instant appeal and real potential. They must be seen.

Is there anything else to be said?

I could tell you it was New Year's Eve in a dark barn of a church hall in North London. The Boyfriends were sandwiched between some lively rockabilly from a new band, The Barnshakers: at last a possible crossover act moving out of exclusive Ted territory, and a riotous party set from The Stukas.

Dressed in the almost obligiatory dark suits and ties, The Boyfriends could have ripped off anyone from The Beatles to The Jam. They've got an organ so someone must compare them to The Stranglers.

I can't put them in any neat category.

They're very subtle, very intelligent, very different. I want to see them again and again because I could have missed so much the first time.

Simultaneously, they are a great dance band, you can't help twisting and jumping.

Pat Collier's voice was slightly weak; I preferred the singing of the beaming, bopping, tambourine-touting Chris on keyboards.

Titles like "Romance" and "I'm In Love Today" stick in my mind. These are love songs and you can sneer if you like, but I don't want to be bored in 1978.

"The Last Bus Home" was the piece that initially caught my attention. It's a sad song about things that have happened to me or you. It's classic pop, it moves body and mind. It's very good indeed.

Kim Davis

Kevin Coyne and Zoot Money

THE NASHVILLE

IF THURSDAY night's performance was anything to go by, Kevin Coyne's present tour of prestigious, small UK venues should do him nothing but good.

Though many at the Nashville had evidently expected to find him oppressively intense, the humour that frequently surfaces in his songs and his banter helped to engage the affections of the audience. (Funny how these moody types often are a laugh a minute: Joni Mitchell, Sandy Denny, even Neil Young have all been engagingly droll in their time. It's not till they crank the muse into gear that the doom/gloom axis resumes sway.)

Comparisons first. Let loose on Johnny Ray's "Cry", Coyne recalled no-one so much as Joe Cocker in his assault on "Bye Bye Blackbird". John Martyn is another reference point, in the use of gadgetry (in Coyne's case backing by tapes and use of echo) and of voice-as-instrument.

The latter mannerism is often a close relative of incoherence, as Zoot Money had demonstrated in his opening mini-set, but Coyne's grasp of melody, rhythm and narrative is such that his many vocal idiosyncrasies only rarely upset the structural applecart.

His guitar technique is Richie Havens-style, thumb-as-bottleneck, the instrument tilted well back into his stomach. He played solo, briefly with Money, and sang several accompanied only by his partner's electric piano.

Whichever, Money provided texture and swing, slightly mellowing Coyne's raw presentation of his songs.

A larger public for Coyne seems no nearer, unfortunately, even though the tunes are immediate and the vision humane rather than bleak. Most people simply prefer something a bit easier on the ear (Elvis Costello, for instance).

Also the lack of discipline that marred the latter stages of the Nashville gig, reducing its status from memorable to merely very good, is likely to deter the unconverted.

But if you want an evening of commitment, humour, wit and drama, all directed outwards rather than in, Kevin Coyne's your man.

Harry Robinson

JAZZ DIARY

THE Chris Barber Jazz and Blues Band plan a major UK Spring tour in April with ex-MJQ pianist John Lewis and Roy Eldridge.

The Gil Evans Orchestra and the Stan Tracey Octet will be playing the Royal Festival Hall on 25th February. George Benson is at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane on 27h January.

Jazz Centre Society gigs include Terri Quaye's Moonspirit at The Phoenix on 11th January, Dick Heckstall-Smith's Big Chief at 7 Dials on 12th, and Joy at the Star & Guitar on 14th. Manchester's Band On The Wall has Pulse with Maggie Nichols on 19th., and Thomasz Stanke with Edward Vesala on 26h.

BBC *Jazz Club* transmissions for January include Max Collie's Rhythm Aces on 8th, the Brian Lemon Octet on 15th., Major Surgery and the Vic Ash Quaret on 22nd, and the Stan Sulzmann Quaret on 29th. February's clubbers are Pacific Eardrum on 12th, Alan Elsdon & His Band on 19th and Colin Purbrook Octet on 26th.

Atlantic's "That's Jazz" series of re-issues has come up with a 1969 recording of Miroslav Vitous's "Mountain in The Clouds", with McLaughlin, Hancock, Joe Henderson, De Johnete and Joe Chambers, Capiol has re-issued "Bing Crosby-Louis Armstrong", and signed trombonist Raul De Souza.

United Artists' "Joe Bushkin Celebrates 100 Years Of Recorded Sound" was made for the Norwegian Red Cross, and features Bing Crosby, Johnny Smith, Jake Hanna and Milt Hinton.

Brian Case

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...while this writing is on the Slate

Black Slate

100 CLUB

HAVE THE Black Slate group been taking their cue from Glitterbest Promotions?

They introduced a new song midway through their set, described as "strictly for the critics" and titled "They Can't Make Us, They Can't Break Us".

Well, the attempt and not the deed confounds us, so here goes nothing. . . (You didn't really suppose I would be able to resist a challenge like that, my idren, did you?)

I first saw Black Slate a couple of years ago. At the time, the group were mostly playing in a support capacity on the North London circuit, backing artists such as Errol Dunkley the Man, Roy Shirley, and the occasional act from JA.

They were a capable youth outfit, providing a competent foundation for their host of the night, not particularly inspired, neither overabundant with what the *New Faces* panel euphemistically refer to as star quality, but basically sound.

Lead singer Keithroy Drummond would execute an energetic act, given the chance; but he tended to sound like whoever's song he was singing; and rarely like himself.

The group have come on a great deal since them. Tony Brightly has learnt to slap a subtle keyboard; drummer boy Desmond Mahoney blossoms per performance; bassist Ras Elroy Bailey is one of the most inventive musicians and exuberant personalities on the UK reggae scene; and with Slate writing their own material, Drummond has since discovered his own distinctive voice.

"Sticks Man", released last year, was the catalyst for their sudden transformation and self-belief.

Written and produced by Ras Elroy, the song was one of the most in-demand sounds around last Spring; an indication of what the majority of black youth *really* think of mugging, contrary to what National Front propaganda would lead us to believe.

I rate the song as the foremost production ever to emerge out of British reggae.

And their 100 Club gig was the finest I've yet seen from the group.

Their act had the audience intent on the music, which they effected with vigorous spirit, obviously galvanised by the wholehearted enthusiasm of the crowd. Drummond kept the show intact between tunes with an admixture of patois patter and Cockney dickey.

Slate opened their account with an effective arrangement of "Thin Line Between Love And Hate", establishing a thin line twixt soul and reggae in its accomplishment, before settling into an extended session of the "Piano Twist" riff, the Brightly instrumental with which the group followed up "Sticks Man" marketwise.

This was followed by "The Wrong Side Of The Fence" and "Where Is Your Culture", at the conclusion of which we were taken "along a roots rock, reggae rock expedition" — which translated musically into another driving instrumental workout.

Next came the "They Can't Make Us, They Can't Break Us" polemic; and I trust your endorsement, credulous reader, when I state that this critic is not motivated by pique in describing the tune as pointless and unmemorable.

Instead of the blistering devastation of Babylonian reviewers I had been stirred to the anticipation of by Drummond's introductory outburst, we got, instead, a poppy chant incorporating the title, and a very standard Slate riff.

Much better was "Black Slate — The Roots Of Reggae Music", proven in its execution; and better still, Ras Elroy taking the lead vocal to intone the *"ooh-coo-coo screw-coo-coo bagga bugaboo"* refrain of "Sticks Man".

Locks shaking, feet stomping, body trembling with the uncontrollable vibration of the instrument rumbling about his huge girth, a wide grin in permanent fixture on his pleasant visage; Bassie howled his lyric of flat-foot muggings vs. unity.

The audience loved it. And the longer the audience loved it, was the louder the music rolled; the more beatifically Bassie sang.

Black Slate closed with "African Woman". They took their leave singly, as already described in these pages, until only a steady drum tattoo held the tempo.

The crowd were already demanding more as Desmond brought the music — and dancers — to a halt, perforce with a final clatter of cymbals.

Compelled to two encores, the group obliged with "Live Up To Love", the forthcoming single, followed by Johnny Clarke's "Dread, Dread Knot Up Nyahbinghi Congo" — Keithroy proving a very passable personation of Clarke's hesitant vocal style on the latter.

I reserve my final words *strictly for the critics* — so get Slated! Black up.

Penny Reel

The Searchers The Merseybeats Billy J Kramer

ROXY THEATRE, HARLESDEN

ROXYBEAT at the Mersey in '78?

CAN this be three whacked-out Whacker Bands out of the glue factory for the weekend to earn a few bob in the smoke?

Or a vicious slash at the jugular of the NEW WAVE! I'm starting to get excited. Will it be the ORIGINAL Searchers and Merseys? Will an actor be playing Billy J. Kramer?

The Searchers' audience was sparse and weird. Usherettes sold ice-cream and soft drinks, and the audience comprised a motely collection of old ladies, couples in their 30's and young kids sucking choc ices, as an incongruous load of hip reggae was pumped out of the P.A.

Four girls came onstage and Pan's Peopled to "Boogie Nights", and then five minutes later The Searchers appeared, and BANG! — straight into "Sweets For My Sweet".

And blimey, if they didn't do all their hits just like on the records: "Goodbye My Love", "Sugar And Spice", "Don't Throw Your Love Away", "When You Walk In The Room", then, WALLOP! "Needles And Pinza"! The Searchers biff Smokey squarely on the jaw!

Jangling guitars, smooth harmonies, and a line-up which includes original members Mike Pender and John McNally on guitars 'n' vocals, plus fairly original member Frank Allen on bass and Cabaret Chat.

What more could you ask for? They've got a new drummer, but we'll ignore him for ethnic purposes.

Great stuff.

I think The Merseybeats are insane. Apart from the predictable (and quite enjoyable) renditions of "Wishin' And Hopin'", "I Think Of You", and (hooray!) "Sorrow", they padded out the rest of their set with such 'classics' as Gilbert O'Sullivan's "Get Down", The Muppets' "Half Way Down The Stairs", and a dreadful version of "Mull Of Kintyre".

Only Tony Crane remains from the original band, and one wonders why he couldn't have taken the same path that ex-Merseybeat Billy Kinsley has taken with Liverpool Express (i.e. got his shit up to date).

Still, their rock 'n' roll encore got three chicks dancing and I suppose it beats nine to five.

Lately thawed out of cryogenic suspension by E.M.I., Billy J. Kramer presents a rather disturbing vision of the hitmaker turned Des O'Connor.

He jumped about looking Happy in a weirdly unconvincing manner and looked tired, worried and very nervous, but this was offset by a confident stage act, and the fact that he was in Good Voice, as they say.

Most of his set consisted of Neil Diamond / David Gates / Buddy Holly / Everly Brothers numbers, all knocked out in an ultra-pro cabaret style redolent of Batley and scampi.

His own hits, "Bad To Me", "I'll Keep You Satisfied", "Little Children", etc, etc, were crammed into an emotionless medley which seemed to last forever.

This was plainly Music for Pensioners, and I was bored silly.

All these bands are on a time-warp nostalgia trip only, so you pays yer money, etc.

I wouldn't see 'em again (especially at two quid a ticket), but watch out for gigs by The Boys and Generation X here in 1992!

Martin Maylin

Pic: ROB HALL

Prof And The Profetts

HOPE AND ANCHOR

"CAN ANYONE here play 'Anarchy'?" shouts the Prof. Some kid from the audience gets onstage, is handed a guitar, and the Profetts are ready to go. They do "White Christmas", "Anarchy", and their own number "White Russian".

They also do what sounds like a Ramones song, but who cares? They certainly don't.

Prof and the Profetts thrive on chaos. A few disgruntled punters shout for their money back, but up front the lines blur. The audience laughs and cheers, and the band cheers back.

A microphone is passed round, so that people can join in on the song. The P.A. continually breaks down, but everyone keeps on smiling. The house lights come on, but no-one minds.

Prof and the Profetts demand the right for *anyone* to get onstage and perform. They are like candy floss and mud pies, and unlike homework and dog nuisance. Prof and Profetts are fun — don't miss 'em.

Rob Hall

They looked like a bunch of revamped refugees from the Winter Gardens circuit who've recently discovered 'eavy rock 'n roll. They're part of that tradition of bands brilliantly lampooned on the Bonzo's "Trouser Press"; "C'mon everybody, clap your hands . . ."

Music for good time people is rock's answer to music for pleasure — the nature of the enjoyment is already decreed by convention and has precious little to do with being moved by playing or singing or the writing of music and lyrics.

Do we really need *another* band that plays "Johnny B. Goode" for an encore?

Steve Taylor

No Dice

MARQUEE

FIRST on are **Checkmate,** four youths who play punchy but unremarkable rock-pop on gear their mums and dads bought them for Christmas.

Well-spoken and fresh-faced, they get a lot of applause but their gear's removed by No Dice's roadies before they can encore.

No Dice come on and announce the commencement of "a bit of fun", stick their chests out and make a lot of noise.

The most that can be said of their music, qua music, is that it is high energy rock 'n roll a la Faces/Stones.

They even mimic some of those bands' visual gestures like the bassist leaning on the singer's shoulder to sing a chorus.

The song titles escaped me amid the din, as did the lyrics apart from the line *"I really could make it with you"* (come back Bread all is forgiven).

But I can pass on the information that their set includes the odd tiresome synthesiser break, one joke (about the Sex Pistols), some thin cockney cockiness and a bit where the singer and bassist go off to leave the guitarist to . . . wait for it . . . guitar solo. (Is this Art?)

Slate take their camera-call. *Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY*

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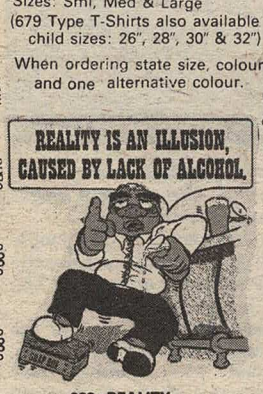
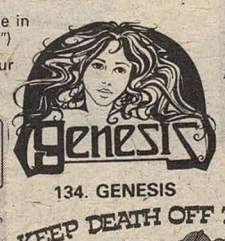
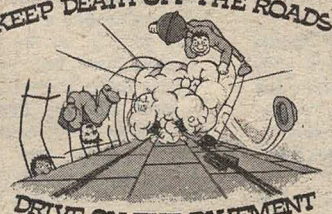


232. REALITY



134. GENESIS

508. LED ZEPPELIN



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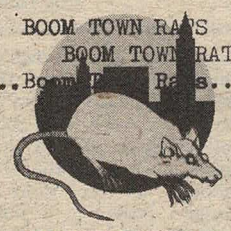

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587 BUSTIN OUT

169. EAGLE

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181. JUST PASSIN

731. YES

677. SUPERSIGN

125. VULTURES

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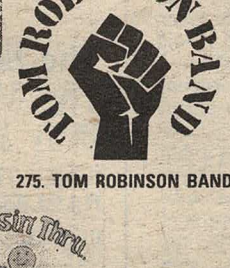
700. NEW STATUS QUO



275. TOM ROBINSON BAND

115. BLACK SABBATH

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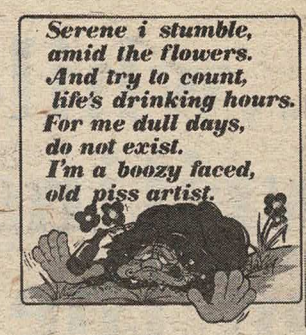

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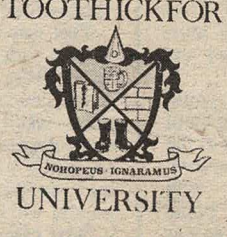
175. UNION JACK

166. BUTLITZ

276. NEVER TRUST

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

749. JIMMY PAGE



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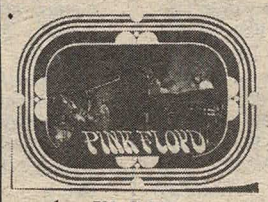

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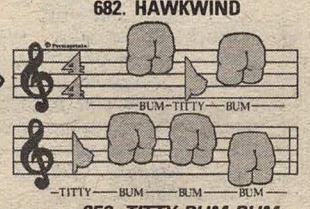

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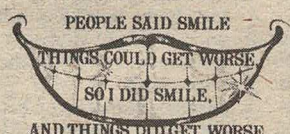

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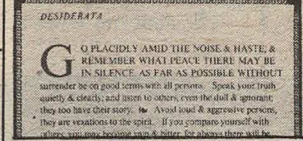

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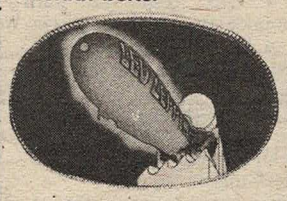

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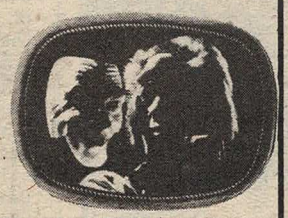

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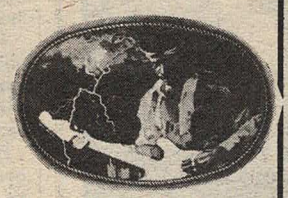

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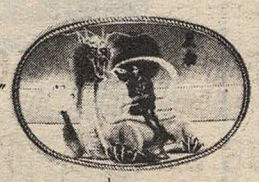

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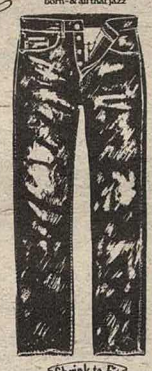

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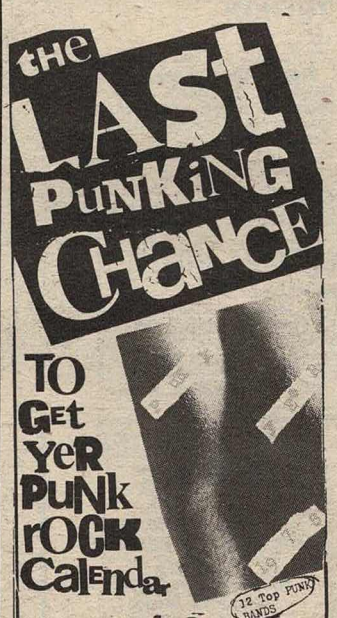

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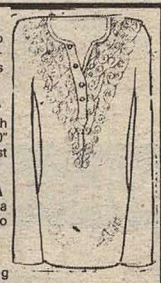

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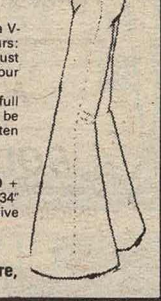

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TALK-IN

From p.27

these people — they probably get what they call a 'kick' out of it — but I think they should be stopped."

Ken comes over with all the fervour
of Dr Goebbels on a slow day.

As does Charles of Watford and his bunker *communique*. "The Swedes have lost their Individuality because of 45 years of Socialism. Behind the Materialistic wealth, Swedes have no Individuality. We have to decide whether we want to live in a land where the Individual, for all his faults, *counts*, or in a Totalitarian state like Sweden, striving for Technical Perfection. The Swedes only vote for the Socialists because they like Material Wealth more than Individuality. We seem to be following their lead. What everyone admires about the English is their Character and Individuality."

AN INDIVIDUAL named Betty called to put across her Highly Individualistic viewpoint about "the lady who's going blind, and is scared of it. I think she's got the wrong attitude."

Presumably, an Individual shrugs off loss of the senses with a *soupcon* of *c'est la vie*. What is Decadence and the Permissive Society, after all, but a trendier, less soppy model of The Stiff Upper Lip? Just another cop-out, another excuse for not caring?

Alan of Dulwich proved a fitting finale: "I see no reason why anyone should object to answering the question concerning race on the forthcoming 1981 Census. Surely those who won't answer are those who've got something to hide?"

This is a cross-section of the Silent Majority, the average citizen in the street, not one of them normal by old-fashioned, Christian/humanist standards, but this is the Age Of Aquarius — Tolerance, Libertarianism, Do Your Own Thing, Yeah Yeah Yeah. They loathe our generation, while taking on the worst characteristics of the Modern World; disposability, apathy, artificiality, brutality.

There are automaton people moving through Reich's nightmare motions; the terror of seeing oneself as an "animal" driving the desire to be a CLEAN machine. Cleanliness used to be next to Godliness but nowadays the order has changed. What has God ever done for them? This is a hire-purchase, cash-on-delivery world and if the goods don't satisfy you — from a spouse to a house — trade 'em in for a new breed. Flesh never did wear as well as plastic.

THE PHONE-In Fodder communicate with that customary don't-touch-me courtesy which springs from uptight territory, keeping even their comrades in alienation at Fascist salute arm's-length by addressing each other as "ladies" and "gentlemen". The "ladies" are just helpless women, their voices heavy and broken with Roche-inspired defeat, most of them seemingly obsessed with keeping their own little patch hyper-sanitised, as clean and unthreatening as the hypermarket in which hands need never touch.

Cleanliness was such an easy hype to sell to the sex-scared Anglos . . . their telephone calls ramble on keeping the streets super-clean of dogs, keeping subway train doors pure of sticky oil. In their voices is the suppressed hysteria which found release on the orgasmic faces of frontline *hausfraus* at early National Socialist Party gatherings.

Their minds are set on no unobtainable, idealistic fairytale — no religion, no politics, no fun — just keeping order in a three-foot radius of their own basic chaotic conflict.

The "gentlemen" nurture their lust and disgust behind wedlocked doors or in quiet corners.

The germs of cause and effect can be seen in the barren technology which flourishes on Government-subsidy everywhere, the technology which has taken civilisation for a long ride up a dark alley for it's own evil way, taking us beyond civilisation into the realms of inhumanity from whence we first civilised ourselves. Or in the regression of do-gooding and the diluting of principles, the soft, rotten drift of Social Conscience into messy, merciless Social Democracy.

Auberon Waugh believes that One may carry on unmolested by ME and BIG BROTHER. "The secret is to take no interest in what people say and disbelieve everything you read in the newspapers" — though as a Waugh Auberon can afford to.

For mere humanity, the only course not pointed straight at the eve of destruction seems to be a return to the idea of Community — not that envisaged out of the mists of outmoded hippie lipservice speil such as "Love Everybody", a plan of action doomed to platitude-dom by its very unpracticability — but rather *to care selectively*, to look after your own, and if this is successfully accomplished to extend the boundaries of your respectability.

In a Community, ME and BIG BROTHER are driven back into their own mouths by sheer force of numbers. In a world of Free Enterprise and the Silent Majority, the Individual may as well lie back and try to enjoy it, the stage is set.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1 Described (among other things) as the Col. Tom Parker of the Blank Generation (7, 7)
5 . . . talking of which, he was in the original Television 'til Verlaine pushed his on/off switch! (7, 4)
7 The E in ACNE
8 Like Threadneedle Street or Paul Weller! (2, 3, 4)
11 The surprise best-seller upon which the Virgin label was virtually founded (7, 5)
15 Trumpets, trombones and stuff like that!
16 Originated as offshoot from Savoy Brown, based in the U.S. since early '70s
17 Hostess on the Airship — just watch what she slips in the drinks! (5, 5)
20 As they were for "Do Anything You Wanna Do" — they've since reverted!
21 Cars is *for sh* (anag. 7, 5)
23 John that is, Daryl's partner
25 See 14
26 For taking the temperature of Queen?! *(Clever one this! — Ed)*

CARSS 10

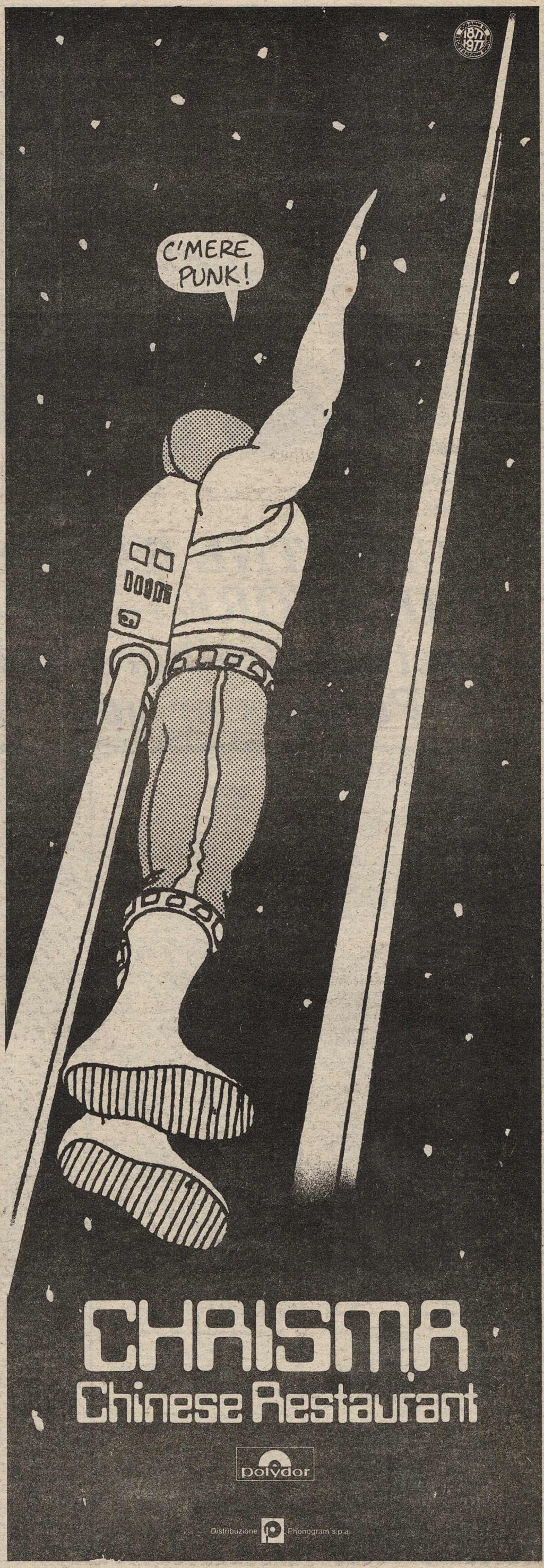
DOWN

1 Follow-up to "Looking After No. 1" (4, 2, 3, 6, 4)
2 Morose Lenny, the doomsmith!
3 Rich Kid — the one who's *not* G Matlock (5, 3)
4 The N in ACNE
6 Featuring Europunker B. Piazza on lead vocals (6, 3, 5)
9 First British act signed to Beserkley, their debut LP is "Yachtless" (4, 4)
10 Desmond Dekker's golden oldie reggae No. 1
12 Chief Rat (3, 6)
13 U.S. heavy metal combo of "All The World's A Stage" and suchlike
14 & 25 Jimi Hendrix's third LP, the "suggestive" sleeve had to be encased in a plain wrapper for some record shops
18 Lane, Wood or Barker
19 Not Dee Dee this time; divide by two!
22 Mid-'60s hit for Bobby Hebb (the original) and Georgie Fame (the cover)
24 Foxy part of the Isleys = "Riot Going On" soul star!

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Wreckless Eric; 7 Alternative TV; 9 Ian (Hunter); 10 "Peaches"; 12 (Johnny) Winter; 13 Rockfield; 15 (John) Lennon; 17 "On The Beach"; 20 Toots (& The Maytals); 23 Dave Vanian; 25 (Richard Hell & The) Voidoids; 26 Johnny (Winter); 27 "(Aladdin) Sane".

DOWN: 1 Weather Report; 2 "Eat A Peach"; 3 Kursaal Flyers; 4 Slits; 5 (Julie) Covington; 6 (Ian) Hunter; 8 Eric Idle; 11 Helen Reddy; 14 Disc; 16 "New Kid In (Town)"; 18 "Aladdin (Sane)"; 19 Genesis; 21 "Oh Boy"; 22 "(New Kid In) Town"; 24 "Viva (Roxy Music)".



One Two Three Four...

(left to right) DEE DEE, JOEY, JOHNNY and TOMMY kick out atcha

GUESS THE BAG DON'T KNOW THE SCORE — Like Who's Da Cretin? Brothers Ramone, T. Parsons or yew, baby!!!

DEAR TONY Parsons, I've just been reading your Ramones article and I think maybe it's time you took a look at yourself and started working things out from a realistic point of view rather than according to what you think is cool. It's also time you swallowed your pride. You've been writing in *NME* for quite a while now, at least since Swastika armbands were "striking" (Oct. 76) and surely by now a little maturity is to be expected.

So you discover that the Ramones are what we all know they are and not what you and other rock and roll, uh, writers would like them to be and instead of admitting the error of your ways you resort to the old *NME* standby — The Hatchet Job. Only trouble is, you haven't got the ability of, say, CSM or Farren to do so and *not* fully expose the chip on your own shoulder.

Tony, your job is to write about rock and roll (in case you've forgotten, that's our music, right?). We don't want to read political regurgitations. We hate the National Front and we hate Commies too. We hate all people who try to force half-baked ideas down our throats and that includes you.

Hell, you've got to decide which side you're on, pal. Why not take an all expenses paid trip to Berlin and look over both sides and decide?

Anyway, Tony, I forgive you for you know not what you do. It's Nick Logan who's really the guilty party for allowing the *NME* to gradually *(Stop this split infinitive right here! — N.L.)*

D. D. VICE

OL' NICK Logan is in for some bad karma if he don't clean up his rag, and you can tell him from me.

THE STUTTERING MONGOLOID, Manchester.

Who's doing the Bag this week? Will they please get it sorted out toot sweet? Can't they think of anyone else to knock? — N.L.

THAT PARSONS geezer has totally confused me about Da Ramones. Before his article, I thought they wrote witty lyrics taking the piss out of pop, while writing simple chewns.

Will the Ramones please say if they're really that incredibly thick, or not?

A CONFUSED PUNK (like most punks) called Alex, Swiss Cottage, London.

WELL, PARSONS really excelled himself in his Rods Roundhouse review didn't he? And I don't mean his comments about the music. Having done a good job of revealing the true character of the Ramones, he totally ruined his excellent piece with one of the most disgusting things I've read in a long time.

Whether our views on the Rods themselves differ (and for the record, they don't) doesn't matter, but his comments on the audience were appalling. Because they pay hard-earned money (something Parsons will never understand) to see and hear a band whose music they genuinely like, they are branded as "gullible bastards who have a suspension of belief, chronic ego-deficiency and dormant — maybe total paucity — of brain matter".

For making that observation Parsons is clearly the most patronising piece of scum working in the *NME* territory. I mean, the nerve of these lemmings (unruly swine) who went to the Roundhouse, actually standing within a hundred yards of Parsons, and not even kneeling to show proper respect!

The Burchill / Parsons partnership has sired articles of this elitist nature before (remember the Outsiders LP review), and doubtless more will follow, as the switchblade-wielding kids sneer at anyone as unhip as them.

Once again the untouchable journalists suggests that they are the only people who have a right to actually *like* a band. No way could the people at the Roundhouse have gone to see the Rods of their own accord. No possibility of them having just an ounce of intelligence, or independence of spirit. Unless they work in Carnaby Street they must be pure cretins and nothing more. Well in that case perhaps Tony Parsons, in his role as most intellectual individual in the universe, would kindly consent to tell us in advance who we can go and see, without causing him any embarrassment.

And you call the Ramones a bunch of wankers! Well take a look at yourself, Boy Wonder.

UN-NATURAL MAURICE of Stanwell.

Elitism is a terrible thing. Me? I'll drink with anyone, apart from John Kingsley Read (unless he's buying). As for Tory rock, I don't see it catching on. But I do think Tony's Ramones piece was a lot funnier than da brudders' last album. — M.S.

THE TONY PARSONS / JULIE BURCHILL ALMANAC 1978

January: Punk rock fades. Parsons blames Tory Party. Burchill sees Gary Glitter eating hamburger. Writes 10 page article putting down all musicians that eat meat.

February: Someone writes to *Gasbag* informing Julie Burchill that the only vegetarians in rock are Yes. Burchill attempts suicide.

March: Parsons sent by thoughtful Editor to Russia to write article on Siberia-rock. Parsons deported by KGB for being too left-wing.

April: Wedding for Tony and Julie. Burchill spots that vicar is wearing suede shoes. Wedding ends in uproar. Burchill arrested for attacking the feet of a member of the clergy. Parsons writes 10 page article claiming that the church is run by the National Front under the heading: "God is a Fascist".

May: Burchill writes a review of LP that is not bitchy, and does not mention Tony Parsons or fascists and is longer than half a column. Reviews editor dies of shock.

June: Parsons declares that *NME* is now a commune, and plants organic protein shoots in corridors. Burchill has a baby, calls it Lenin. Parsons seen moping around muttering "left it too late, damn it".

July: *NME* nationalised. Readership falls to 7. Price increased to £63,498.75. Parsons and Burchill holiday together in East Germany.

August: Burchill begins massive campaign in *NME* "Save the Gnat". Is later arrested for attacking a woman carrying a gnat-skin handbag. Parsons learns Chinese at night school.

September: Parsons has eyes slitted by plastic surgeon. Sex Pistols go to live in L.A. Burchill writes 93 page article entitled "The Nazi Pistols" which mentions Tony Parsons 648 times, a new record.

October: Wedding attempted again. Burchill spots choir-boy swatting a gnat. Church destroyed in following fracas. Parsons decides to try Jewish next time.

November: Burchill wants Rasta wedding. Parsons disagrees. Trial separation. Show-biz world holds its breath.

December: Burchill writes 842 page article on Tony Parsons: — "The Poor Man's Che Guevara". Tony Parsons mentioned only twice.

New Year Honours: Tony Parsons knighted. Julie Burchill made a saint. Live happily ever after etc., etc.

Quote: (Tony Parsons *NME,* Jan 7 1978): "They (Ramones) hate, uh, Commies."

How embarrassing, Tony. You used to like them too. Nice boys, all that dumbness just an act, no? "Dee Dee has the habit of knocking over his mike stand . . . bum notes . . . Johnny slips into another song." Funny, I thought that was what made them so GOOD. If someone had written the Ramones feature of Jan 7 as a letter to *Gasbag* six months ago and signed it B.O.F., Surrey, Tony would have stuck a funny answer underneath and sneered at the stupidity of it. Cheers Tony. You're just a fat-head like the rest of the world, only you've got it down to a fine ART. Amen.

SWEENY, Southend, Essex.

DEE DEE: "Not many kids out there tonight."

Joey: "Yes, I thought this music was for the kids."

Tommy: "It was them fat doormen, they turned away at least 20 kids."

Dee Dee: "If the Birmingham Top Rank turns all kids under 18 out, shouldn't we play somewhere else?"

Joey: "Like the Mayfair or Barbarellas where they let kids in?"

Tommy: "Yeah."

Johnny: "Perhaps them places wouldn't charge 50p extra to people without tickets like the Top Rank!"

Dee Dee: "Perhaps they wouldn't reduce five kids to tears, and refuse a WHOLE FAMILY merely because they had a small child with them."

Johnny: "All the new British bands seem to be playing at the Top Rank lately."

Dee Dee: "And I thought the Mecca Mafia had banned all 'punk' bands."

Joey: "They did. Until they knew that they could make lots of money from it."

Tommy: "Nice people."

Johnny (to Dee Generate): "Still, it was a good gig."

Dee Generate: "Don't know, the fat bastards at the door wouldn't let me in!"

Dee Dee: "Never mind. Have you seen the Clash, Damned, Jam or Boomtown Rats?"

Dee Generate: "No, they like making money for the Top Rank as well."

Tommy: "Perhaps all bands will ignore the Top Rank in future, it's a horrible place."

Everyone: "Hope so."

(Simplified by the Ramones, for any Bouncers who read the *NME*).

Written by three kids stuck outside the Top Rank with tickets that cannot be refunded. What a waste of £5.25!

Bag Bitched by Munty Smythe

ROCK 'N' ROLL is travelling over a hundred miles to see Stray at Ilford, and discovering on arrival that the band had cancelled the gig.

STEVE, Luton

Yeah, the spirit of rock'n'roll's a funny thing. Like travelling over a hundred miles to see Stray, for starters. You deserve better, Steve. Try films or football — they usually start on time, and Luton have got a pretty fair side. — HARRY HASLAM

DID 1977 NOT happen? I've just watched the *O.G.W.T.'s* "Best Of The Year", and I just can't believe it. I mean, according to Ol' Bob the BOF '77 was the year of Elton John, Led Zeppelin, Dylan, Fleetwood Mac, Jackson Browne, J.D. Souther, Yes, Stillwater (who the hell are *they??)* Eric Clapton and Emmylou Harris. Maybe I'm mistaken or something, but I thought '77 was the year when the following happened: Bowie was acclaimed as a genius for "Low" and "Heroes" (*NME* and *MM* album of the year). The Pistols (what can I say that hasn't already been said), The Clash, Jam, Damned, Buzzcocks, Gen. X, Ian Dury, Adverts, Stranglers, Hot Rods and Costello. The year of classic singles. The year when the USA came back to the fore with Television, Heartbreakers, Talking Heads, Richard Hell, Blondie, Cheap Trick, Jonathan Richman, Iggy, and the Ramones. The year when good straight rock came through with Thin Lizzy, Steely Dan, Peter Gabriel, Tom Petty, Randy Newman, Graham Parker, 801, John Martyn, B.O.C., Joan Armatrading, Little Feat and Dave Edmunds. The year when we got to know and love reggae. In fact, the year of almost everybody except those who were on the *O.G.W.T.* How can the only rock programme we get on TV (we don't see *So It Goes* up here) possibly ignore all the names I've mentioned? I suppose it's got something to do with Ol' Bob's clashes with the Pistols, but surely even that shouldn't cloud his personal taste to such an extent. I'll tell you one thing though, it's the last *Whistle Test* I'll ever watch (unless — very unlikely — someone tells me it has improved, or John Peel becomes the host) and if this letter means anything to anyone, they should do likewise.

CHRIS DAVIDSON, Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

Right. Whispering Bob's idea of rock'n'roll is no rock'n'roll at all. We at *NME* prefer to watch *Emmerdale Farm* rather than risk another 45 minutes of hell in the studio with the Mad Bomber. — M.S.

NEVER MIND the coy poses, where's the bollocks, Bag?

We'd like to express a few (sexist) opinions on your 'Jean-Jacques' Burnel pin-up.

1) Lovely bum
2) Nice muscles
3) Quite a delicious body in fact
(Are those sexist enough?)
However:
4) Pity about the ugly face
5) And the 'sultry' (titter) expression
"Every Nubile should have one"?

We can do nicely without it thanks!

TWO NUBILES, Newcastle

P.S. We'd have preferred Phil Lynott — or Iggy Pop — or Tom Robinson!

You've just made an Irish spade, an American weirdo and a British bi very happy. — M.S.

A LADY'S adrift in a foreign land, singing on issues both humble and grand. Thank you Joan Baez

(That's quite enough!! — N.L.)

t-zers

YOUR WEEKLY HOKUM

HI, FAB READERS, and welcome to another swinging sojourn in the wacky world of T-Zers, which this week takes you straight to the heart of the English suburban dream with a heartrending tale of family life and strife . . .

There was **XTC's Andy Partridge** relaxing at home in bohemian downtown Swindon watching HTV's matrimonial quiz game *Mr. and Mrs.* when (gaspo) on came his own ma and pa for a crack at the jackpot and (alarmo) Mrs Partridge telling the viewing millions about how proud she was of her son the pop star (cringo). "Our street credibility was blown in sixty seconds," wept Andy, who is understood to be fleeing the country before his parents are accepted for *The Generation Game.* Nice to see you, to see you . . .

Oh well, makes a change from more wretched stories about the transatlantic capers of foul-mouthed punk-rock scamps **The Sex Pistols,** who have been keeping the boys in Fleet Street happy with their escapades in the wild west after a 'quiet start'. But you can read about all that garf in *Thrills* (page 10); while *T-Zers* concentrates on more pressing matters like the fact that the shark in *Jaws 2* (the sequel to *Jaws 1* unsurprisingly enough) is nicknamed Fidel since it's known that **F. Castro,** Cuba's foul-mouthed punk-rock dictator, once named *Jaws* his favourite film. Oh, and he gets to eat five people in the movie too (the shark that is, not Castro) . . .

But even that can't compare with the fact that the next LP from **David Von Bowie** will be a kiddie's album reading of "Peter And The Wolf", with music by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. It will not, however, be released on Deutsche Gramophon . . .

Even these factoids fade into insignificance next to the news that **The Stranglers** have delayed their Los Angeles debut because of the recent activities of Hollywood's "Hillside Strangler" who claimed the lives of 23 women before his capture. "It would be inappropriate to launch a publicity and advertising campaign in LA now with all the hysteria," quoth manager **Dai Davies,** adding, "we wouldn't want anyone to think we were in some way responsible for provoking these heinous crimes, or that we were trying to cash in on them." The Stranglers now plan to visit the city of one-night-stands in March . . .

Meantime the world's most creative rock manager, **Bernard Rhodes** of **The Clash** fame, rang *T-Zers* to express concern about the number of people tagging themselves 'ex-Clash'. "There's only one ex-member of The Clash and that's **Keith Levine,**" , said Bernie, adding mysteriously, "Last year was for gigglers. 1978 is the year for the brains department . . . "

And just to prove it, **Blondie** has been No. 1 for two weeks in Australia with "In The Flesh" . .

Oh, and *T-Zers* would like to have said how much we enjoyed the *Bald Grizzly Whatnot Tit's* pick of the year but we fell asleep shortly before **Led Zeppelin** finished their spot, though we did revive briefly to see **Eric Clapton's** paunch disappearing behind the end credits. Still, we hear that the 1976 clip of **Stillwater** in Georgia was *rilly something* and infinitely more exciting than the likes of **Elvis Costello** or **The Clash** or the rest of that boring irrelevant stuff that some claim also took place last year . . .

And while we're talking about things old and grey *(now now — Ed),* the London *Evening News* reported last week that **Hari Georgeson** is taking the task of living in the material world even more seriously, and is now a fervent motor racing fan, more likely to be seen tweaking a Maserati tappet in the pits of Europe's racing circuits than strumming a sitar in the temples of Hare Krishna. **Ravi Shankar,** sitarist extraordinaire and George's long-time friend and teacher told the paper that he hadn't heard from George, adding "He never did practice (his sitar) much." The gooey eyed one has also been notably absent from the vicinity of the Hare Krishna sect's mansion (bought by Hari) near Watford . . .

Mention of the *Evening News* also makes *T-Zers* go all warm and runny seeing as how they went and made *NME* Music Paper Of The Year in their '77 round-up for "Being consistently witty, bitchy and up-to-the-minute without going over the top too often." Gee gosh and thanks . . .

Apology corner: **CSM** was evidently suffering from too many mistletoe berries when he wrote up the trials and tribulations of **The Damned** last week, as he mistakenly reported that **John Towe** (ex **Generation X**) had joined the boys when, of course, he meant **John Moss** (ex **London**), who has replaced the scabrous one as **Damned** drummer. Sorry John, your reputation remains unbesmirched . . .

Release of **Neil Young's** next album, "Gone With The Wind", has been delayed two months until April since the whining one rejected the cover artwork by **Tom Wilkes,** who also designed the cover for "Decade" . . .

And **David Bowie** in *Rolling Stone* on how he pulled himself out of a "more-than-platonic relationship with drugs" and being surrounded by people who indulged his (Ziggy Stardust) ego. "I was endowed with a good friend. He pulled me off the settee one day, stood me in front of the mirror and said, 'I'm walking out of your life because you're not worth the effort.' Sometimes you can't see how far you've sunk until you're slapped in the face with it. After that humiliation, I went to my wardrobe closet and locked all my characters inside."

Again from *Rolling Stone,* **Frank Sinatra** on critics: "I am convinced they are descendants of **Attila the Hun, Hitler** and **Charles Manson."**

Surprise surprise. **Fleetwood Mac** swept *Rolling Stone* Readers Poll for 1977, winning four categories including Best Band, Best Artist and Best Album ("Rmours", what else). Not so predictable: **Marc Bolan** winning six categories in *Record Mirror's* 1977 Readers' Poll, including Best Male Singer and Best-dressed Star (!). Bolan's girlfriend **Gloria Jones** came in Best Female Vocalist . . .

Time for a devastating insight into the creative process: **Steve Miller** describing in *Guitar Player* magazine how he makes his albums: "I used to make albums, and it's just a guaranteed way to spend $75,000, stay up all night, drive yourself nuts and put out a mediocre record. What I do is, if I'm going to cut some rock and roll, I cut a whole bunch of heavy stuff for a week. Four weeks later I might go in and cut ballads. You end up with different cuts for different moods, then when you need a hot rock and roll song, you just go through the hot rock and roll file and there are a dozen of them — which might be boring as a one album . . . I stockpile the stuff and try to stay ahead of my release date so I don't have that pressure." Is that how *Snouds* put their New Year ish together?

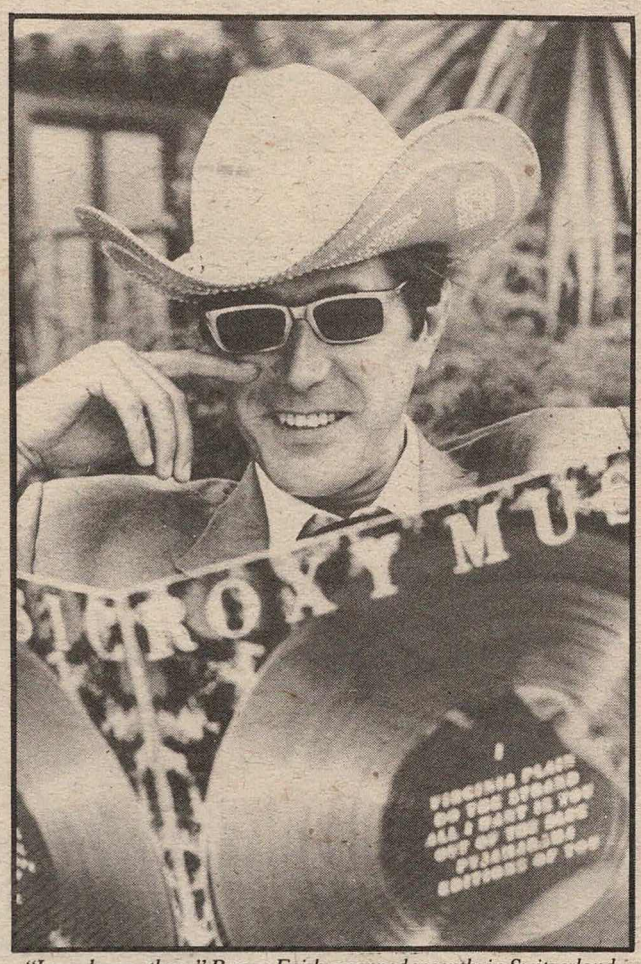
If The New Wave's cashing in, then howcum the **Tom Robinson Band** are on £30 a week when **The Hollies** knock down £25,000 for a week's cabaret?

Here come the new apologies, same as the old apologies: we described **Tony Klinger** as the director of the 'Oo's Moovie, when in fact he's the producer . . .

We mean it, Isle of Maaaaaaaaan: Liverpool new wavers **The Mutants** are the first punk band to brave the birch when they that hallowed isle when they hit the Lido Palace, Douglas on January 21st . . .

Meet **Ramones** manager **Danny Fields,** here to tell you about **Richard Hell's** proposed celluloid debut with German director **Ulli Lamal:** "Richard is sitting around New York waiting for Lamal to show up so that they can start the film but I don't think it's ever going to happen. Richard won't do any gigs outside of New York because of the film. He's sitting around waiting, waiting and waiting like **Gloria Swanson** in *Sunset Boulevard.* Someone could make a great film about it." Fanx, Dannee-boy . . .

And finally, **Blow Business,** *T-Zers* weekly dope opera. Part 578. The story so far: Gregg and Cher have just split up for the fourth time. **Gregg** still loves **Cher** but Cher doesn't love him. **Bryan** loves **Gerry** but Gerry has gone off with **Mick** who still loves **Bianca** who says she still loves him too though she was last seen with **Bjorn** (Borg) though she's also been out with **Rod** who no longer loves **Britt** who no longer loves Rod either and who have agreed to settle their differences out of court. Bianca has also been going out with **Roddy** who is loved by **Margaret** who no longer loves **Tony** though some say she still harbours affection for **Peter** (Townsend) (no relation). Rod meanwhile is going with **Marcy** after a brief dalliance with **Bibi** who used to love **Todd (Rundgren)** who loves everyone. **David** has meantime run off with **Zowie,** his son by **Angie** who is now living with **Ray** (whoever he is) while **David's** friend **Brian** (Eno) is now shacked up with **Julie (Christie)** leaving **Ritva** with only her camera. **Steve** loves **Kim. Elton** says he has sex "about three times a week, more female than male" though just who he's talking about he ain't saying. Now read on . . .



"I was happy then." Brown Fairly snapped recently in Switzerland where he's ensconced making his mysterious next album with an equally mysterious bunch of American musicians. Pic: MICHAEL PUTLAND.

'Moors Murderers' in pop row

From The Sunday Mirror 8/1/78

Now it can be told: Mary Hindley in the Moors Murderers, whose base and opportunist gimmick earnt them spreads in the Sunday Press (see above) is in reality an American lady name of Chrissie Hynd.

Older NME readers may remember her as a freelance writer for the paper two or three years back when Pennie Smith took the pic on the left.

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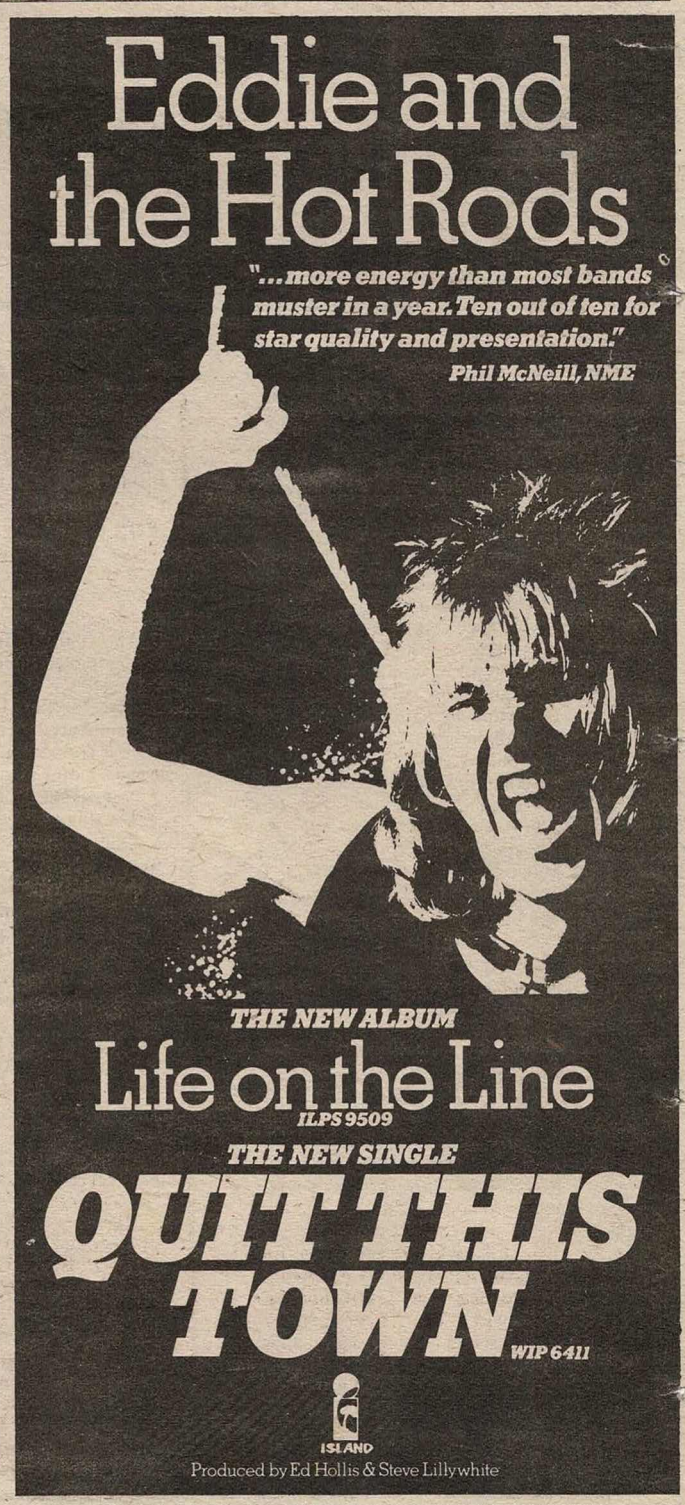
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